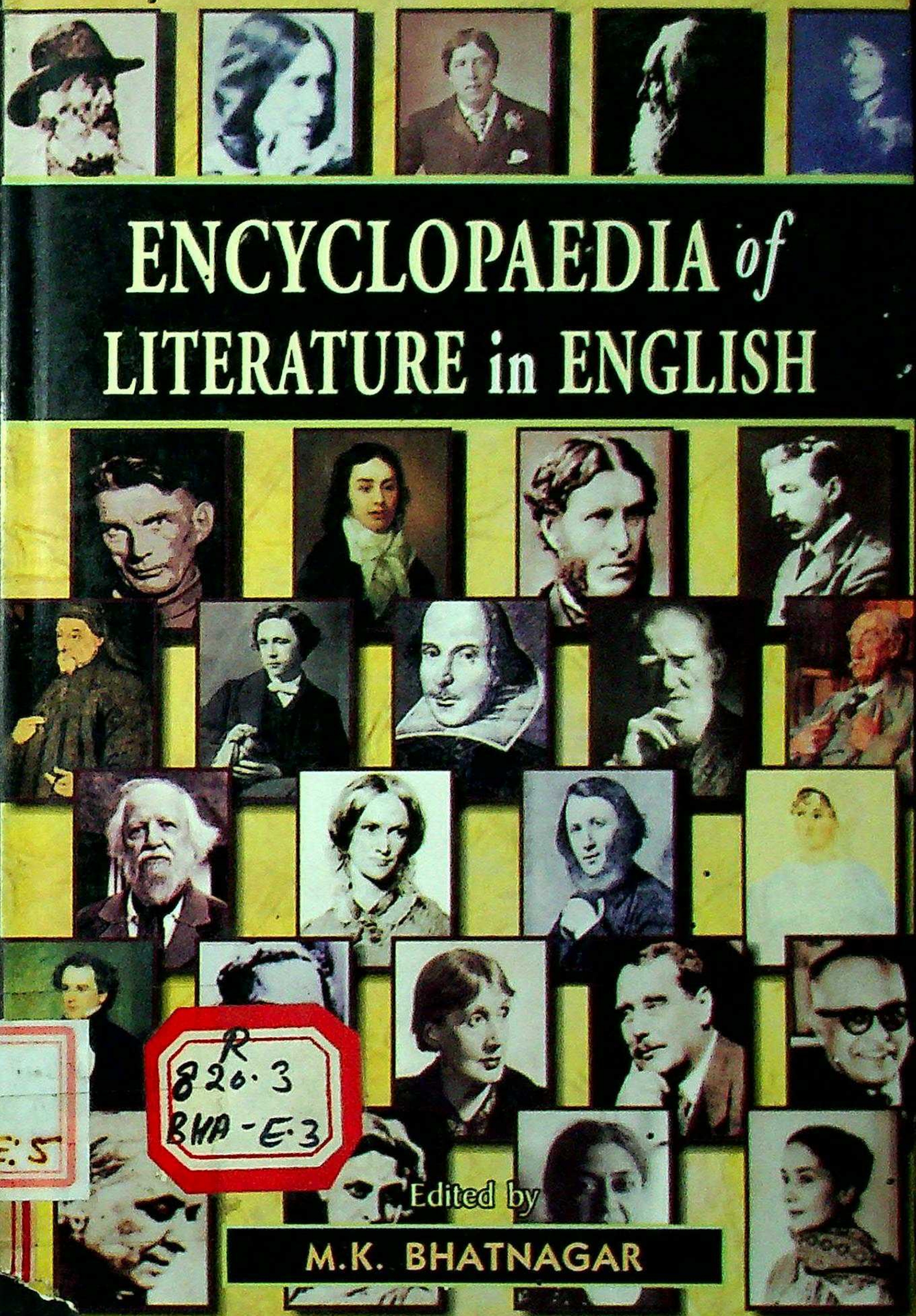

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VOLUME III

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Edited by
M.K. BHATNAGAR

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PREFACE

English, to use the picturesque phrase coined by Jawaharlal Nehru, is a window to the wide world. Literature in English, therefore, embraces veritably a significant chunk of the multiplicity of contexts, cultures, communities and climes of the world. An attempt to encapsulate this vast entity, *viz.*, literature in English, would certainly appear to be daunting for it implies chronicling a compendium of human civilization across the globe. What motivates the undertaking of such a daunting endeavour is the likelihood of the immense benefit that can accrue to researchers and serious students of English literature from the ready accessibility of information which can facilitate a comprehensive, comparative and dialoguic discourse, transforming literary criticism from a dull, dreary, drab, unidimensional account of a work to a scholarly, sustained and spirited study of the manner wherein human mind has come to grips with an issue in divergent situations in different works. From such a compendium of information pertaining to literature in English written in the United Kingdom, the Continent, America, Australia, Africa, the West Indies, South Asia and other members of the Commonwealth, one can glean indispensable sociological, cultural, historical, literary and critical inputs and arrive at a juxtaposition of diverse works and authors, imbued with a similar concern, notwithstanding their seeming divergence and dissimilarities, and thereby make the appraisal have a meaning and urgency cutting across barriers of time or clime.

A dedicated team of discerning critics has attempted to put together all pertinent details related to most of the prominent authors writing in English. A sincere and painstaking endeavour has been made to cover most of the important works from all relevant perspectives, even though the possibility of some gaps cannot be fully discounted. Suggestions in this respect world be gratefully accepted, acknowledged and all efforts would be made to supplement the study accordingly.

Editing the vast storehouse of scholarly details has been a delighting as well as educating experience. The project could not have even been thought of without the willing cooperation, at every stage, of the contributors — distinguished critics and faculty-members in universities and post-graduate centres spread all over the country. I am also grateful to Dr. K.R. Gupta, a fellow academic for giving me an opportunity to be part of this critical endeavour. His generous interest and indefatigable energy is manifest in each and every aspect of this work.

M.K. BHATNAGAR

CONTENTS

Preface iii

54. Ezekiel, Nissim — The Poet 611
Mallikarjun Patil

55. Fielding, Henry 626

56. Fitzgerald, F. Scott — Female Characters in F. Scott Fitzgerald 639
Attia Abid

57. Forster, E.M. — *A Passage to India* : Some Intertextual Echoes 652
Rama Kundu

58. Frost, Robert 670

59. Frye, Northrop as a Sociological Critic 675
Satish K. Gupta

60. Gandhi, Mahatma — Mahatma Gandhi's *Hind Swaraj* and Thomas More's *Utopia* : A Comparative Study 683
Mallikarjun Patil

61. Golding, William 694

62. Goldsmith, Oliver 699

63. Goldsmith, Oliver 729

64. Goldsmith, Oliver 740

65. Goldsmith, Oliver — The Vicar of Wakefield and Rajasekhara Charitramu : Similar Yet Different 742
K. Suneetha Rani

66. Hardy, Thomas — Dorset Love 752
R.N. Sarkar

67. Hardy, Thomas 772

68. Hawthorne, Nathaniel 780

69. Hazlitt, William 786

70. Hemingway, Ernest — Hemmingway's Short Stories : Human Interactions 792
Pradeep Trikha

71. Henry, O. 803

72. Hippyism in Literary Theory : A Poetics of Impasse 807
R.P. Sharma

73. Hooker — "Of The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity" 902
G.B. Sajjan

74. Hughes, Ted (Edward James Hughes) 906
Najma Mahmood

54

Ezekiel, Nissim — The Poet

MALLIKARJUN PATIL*

Nissim Ezekiel occupies an important place in post-Independence Indian English literature. He has wielded great influence as a leading poet, editor and an occasional playwright. Besides, he is a well-known critic too. Sometimes he also emerges as a politician in the guise of a fighter for cultural freedom in India. Ezekiel held many important positions. He was for many years a Professor of English in Bombay University. He is a noted name in the field of journalism. In this capacity he has edited many journals including *Poetry India* (1966-67), *Quest* (1955-57) and *Imprint* (1961-1970). He was an Associate Editor to the Indian P.E.N., Bombay.

As a man of letters Nissim Ezekiel is a 'Protean' figure. His achievements as a poet, playwright, editor and critic are considerable. In this regard K. Balachandran writes, "The post-Independence Indian poetry saw its new poetry in the fifties. Among the new poets like A.K. Ramanujan, R. Parthasarathy, Shiv K. Kumar, Kamala Das, Monica Verma, O.P. Bhatnagar, Gauri Deshpande, Adil Jussawalla, Ezekiel occupies a prominent place. His versatile genius can be found in his poetry, plays, criticism, journalism and translation."[1]

Nissim Ezekiel has done a good work in Indian writing in English. He has written many volumes of poems — *A Time to Change* (1952), *Sixty Poems* (1953), *The Third* (1959), *The Unfinished Man* (1960), *The Exact Name* (1965) and others. His plays *Nalini, Marriage Poem, The Sleep-Walkers, Songs of*

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Deprivation and Who Needs No Introduction are already staged and published. Apart from this he has edited many books — *Indian Writers in Conference* (1964), *Writing in India* (1965), *An Emerson Reader* (1965), *A Martin Luther King Reader* (1965) and Arthur Miller's *All My Sons* (1972). His literary essays published in several magazines and newspapers are innumerable. The notable among them are 'Ideas and Modern Poetry' (1964), 'The Knowledge of Dead Secrets' (1965), 'Poetry as Knowledge' (1972), 'Sri Aurobindo on Poetry' (1972), 'Should Poetry be Read to Audience?' (1972), 'K. N. Daruwalla' (1972), 'Poetry and Philosophy', 'Hindu Society' (1966). He has also written some essays on art criticism — 'Modern Art in India' (1970), 'How Good is Sabavala?' (1973), and 'Paintings of the Year 1973' (1973). His essays on social criticism — 'Thoreau and Gandhi' (1971), 'Censorship and the Writer' (1963), 'How Normal is Normality' (1972), 'Tradition and All That a Case Against the Hippies' (1973), 'A Question of Sanity' (1972) and 'Our Academic Community' (1968) are varied and autotelic of his wide interest in the phenomenal world.

Ezekiel is not only a good poet in the post-Independence India, but he is also a cause of good poetry in others. Many poets including P. Lal and Dom Moraes have admitted the fact that Nissim Ezekiel was their poetic father. What W.H. Auden and Philip Larkin think of Thomas Hardy as a poet, P. Lal and Dom Moraes think of Nissim Ezekiel the *doyan* of English poetry in India. Ezekiel has nurtured many genuine poetic talents. Dom Moraes acknowledges him as his *Guru*, for he learnt the art of versification from him. He says, "When Ezekiel spoke to me of his views on poetry, it was as though he had unlocked a box full of unheard whispers".[2] The other poets of younger generation think that Ezekiel is perhaps the first Indian poet consistently to show Indian readers that craftmanship is as important to poem as its subject matter. He guided the young in craft and attitude. His suggestion to A.K. Ramanujan and Keki Daruwalla were very effective. He approves of Aravind Krishna Mahrotra and Saleem Peeradina, because of their capacity for sharp perception of environment and forthright statement. So Ezekiel is not only a great poet but an influential critic as well. What Thomas Hardy was to England in the early twentieth century, Ezekiel is to India in the post-Independence era. In fact, he is a great spirit to Indian poets in English for several decades.

Ezekiel is an editor of several leading journals. In this capacity he has encouraged writing poetry, plays and criticism in English. He also asked many writers for translation. In this way he has affected the theory and practice of the young poets. Ezekiel who was influenced by German writer Rilke's *Letter to a Young Poet* has himself remained a permanent influence to Indian poets in his attitude towards poetry and kindred works. He was also influenced by W.B. Yeats, the great Irish poet. As a result, like Yeats, he treated poetry as the 'record of the minds growth'. So his entire poetic bulk indicates his growth as a poet-critic and shows his personal importance.

However Ezekiel is influenced by many of the Western poetic talents, he is none other than Mr. Nissim Ezekiel. All influences on him are secondary or peripheral. In the words of Chetan Karnani, "At the centre was that sincere devoted mind that wanted to discover itself. In the process, he managed to forge a unique achievement of his own."[3]

Here Nissim Ezekiel is studied as a poet, playwright, critic and journalist. His entire works are keenly observed and critical comments on them are given. However, Ezekiel is mainly seen as the leading poet of the present-day modern English poetry in India.

As a poet Nissim Ezekiel has already published several volumes of poems. When he was a student of philosophy in London, he gradually discovered himself to be a poet. So, he wrote many poems when he was hardly in his twenties. As a result, he published them under the title *A Time to Change* (1952). Since he was much obsessed with poetry which, like Hardy, he called 'a lofty vocation', he thought that poetry was a way of life. He treated life as a journey where poesy would be the main source of discovering and organizing one's own self. In a sense, poetry to Ezekiel, became a way for self-realisation. He calls life a texture of poetry. Ezekiel essentially a poet continues his identification with poetry. So all of his volumes of verse are well-knit and they are in the poet's view, a continuation of each other. His concept of poetry is given in an early poem that was published in his first book *A Time to Change* (1952) :

A poem is an episode, completed
In an hour or two, but poetry
Is something more. It is the why
The how, the what, the flow
from which a poem comes,
In which the savage and the singular,
The gentle, familiar,
Are all dissolved; the residue
Is what you read, as a poem, the rest
Flows and is poetry.[4]

In the first volume of poems which contains five sections that grow out of one another, Berkleyian idealism is explicit. The brooding protagonist of these poems realizes the fact that man's self-realization is hardly possible if he repeats mistakes. In the second section, Ezekiel expresses his disappointment and shows his search for an identity in poetry. In the third, he devises two ways for the worldy fulfilment — first through material bliss and second, through human relationships. The first aspiration is revealed in a poem with clarity and vividness.

To own a singing voice and a talking voice,
A bit of land, a woman and a child or two,
Accommodated to their needs and changing moods
And patiently to build a life with these...[5]

In the fourth section, Ezekiel says that poet lives on dreams and to him poetry is a religion. Hardyan views of poetry are implicit in Ezekiel's poetic vision. The final section ends on a deeply retrospective and penitential note. However, the book *A Time to Change* is a very important work in poetry. Michael Garman says that in this book, "the poet's religion sympathetically assumes a double aspect — the introspective — concept active and the outword-active". 'Nonetheless all the poems of this maiden collection were not successful, they display Ezekiel's experiments in prose rhythms and his fine sense of structure and metrical ability. The verse rhythms of T.S. Eliot seemed to haunt his mind.

Nissim Ezekiel's *Sixty Poems* (1953), the second volume of poems was published in 1953. But many poems of this book are loose in structure and they are less appealing. Some critics have opened that such poems like 'Invocation' could have been safely destroyed or omitted from the publication. In fact, after the brilliance of *A Time to Change*, this collection *Sixty Poems* comes as an 'anti-climax'. However Ezekiel writes a Yeatsian or a Hardyan 'apology' to the volume and tries to defend himself that these poems 'maintain some sort of continuity in his life', the poems of the book do not bring his philosophy of life as impressively as his first book of poems did.

The poems of this volume show the impact of many European poets on Nissim Ezekiel. The collection begins with 'A Poem of Dedication'. The next poem 'The Stone' is influenced by Yeat's 'Easter 1916'. Likewise, the lyric simplicity of Herbert and Blake seems to have inspired the poem 'Song'. Even William Blake, Rilke, Rimbaud and Baudelaire's poetic impact is pertinently felt in Ezekiel's poems 'Speech and Silence' and 'Prayer'. The poems 'situation' and 'A Short Story' bring Ezekiel's use of colloquial idioms and conversational poetic style. As a verbal portraitist, Ezekiel can make a person alive through the use of ordinary or commonplace words and phrases. His poem 'A Visitor' provides a fine illustration of this practice. A 'Visitor', written in a familiar style is about distance betwixt one's faith and practice. A person, forlorn in failure, fails to know how to avoid his repeated disasters. The poems 'Portrait' and 'Boss' display the ordinariness of most events of modern man.

In her perceptive study of Indian-English poetry, Linda Hess characterises Ezekiel as "a poet of the body; and an endless explorer of the labyrinths of the mind, the devious delvings and twistings of the ego, and the ceaseless attempt of man and poet to define himself, to find through all 'the myth and maze' a way to honesty and love."[7] So Ezekiel often deals with man-woman's sexual relationships in the poems of *Sixty Poems* (1953) and *The Third* (1959). In the words of the Chetan Karnani, words like marrow, bone, blood, flesh, breast and thighs appear again and again. Hence, Ezekiel's idea that body cannot be ignored in sexual gratification is reflected in the following poem of him :

Then, wanting to be whole again, he prayed :
That this his body may belong to him
And let him understand : that in the working
Of his mind the body takes a hand.[8]

The significance that Ezekiel gives to body aspects is comparable to W.B. Yeat's lines:

He with body waged a fight
But body won; it walks upright.[9]

Ezekiel's poems on sex have a splendid personalism and frankness.

His poem 'Love Song' proves the point in case :

Beneath your dress I find you young,
Rewarding to my explorations, certain,
Soft and flowing
And tender to the touch of love[10]

Many poems of this volume drive home the point that the life of repression brings mental neuroses. Therefore, Ezekiel points out that inner impulses must be given a healthy release. He returns to this theme with greater vitality and intensity in the third volume of poems *The Third* (1959).

The book *The Third* was published in 1959. It is between *The Sixty Poems* and *The Unfinished Man*. The first poem of this book 'Portrait' has a connection with 'December', the last poem of the volume. However, unlike the pieces of *Sixty Poems,* the songs of this collection show Ezekiel's maturity of thought. His views on the art of poetry are reflected here. He thinks that poets say, 'what oft was thought but they never express it well'. This view is seen in the following poem :

When the politician boasted
    How he had made two hundred speeches,
"No Tom," his wife declared,
    "You made the same speech two hundred times."
So are we all
    Making the same speech over and over again.
And now I hear the first birds
    Spasmodic and repetitive—
I know I shall repeat my self.[11]

Ezekiel's poems like 'Division', 'What Frightens Me' and 'Declaration' evince his mastery in versification. In the last poem, like Yeats and Hardy, he tries to depict a human situation :

> Whatever is beyond my reach
> I shall not reach for, certain vases
> And women are too expensive, or else
> Fragile, exacting, best enjoyed
> From a distance, with delicate affection.
> Passion possesses, and beyond possession
> All is in question, mood and mystery spent,
> But reconciled to long perspective
> The sensual form may serve to calm
> The senses and keep the darkness pure.[12]

Linda Hess comments that "Every mature poet finds his art demanding again and again that he synthesises certain powerful and apparently opposite forces within himself. In Nissim Ezekiel the synthesis which has continually had to be made is that between the ever-abstracting intellect and the concrete irreducible experience of the senses in which, if there is not the comfort of symmetry and system, there is substance of life itself".[13] In the other poems, 'Insectlore', 'Cur', 'Sparrows' and 'Aside' Ezekiel deals with the dumb creatures. Whereas the poems 'The Pulley', 'Episode', 'In the Queue!' he writes about man's body and its tumults with the heart. For evidence, the poem 'At the Party' can be seen :

> Ethereal beauties, may you always be
> Dedicate to love and reckless shopping,
> Your midriffs moist and your thighs unruly,
> Breasts beneath the fabric slyly plopping.[14]

Nissim Ezekiel's fourth volumes of poems *The Unfinished Man*, published in 1960 is a significant book not only to him but in Indian English poetry. It brought Ezekiel's searching and perceptive power to the light. The volume was soon reprinted and it earned the poet a name. Adil Jussawalla writes : "...the most perfect book of poems written by an Indian in English... Ezekiel at his most honest and lyrical best....[15]

The poems of this volume are rhythmic and musically suggestive Ezekiel makes an effective use of rhyme as T.S. Eliot did in his Sweeney poems. Like Yeats, Ezekiel who borrows the title from Yeats, writes about 'marsh' in human existence. In this regard, his poem 'A Morning Walk' resembles T.S. Eliot's 'Wasteland' too. Ezekiel describes the present day urbanisation in Bombay as follows :

> Barbaric city sick with slums,
> Deprived of seasons, blessed with rains,
> Its hawkers, beggars, iron-lunged,
> Processions led by frantic drums,
> A million purgatorial lanes,
> And child-like masses, many-tongued,
> Whose wages are in words and crumbs.[16]

The Bombay city seems to the poet rootless. He finds everything in chaos. The artificial city life leaves certain inexplicable spell upon the poet's subconsciousness. In the same vein is his another poem 'City Song'.

In the poem 'Love Sonnet', Ezekiel writes about lovers' perpetual mysteries. The poem is in the line of John Donne's love lyrics. 'Island' expands the theme of 'A Morning Walk'. In 'Case Study' Ezekiel expresses the dilemma of a weak-willed man. As a result there is a lot of self-indulgent scrutiny :

> Ought he to practise yoga, study Greek,
> Or bluff his way throughout with brazen cheek?
> Beginning with a foolish love affair
> After common school and rotten college,
> He had the patient will but not the flair
> To climb with quick assault the envied star;
> Messed around instead with useless knowledge,
> And staked on politics a fatal pledge.[17]

Commenting on the poem, David McCutchion remarks : "It is clear that there is no question here of the intense self-lace rating despair of Baudelaire's *'Examen de Minuit'* but rather of a courteous, self-deprecatory uneasiness. Unlike Baudelaire Mr. Ezekiel has considerable sympathy for his weak but well-intentioned persona....[18]

Other poems of the volume 'Event', 'Enterprise', 'Commitment', 'Morning Prayer', etc. are also good pieces Ezekiel might have ever written. Therefore, David McCutchion pays Ezekiel a well deserved tribute when he compares him to W.H. Auden, the literary improviser of 20th century. Chetan Karnani in his work *Nissim Ezekiel* thinks that, it is because of *The Unfinished Man* more than anything else, that time will reserve similar laurels for Mr. Ezekiel.

Ezekiel's fifth book of poems *The Exact Name* was published in 1965. The title poem shows his desire for accuracy of thought and clarity of expression :

> Intelligence, give me
> The exact name of things!
> Let my word be
> The thing itself,
> Newly created by my soul.[19]

As in the earlier collection, in this book too the poet tries to extend the scope and subject-matter of his versification. However, Ezekiel seeks poetry in the ordinariness of most events. In this regard, he is like Hardy and Wordsworth, writing on common themes. Indeed, for this he undoubtedly employs the day today language.

The lovely poems of this volume are many. 'A Warning' and 'Paradise Flycatcher', display Ezekiel's attempt at beautifying the common place accidents of life in the world of art. 'The Visitor' shows his fine gift as a verbal portraitist. While poems like 'Verginal', and 'A Woman Observed' transmute every ordinary happenings into poetic perception. But the poem 'Night of the Scorpion' is an excellent piece that delineates an Indian theme with clarity of thought and vividness of imagination. The poem is a beautiful depiction that exposes superstitious beliefs of many Indians still today :

> May he sit still, they said.
> May the sins of your previous birth
> be burned away tonight, they said
> May your suffering decrease
> the misfortune of your next, they said.
> May the sun of evil
> balanced in this unreal world

against the sum of good
become diminished by your pain.
May the poison purify your flesh
of desire, and your spirit of ambition,
they said, and they sat around
on the floor with my mother in the centre,
the peace of understanding on each face.[20]

The same human concern is shown in 'Poetry Reading'. In 'Philosophy', Ezekiel writes about his bent for the brighter aspects of life. 'In Retrospect' he dwells upon the 'invisible landscape of love', and 'Love Poem' tries to celebrate the transformation caused by love.

The best poem of this volume 'Poet, Lover, Bird-watcher' displays Ezekiel's views on poet's problems. He rightly thinks that the best poets wait for words, like ornithologists sitting in silence to see birds.

Like other Commonwealth poets, Ezekiel writes about the cultural milieux of his nation. What A.D. Hope in his poem 'Australia' writes, Ezekiel does about India in his English poems. His robust Babu's angrezi language in persistent in his poems like 'Goodbye Party for Miss Pushpa' and other verses. He writes about Indian English with lucidity. The above mentioned poem is a nice evidence for the point in elucidation. He expresses a typical Indian thought process in Indian English :

Miss Pushpa is coming
from very high family.
Her father was renowned advocate
in Bulsar or Surat,
I am not remembering now which place.
Surat? Ah, yes,
Once only I stayed in Surat
With family members
of my uncle's very old friend.[21]

In Ezekiel the very Indianness is always persistent. Despite his many visits to the other parts of the world, he is still an Indian in blood and spirit. V.S. Naipaul found Ezekiel an exception in Indian writers. Naipaul was surprised to see that Ezekiel had

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managed to arrive in the heat and squalor of India. Surprisingly enough Ezekiel is proud of his environment too :

> The Indian landscape sears my eyes.
> I have become a part of it
> To be observed by foreigners.
> They say that I am singular,
> Their letters overstate the case.
>
> I have made my commitments now.
> This is one: to stay where I am,
> As others choose to give themselves
> In some remote and backward place.
> My backward place is where I am.[22]

Ezekiel has also made some experiment in poetry. His poems 'A Very Indian Poem in Indian English', 'Irani Restaurant Instructions' and 'Goodbye Party for Miss Pushpa' remain unrivalled as poetic achievement in this field.

Nissim Ezekiel is also a playwright. Like W.B. Yeats and T.S. Eliot, he choose another genre of literature to express his ideas to the readers. Equally another sound reason for his writing plays is that there is a dearth of plays in English language. Ezekiel also regrets for the qualitative dearth of dramatic writings.

As a playwright Ezekiel wrote five plays. However, the first three of them are significant. *Nalini* is a comedy in three acts; *Marriage Poem* is a one act tragic-comedy; and *The Sleepwalkers* is an Indo-American farce. All were published by Writer's Workshop in 1969. His other two short-sketches *Who Needs No Introduction* and *Song of Deprivation* are of minor importance.

Nalini is Ezekiel's most ambitious full-length play. It is a social comment with its interesting witty dialogues. The play begins with the presentation of two young friends — Bharat and Raj. It is a social satire. Ezekiel tries to show the immaturity of a whole class through the portraiture of two youngmen as a burlesque — not with a bang but with a whimper.

Ezekiel's second play *Marriage Poem* is a one-act-tragic-comedy, but it reads more like comedy than tragedy. It tries to depict the light and shade that comprises the social institution called marriage. Like Hardy, the hero of this play Naresh thinks that marriages done in haste cause regret and repentance. So Naresh has no love for his wife Mala. As a result their married relationship ends in skirmishes and inanities:

Mala : ...shall I pour out some tea for you?
Naresh : Yes (satirically) And a slice of bread
In it for me (she freezes). Put a slice of
bread dipped in tea into my mouth...
Mala : I will, I will...
Naresh : (chewing) Thank you. That was delicious.
Mala : I love it too.
Naresh : (Raising his voice) I hate it ...[23]

The play *Marriage Poem* deals with a boring marriage-relationship. It indicates the futility of tradition-oriented system of wedding. Ezekiel's fine realistic approach is descernible in these plays. While *The Sleep Walkers* is a hilarious rollicking farce. Like some English satirist Ezekiel gives an elaborate stage directions, creating an impression that his plays are meant for stage rather than for reading alone.

Besides, Ezekiel is also an art critic. In this capacity he has edited many journals. He joined *The Illustrated Weekly of India* as its sub-editor. As a critic, Ezekiel has written a good deal. Karnani observes, "As a thoughtful Indian poet, he has tried to establish certain literary norms. He has fearlessly condemned mediocre poetry so that Gresham's laws may not operate in this realm".[24] Ezekiel is a strong character who disliked shallowness and duplication in poetry-criticism and allied arts. When he received Dilip K. Chakravarty's Mimomsa for criticism, he dared to expose the poets 'narcissistic attitude'. In almost every review, Ezekiel shows similar intellectual toughness combined with a higher sense of enquiring spirit and critical standards. He disapproves 'Asiatic Vague Immansies'. He is not happy about Shri Aurobindo's *Magnum opus* 'Savitri'. He thinks that Shri Aurobindo wrote it in a foreign language and that is too in decadent Edwardian style.

Ezekiel does not like obscurity in poetry save descriptions where some hard-truths are enshrined. He emphasises communicative efficacy as the main quality in lovely and fine verse. His essays 'Poetry and Philosophy' and 'Poetry as Knowledge' show his disciplined thinking. For three years Ezekiel was the art-critic of *The Times of India.* In this role, he helped in the creation of public taste. In the words of Chetan Karnani, "With his fine aesthetic sense, gift for analogy, ruthless logic, and a certain ineffable sense of Indianness, Ezekiel has remained a force to reckon with whether in literary or art or social criticism. His contribution in this field has been as important in the domain of poetry because in his role as a critic he has made great poetry and great painting available to many by the help of his unfailing good taste and sound critical security.[25]

Nissim Ezekiel is a dedicated person to the rhyme. Avoiding the extremes and where possible pitfalls, he is succeeding in depicting his view, art and vision of life in poetry. According to Chetan Karnani, 'no other Indian-English poet has shown the ability to organise his experience into words as competently as Ezekiel has done. The remarkable aspect of his poetry is his sincerity and individuality. His poems generalise his own intimately-felt experience. It is neither repetitive nor shocking, but it is 'simple, introspective and analytical'. He treats poetry as a first-hand record of the growth of his mind. Ezekiel loves simplicity and tries to speak from heart to heart. His love of the genuine and authentic is explicit in the following verse passage :

> These I have dwelt upon, listening to rain,
> And turning in, resolved
> That I must wait and train myself
> To recognise the real thing,
> And in the verse or friends I make
> To have no trunk with what is fake.[26]

Ezekiel's greatness lies in his effort to avoid the mistakes which his fellow poets committed. He is a serious poet. His originality lies in his typical poems which are firmly rooted in Indian soil. Ezekiel's impersonalism is another landmark in his poetry. In this regard, he resembles T.S. Eliot. David McCutchion observes : "Ezekiel belongs with Thom Gunn, R.S. Thomas, Elizabeth Jennings, Anthony Thwaite, and others like them. He has their cautious, discriminating style, precise and analytical, with its conscious rejection of the heroic and passionate as also of the sentimental and cosy. The technique is immaculate: rhymes, and carefully varied yet regular rhythms, lines that run over with a poised deliberateness. But behind the casual assurance one senses the clenched fist, the wounded tenderness".[27]

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55

Fielding, Henry

Coleridge has said, that to 'take up Fielding after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves into an open lawn on a breezy day in May.' We have felt the agreeableness of the transition : from excited sensibilities and overpowering pathos, to light humour, lively description, and keen yet sportive satire, must always be a pleasant change. The feeling, however, does not derogate from the power of Richardson as a novelist. The same sensation may be experienced by turning from Lear to Falstaff, from tragedy to comedy. The feelings cannot remain in a state of constant tension, but seek relief in variety. Perhaps Richardson stretches them too violently and too continously; his portraits are in classes, full charged with the peculiarities of their master. Fielding has a broader canvas, more light than shade, a clear and genial atmosphere, and groups of characters finely and naturally diversified. Johnson considered him barren compared with Richardson, because Johnson loved strong moral painting, and had little sympathy for wit that was not strictly allied to virtue. Richardson, too, was a pious respectable man, for whom the critic entertained great regard, and to whom he was under obligations. Fielding was a thoughtless man of fashion — a rake who had dissipated his fortune, and passed from high to low life without dignity or respect; and who had commenced author without any higher motive than to make money, and confer amusement. Ample success crowned him in the latter department! The inimitable character of Parson Adams, the humour of roadside adventures and ale-house dialogues, Towwouse and his termagant wife, Parson Truilliber, Squire Western, the faithful Partridge, and a host of ludicrous and witty scenes, and characters, and situations, all rise up at the very mention of the name of Fielding! If Richardson 'made the passions move at the command of virtue,' Fielding bends them at will to mirth and enjoyment. He is the prince of novelists — holding the novel to include wit, love, satire, humour, observation, genuine pictures of human nature without romance, and the most perfect art in the arrangement of his plot and incidents.

Henry Fielding was of high birth : his father — a grandson of the Earl of Denbigh — was a general in the army, and his mother the daughter of a judge. He was born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707. The general had a large family, and was a bad economist, and Henry was early familiar with embarrassments. He was educated at Eton, and afterwards studied the law for two years at Leyden. In his twentieth year his studies were stopped, 'money-bound,' as a kindred genius, Sheridan, used to say, and the youth returned to England, and commenced writing for the stage. His first play, *Lové in Several Masks*, was brought out in February 1727-28. In the course of five years he wrote seventeen dramatic pieces, only one of which, the burlesque entitled *Tom Thumb,* can be said to have kept possession of the stage. His father promised him £ 200 per annum, but this, the son remarked, 'any one might pay who would!' He obtained £ 1500 by his marriage with Miss Cradock, a lady of great beauty and worth, who resided in Salisbury, and he retired with his wife to the country. His mother had left him a small estate at East Stour, Dorsetshire; but there Fielding's hospitality and extravagance — a large retinue of servants in yellow liveries, entertainments, hounds and horses — soon devoured his little patrimony and wife's fortune. In the following year (1736) he took the Haymarket Theatre, and engaged a dramatic company. This project failed, and in 1737 he entered himself as a student in the Middle Temple. He was called to the bar in June 1740. His practice, however, was insufficient for the support of his family, and he continued to write pieces for the stage, and pamphlets to suit the topics of the day. In politics he was an anti-Jacobite, and a steady supporter of the Hanoverian succession. In 1742 appeared his novel of *Joseph Andrews,* which at once stamped him as a master, uniting to genuine English but Fielding was paying, by a premature old age and decrepitude, for the follies and excesses of his youth. A complication of disorders weighed down his latter days, the most formidable of which was dropsy. As a last resource he was advised to try the effect of a milder climate, and departed for Lisbon in the spring of 1754. Nothing can be more touching than the description he has given in his posthumous work, *A Voyage to Lisbon,* of this parting scene :

'*Wednesday, June* 26, 1754 — On this day the most melancholy sun I had ever beheld arose, and found me awake at my house at Fordhook. By the light of this sun I was, in my own opinion, last to behold and take leave of some of those creatures on whom I doted with a mother-like fondness, guided by nature and passion, and uncured and unhardened by all the doctrine of that philosophical school where I had learned to bear pains and to despise death.'

'In this situation, as I could not conquer nature, I submitted entirely to her, and she made as great a fool of me as she had ever done of any woman whatsoever : under pretence of giving me leave to enjoy, she drew me into suffer, the company of my little ones during eight hours; and I doubt whether in that time I did not undergo more than in all my distemper.'

'At twelve precisely my coach was at the door, which was no sooner told me, than I kissed my children round, and went into it with some little resolution. My wife, who behaved more like a heroine and philosopher, though at the same time the tenderest mother in the world, and my eldest daughter, followed me; some friends went with us, and others here took their leave; and I heard my behaviour applauded, with many murmurs and praises to which I well knew I had no title; as all other such philosophers may, if they have any modesty, confess on the like occasions.'

The great novelist reached Lisbon, and resided in that genial climate for about two months. His health, however, gradually declined, and he died on the 8th of October 1754. It is pleasing to record that his family, about which he evinced so much tender solicitude in his last days, were sheltered from want by his brother and a private friend, Ralph Allen, Esq. whose character for worth and benevolence he had drawn in Allworthy, in *Tom Jones*.

> Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
>
> POPE.

The English factory at Lisbon erected a monument over his remains. A new tomb was erected to him in 1830.

The irregularities of Fielding's life — however dearly he may have paid for fame — contributed to his riches as an author. He had surveyed human nature in various aspects, and experienced its storms and sunshine. His kinswoman, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, assigns to him an enviable vivacity of temperament, though it is at the expense of his morality. 'His happy constitution,' she says, 'even when he had, with great pains, half demolished it, made him forget every evil when he was before a venison-pasty, or over a flask of champagne; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cookmaid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret.' Fielding's experience as a Middlesex justice was unfavourable to his personal respectability; but it must also have brought him into contact with scenes and characters well fitted for his graphic delineations. On the other hand, his birth and education as a gentleman, and his brief trial of the life of a rural squire, immersed in sports and preasure, furnished materials for a Squire Western, an Allworthy, and other country characters, down to black George the gamekeeper; while, as a man of wit and fashion on the town, and a gay dramatist, he must have known various prototypes of Lord Fellamar and his other city portraits. The profligacy of Lady Bellaston, and the meanness of Tom Jones in accepting support from such a source, are, we hope, circumstances which have rarely occurred even in the fashionable life of that period. The tone of morality is never very high in Fielding, but the case we have cited is his lowest descent.

Though written amidst discouraging circumstances and irksome duties, *Tom Jones* bears no marks of haste. The author committed some errors as to time and place, but his fable is constructed with historical exactness and precision, and is a finished model of the comic romance. Byron has styled Fielding 'the prose Homer of human nature.' 'Since the days of Homer', says Dr. Beattie, 'the world has not seen a more artful epic fable. The characters and adventures are wonderfully diversified; yet the circumstances are all so natural, and rise so easily from one another, and co-operate with so much regularity in bringing on, even while they seem to retard the catastrophe, that the curiosity of the reader is always kept awake, and, instead of flagging, grows more and more impatient as the story advances, till at last it becomes downright anxiety. And when we get to the end, and look back on the whole contrivance, we are amazed to find that of so many incidents there should be so few superfluous; that in such a variety of fiction there should be so great a probability, and that so complex a tale should be so perspiciously conducted, and with perfect unity of design.' The only digression from the main story which is felt to be tedious is the episode of the Man of the Hill. In *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas* we are reconciled to such interpolations by the air of romance which pervades the whole, and which seems indigenous to the soil of Spain. In Cervantes, too, these digressions are sometimes highly poetical and striking tales. But in the plain life-like scenes of *Tom Jones* — English life in the eighteenth century, in the country of Somerset — such a tedious 'hermit of the vale' is felt to be an unnatural incumbrance. Fielding had little of the poetical or imaginative faculty. His study lay in real life and everyday scenes, which he depicted with a truth and freshness, a buoyancy and vigour, and such an exuberance of practical knowledge, easy satire, and lively fancy, that in his own department he stands unrivalled. Others have had bolder invention, a higher cast of thought, more poetical imagery, and profounder passion (for Fielding has little pathos or sentiment); but in the perfect nature of his characters, especially in low life, and in the perfect skill with which he combined and wrought up his comic powers, seasoning the whole with wit and wisdom, the ripened fruit of genius and wide experience, this great English author is still unapproached.

A passage from Fielding or Smollett can convey no more idea of the work from which it is taken, or the manner of the author, than a single stone or brick would of the architecture of a house. We are tempted, however, to extract the account of Partridge's impressions on first visiting a playhouse, when he witnessed the representation of *Hamlet.* The faithful attendant of Tom Jones was half-barber and half-schoolmaster, shrewd, yet simple as a child.

PARTRIDGE AT THE THEATRE

In the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said : 'It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.' While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller : 'Look, look, madam; the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gunpowder treason service.' Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted : 'That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelve month.'

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,* began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones : 'What man that was in the strange dress; something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?' Jones answered : 'That is the ghost.' To which Partridge replied, with a smile : 'Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither.' In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage. 'O la! sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person.' 'Why, who,' cries Jones, 'dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?' 'Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool, then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil — for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No further! No, you have gone far enough already; further than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions.' Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried : 'Hush, hush, dear sir; don't you hear him?' And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said : 'Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible.' 'Nay, sir,' answered Partridge, 'if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them : not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.' And dost thous imagine then, Partridge, cries Jones, 'that he was really frightend?' 'Nay, sir,' said Partridge, 'did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case. But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are.' Then turning his eyes again upon

Hamlet : 'Ay, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?'

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. 'Well,' said he, 'how people may be deceived by faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?' He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than 'that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.'

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out : 'There, sir, now; what say you now? is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears, I would not be in so bad a condition as — what's his name? — Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth.' 'Indeed you saw right,' answered Jones. 'Well, well,' cries Partridge, 'I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for, as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you.'

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her : 'If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is,' said he, 'a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again.'

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered : 'That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town.' 'No wonder, then,' cries Partridge, 'that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe.' Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out : 'Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are : I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*'

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question : 'The king, without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; 'why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man — that is, any good man — that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'

Thus, ended the adventure at the playhouse, where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage. He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the ghost; and for many nights after, sweated two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions, and waked several times in great horrors, crying out : 'Lord have mercy upon us! there it is.'

PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

Being now provided with all the necessaries of life, I betook myself once again to study, and that with a more ordinate application than I had ever done formerly. The books which now employed my time solely were those, as well ancient as modern, which treat of true philosophy, a word which is by many thought to be the subject only of farce and ridicule. I now read over the works of Aristotle and Plato, with the rest of those inestimable treasures which ancient Greece hath bequeathed to the world.

To this I added another study, compared to which all the philosophy taught by the wisest heathens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as full of vanity as the silliest jester ever pleased to represent it. This is that divine wisdom which is alone to be found in the Holy Scriptures : for those impart to us the knowledge and assurance of things much more worthy our attention, than all which this world can offer to our acceptance; of things which heaven itself hath condescended to reveal to us, and to the smallest knowledge of which the highest human wit unassisted could never ascend. I began now to think all the time I had spent with the best heathen writers was little more than labour lost; for however pleasant and delightful their lessons may be, or however adequate to the right regulation of our conduct with respect to this world only, yet, when compared with the glory revealed in Scripture, their highest documents will appear as trifling, and of as little consequence as the rules by which children regulate their childish little games and pastime. True it is, that philosophy makes us wiser, but Christianity makes us better men. Philosophy elevates and steels the mind, Christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the objects of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us a temporal, but this an eternal happiness.

I had spent about four years in the most delightful manner to myself, totally given up to contemplation, and entirely unembarrassed with the affairs of the world, when I lost the best of fathers, and one whom I so entirely loved, that my grief at his loss exceeds all description. I now abandoned my books, and gave myself up for a whole month to the efforts of melancholy and despair. Time, however, the best physician of the mind, at length brought me relief. I then be took myself again to my former studies, which I may say perfected my cure : for philosophy and religion may be called the exercises of the mind, and when this is disordered, they are as wholesome as exercise can be to a distempered body. They do indeed produce similar effects with exercise : for they strengthen and confirm the mind; till man becomes, in the noble strain of Horace,

> Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus,
> Externi ne quid valeat per laeve morari :
> In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.
> [Firm in himself who on himself relies;
> Polished and round who runs his proper course,
> And breaks misfortune with superior force.
> FRANCIS.]

A sister of the eminent novelist, SARAH FIELDING (1714-1768), was also distinguished in literature. She was the author of the novel of *David Simple,* a work not unworthy the sister of Henry Fielding; also another tale, *The Cry;* and she translated from the Greek the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon. Some other works of less importance proceeded from the pen of this accomplished woman.

56

Fitzgerald, F. Scott — Female Characters in F. Scott Fitzgerald

ATTIA ABID*

American fiction had long ignored woman and her rights of existence on equal terms with man. However, in the wake of the feminine movement in Europe a new consciousness during the beginning of the present century emerged which somehow remained confined to sex. It was Theodore Dreiser, Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway who paid serious attention to feminist issues in their fictional works.

The Fitzgeralds, Scott and his wife, Zelda, found themselves cast as models for the new worship of youth. They soon accepted their roles as pioneers. But though they regarded themselves as eponymic figures which they did become, it will be erroneous to blame them for the excesses of The Twenties. In the conflicting manners and aspirations that was going on, Scott Fitzgerald was not only the leading actor but the audience as well; he had lived in great moments and stood apart and reckoned the causes as well. He lived more intimately than any writer the life of his times, and it became the material he dealt with in his works.

He was a social historian who chronicled the manners of an age, the mood of a people, the psychological conditions of a decade, the history of a consciousness. In fact, in his writings he "epitomised 'all the sad young men' of the post-war generation, and captured the essence of a period when 'flappers and gin and

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the beautiful and the damned' were symbols of the carefree madness of an age."[1]

He wrote plot stories with fresh characters not magazine types. What differentiated his writing from others was that he treated the concerns of youth more seriously than some of his contemporaries. But soon he complained that he would go mad if he had to do "another debutante". Hence the stories are in two groups, success in wooing and rejection. For Fitzgerald's girls marriage is the only future and they are determined to make the best possible matches because they are deciding for their children as well. The early stories have a Jane Austen like beginning : "It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife."[2]

This good fortune becomes the glitter or the halo for which the person is pursued. The girl wastes herself on these trivial romances that provide no preparation for a responsible life and make her emotionally bankrupt, having nothing to offer the person she will finally marry. *Little Women* came to be considered a book about "inane females" who had been models for the mothers of the "emergent Amazons" who knew little about their daughters' problems, the problems that centred round how they could have three, four or even more men in love with them and be cut in on every feet at dance. There was cut-throat competition and every girl had to think of herself. Those that thought her gay and fickle saying she would come to a bad end were just indulging in the sour-grapes syndrome. They were playing for very high stakes so indulging in a little cheap popularity or cheaping themselves a bit were all part of the game. Gone were the days of the "womanly woman" when all young ladies from good families had glorious times; feminine qualities came to be considered "ghastly inefficiencies". In "Bernice Bobs Her Hair", as long as Bernice had talked of the weather or Eau Claire, from where she came, or automobiles or her school, she was considered dull and unbearable, and had a "bum time" at parties. Warren Mc Intyre made a remark that he sometimes made to girls at College Proms; she blushed and became clumsy with her fan, and annoyed him by an unexpected response : "You've got an awefully kissable mouth." He had said, " 'Fresh!' The word had slipped out of her mouth."[3]

Her cousin, Marjorie, gives her flapperly advice, and she learns the tricks of the trade only to outwit the "sphinx of sphinxes".

There was no flight from love, and it was pursued for its own sake, the experience being more important than the identity of any particular beloved. Girls and boys were in no hurry to get married, often remained engaged and had affairs with others. In "Ice Palace", Sally Carrol wants to go places and see people, wants her mind to grow, wants to live where things happen on a large scale. She leaves the somnolent South with its "ineffectual, sad failures" (men) and goes North only to be disappointed and nearly killed in the Ice Paláce. In "The Sensible Thing" though Jonquil Cary loves George O'Kelly with all her heart, marrying him doesn't seem the sensible thing because she was nervous at the prospect of marrying into a life of poverty and that was putting too much strain upon her love.

These girls were callous, much like Keats' La Belle Dame Sans Merci, but for some inexplicable reasons had the knights enthralled by their serpentine beauty. Love was far more consistently a source of misery. The boy was almost frustrated in his need for love and was driven into miserable situations from which there was no escape. He was often made vulnerable to exploitation by unscrupulous characters. The enjoyments he got from love were transitory. Worst of all, his needs and fears defied reason and control, and knowing that the object was not worthy of his love, he was in the grip of deep irrational forces. Generally, love was depicted as a selfish emotion, the lovers not making concessions to the beloved. Whether it is Judy Jones in "Winter Dreams" or Anson Hunter in "The Rich Boy", they were never happy unless someone was in love with them, responding "like filing to a magnet". Thus romantic exhileration varies : sometimes it is a sense of mystery and remoteness, sometimes it resides in glittering associations of wealth, sometimes in the quest for excitement of adventure and novelty of experience. Whatever form it takes, this romanticising motive is a compelling force in many lovers who find it necessary to transform or uplift their homelier motives.

However, after all the dancing cheek to jowl in the dark, petting and kissing, what became of the selfish, spoiled, uncontrolled, disagreeable, impossible girls and young fools that spent "their vacuous hours pursuing them round the country"? In "The Last of the Belles" Lt. Canby climbed up 6000ft. in his plane and shut off the motor; in "May Day" Gordon Sterret married Jewel Hudson, "the spectre of womanhood", and shot himself when he realised what he had done; Dexter Green joined the war, welcoming the liberation from the webs of tangled emotion; some joined the ecclesiastical order, and suppression of the need to love and be loved erupted in madness; some got married but didn't "possess their wives" because they realised that they had married a mere "bundle of clothes", a weak, cowardly mass of affectations; some retaliated in a peculiar and ominous way : in "The Cut-Glass Bowl" Carleton Canby sent Evelyn a big cut-glass bowl as a wedding present and it assumed the proportions of fate when ominous things happened and were associated with it; in "Diamond As Big As The Ritz", Braddock Washington, the richest man in the world, had encouraged his children to have visitors and had them drugged and murdered so that they wouldn't reveal things about his illegal empire to outsiders; his daughter, Kismine, acknowledges that she too would harden upto it.

In the volatile and bizarre world of flappers, philosophers and sad young men, it was a question of survival of the fittest. A man had to have the courage of his convictions and imagination to win the heart of the flapper who, in going from man to man, had become restless, less acquiescent and more dissatisfied, a "husk of herself". Tony Moreland in "The Offshore Pirate" impresses Ardita Farnam with his ingenuity when he passes as a pirate and fugitive with a reward of $2000 on him and abducts her. In "The Bridal Party" Hamilton Rutherford explains that with a girl of commonsense one has to play squarely and tell her what is right at the very start; his fiancee, Caroline Cary seems to appreciate that : "I'm pretty flighty, and I need somebody like Hamilton to decide things. It was that more than the question of — of [money]".[4]

In "The Ice Palace" Sally Carrol talks along similar lines :

> "I'm the sort of person who wants to be taken care of after a certain point and I feel sure I will be".
>
> "It's encouraging to find a girl who knows what she's marrying for nine-tenths of them think of it as a sort of walking into a moving picture sunset", said Roger Patton.[5]

When girls feel sorry for boys and get all sentimental over them, it's a marriage only in name and the man is "gobbled up", "made a monkey of" and reduced to the lowest level. The outcome is adulteries, extra marital affairs and divorce. Couples remained restless or chained to their antagonism even when love had died or was mixed with hostility so that there was persistent suffering.

The day can be saved and thereby the family by tolerance, sacrifice and conformity to social norms. In "Four Fists" Samuel Meredith is made to realise : "The man's strength, his rest, was then protection of his family."[6]

In the case of women too, what ultimately counted and was responsible for a stable family and happy married life was not just "dainty looks" but the immutable qualities of head and heart, a sense of commitment, commonsense, hope, emotional strength, sincerity, loyalty, faithfulness and stability. In other words, it was all right to have a "gaudy spree", but : "Character is the greatest thing in the world".[7]

As opposed to the flappers there are girls like Thea Singleton of "One Interne". The anaesthetist and assistant of the surgeon Howard Durfree, she is like a goddess symbolising the glory and devotion of the medical profession. Her singleness of purpose and determination are also seen in Emily in "Majesty"; she was an American and became Queen of a small Middle European Kingdom, realising the twin dreams of from log cabin to the White House and aristocracy. Thus, the ideal of the quest was changing from "personalities" *i.e.* immature debutantes to "personages" *i.e.* matured professionals and aristocrats.

Love could also bring out the latent qualities and uplift an individual as can be seen in "Head and Shoulders" and "The Rich Boy". Of course, there were men like Dexter Green and George O'Kelly who lost all for love and won, reaching the pinnacle of success, realising the ideal for the one they worshipped and adored.

Fitzgerald's love stories were based on his own experiences with Genevra King and Zelda Sayre, but it must be remembered that they reflect his double vision. The former matched his dreams of the perfect girl, beautiful, rich, socially secure and sought after. She later remarked that Fitzgerald thought she knew the way up. In 1916, when he went to visit her, he was no longer her number one suitor, and the competition included sons of wealth. It was pointedly remarked within his hearing that poor boys should not think of marrying rich girls. Zelda, the golden girl from the South would not have him till he succeeded in life. They married only after his first novel, *This Side of Paradise* was published. Later they started having marital problems, and accused each other of all kinds of things related to an unsatisfactory conjugal relationship. These conflicts are reflected in the stories also. Then Zelda had a short affair with a French pilot, Jozan Eduord, and that was the time Fitzgerald was working on his masterpiece, *The Great Gatsby*.

In the stories a galaxy of female characters is presented but that in not surprising because the stories number around 160-178. The novels being just five, the number is restricted. However, between the novels collections of his stories were published, and some of them cluster round the novels. In the novels too women are presented as mothers, girl friends, wives and mistresses, but as compared to the short stories they are weak and colourless personalities; none of them are mature enough to be elevated to the status of a "personage". However, besides that, the heroines of the novels assume symbolic proportions.

In *This Side of Paradise* there are five women in the life of Amory Blaine : his mother who insists that he call here Beatrice, and the golden girls Isabelle, Eleanor, Rosalind and Clara. Beatrice is a product of "those days when the great gardener clipped the inferior roses to produce one perfect bud". She is placed in a gilded era, a distanced age when a tutelage was measured by the number of things and people one could be contemptuous and charming about. She is beautiful young, sad, disengaged, aristocratic, surpassing the upper middle-class values. She symbioses the shaping hand of society that must mould his "aristocratic egotism" and self-awareness but he perceives the futility of her affectations. She sends him to Monsignor Thayer Darcy who represents Catholicism because she feels he could be a great help to her son. The golden girl attains a generic role. She is set with a surface froth of emotions but lacks depth and cannot form a meaningful permanent relationship. Amory like the young Siddhartha was searching for a meaning in life. The girl of his dreams, Isabelle, is a match for his "narcissistic poses" and vanity. For him the "orgy of sociability" is an initiation into the new ambience of his ideal contentment but he became aware of the "vast juvenile intrigue" which had inflicted the youth's morale. Her spoilt-child behaviour seems undoubtedly outrageous when as the "baby" she embarks upon the adventures of a "vamp", but her seductive designs fail to entice or sway Amory and the relationship ends. Thus revulsion and horror at the reversal of values in the emerging American city are expressed in the portrayal of the Popular Dame (P.D.) Rosalind, in spite of her "fresh enthusiasm, her will to grow and learn, her endless faith in the inexhaustibility of romance, her courage and fundamental honesty", bears the fangs of evil. She was "Rosalind Unlimited", and her social preferences put premium on the value of man. Her passionate love epitomises her desire for a "male to gratify ones artistic taste". She is a creature of moments and Amory is important for the future of "next things", only. She thinks she would fail if she married him; she hates the "narrow atmosphere shut away from the large world". She gives him up for someone floating in money. She represents The Twenties that had lost their moorings: the traditional home had been washed away, and with it the lasting riches of "love and spiritual communion which transcends all human passions and ephemeral allurements". In his romance with Eleanor Savage it was "the last time that evil crept close to Amory under the mask of beauty". She is contemptuous of mere innocence, and had insisted on being a debutante at 17, had a wild winter, shocked her relatives into fiery protest and "led many innocents ... into the paths of Bohemian naughtiness". She was not only a manifestation of the malaise of the age but assumes the contemporary symbol of detachment, and with her blasphemy tears to shreds the thick cloak of materialism. Clara did not fit into this fabric of evil; her angelic image made her different. Moreover, Monsignor had asked Amory to meet her. She was alone in the world with two small children and a little money. She could do the most prosy things and had "a latent strength; realism"; she symbolises the moral stand-point from which others can be measured in a world of flux. That compels Amory to confess in a trembling voice "I think ... that if I lost faith in you I'd lose faith in God". She is an embodiment of the anti-vamp, a perfection unrealised in a materialistic world. Thus women of whom Amory had expected much had only contributed a "sick heart and a page of puzzled words to write".

Gloria Gilbert, the heroine of *The Beautiful and Damned*, is Fitzgerald's most complete and energetic debutante, the post-war female apotheosis, the Jazz Baby, "the beauty of succulent illusions". She is no shadow like Isabelle, Rosalind and Eleanor who impinge on Amory's consciousness. Fitzgerald admitted to Edmund Wilson that the most enormous influence on him in the creation of Gloria was Zelda's "fine and full-hearted selfishness and chill-mindedness". Zelda didn't want to be famous and feted but "very young always and very irresponsible", and that is what Gloria is. She is pampered and childish to the extent of demanding absurd things to satisfy her whimsicalities. She has the qualities of life-giving sunshine, though they turn to infertility. She considers pregnancy to be a "crowning indignity". Thus beauty becomes unproductive and sterile, evil and immoral like Isabelle, Rosalind and Eleanor, all beautiful and damned. Like the others she hates the bourgeoise, middleclass life and continues to search for novel means of pleasure. With money and financial security she hopes to achieve identity. Obsessive attention to her beauty and appearance keep her alive and happy, and with the fading of youth and beauty, the golden splendour grows dimmer, fades into futility, and there is no alternative except isolation and lowliness.

In *The Great Gatsby*, Daisy is no better than Myrtle Wilson, the garage owner's wife living in the Valley of Ashes. Gatsy "forever wed his unutterable vision to her perishable breath", and "at his lips touch she blossomed for him like a flower and the incarnation was complete". But she wed Tom Buchanan's pearl necklace and hereditary wealth. Gatsby hopes that she will go to Tom and put an end to their years of marriage and return to him. From his house he keeps watching the green light at the end of her dock, and stretching his arms towards it. He throws lavish parties and people attend without even knowing who the host is. Then, in their cadillacs Daisy, Tom, Gatsby, Jordan Baker and Nick Carraway rush around escaping from boredom. In one such spree Daisy runs over Tom's mistress Myrtle, and her angry husband shoots Gatsby : "They were a careless people, Tom and Daisy.... They smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made."[8]

In her betrayal Daisy has lost all credibility. Her moral cheapness bludgeons Gatsby's love and devotion. She was as absent from his life as from his death, while alive he had heaped flowers on her but she had not even sent a single flower or message when he died.

Tender Is The Night presents a host of women "never seen before". Nicole is a victim of incest, raped by her father. She is a schizopherenic for whom they buy a doctor, Dick Diver. She is the fictional portrait of Zelda. The association gains in importance in the merging specifics of the personality of Zelda through her mental illness. The novel is about breakdown of human relationships and marriages. Dick was destroyed by the romantic charm when he dissipated his talents and his precious possession of self-discipline and cultivation of old virtues and graces in pandering them to satisfy the egos of Nicole Warren and others of his charmed circle who came within the spell of his magic. In the world of the golden girl and her vain self-indulgence, sexual identities are lost; women use up all the energies of men which destroys them both. Nicole's shopping forays, gorgeous and interminable, are symbolic of her wasting male energies. What she does with her apparently innocuous spending becomes essentially what Fitzgerald saw the entire national effort being geared toward — pandering the "bitch goddess" of moneyed success. Rosemary, the innocent, still unspoilt girl, too in time imitates Nicole, and becomes the very being, the very personage who contains all the destructiveness concealed within the surface gloss of glittering, fascinating life with its implicit destructiveness. It is the perfect beatitude, the gorgeous beauty of the American moneyed imagination, alluring and attractive, brutish and energetic, voluptuously enticing, but what simultaneously destroys the male and female, and is hence predatory. Rosemary Hoyt is encouraged by her mother in her affair with Dick, a married man. Her youthful innocence permits her to be gay and careless, free and irresponsible. She is not burdened with what might be the possible consequences of the Dick-Nicole relationship : "You were brought up to work ... not especially to marry. Now you've your first nut to crack, and its a good nut ... go ahead and put whatever happens down to experience. Wound yourself or him ... whatever happens it can't spoil you because economically you're a boy, not a girl."[9] She is an actress, and reminds one of the effervescence of Hollywood, unreal and dreamlike, a symbol of what is tawdry, shallow, inane, almost dehumanised yet having the radiance of a gorgeous illusion, perfect but brittle at the touch of reality as Fitzgerald would depict in his last novel which remained incomplete. Dick had told her, "you're the only girl I've seen for a long time that actually did look like something blooming". However, with surrender to lust they destroy for themselves what a dependable relationship might have been in nursing old dreams of life in a new world. Nicole goes back to the incestuous Warren world where she feels she belongs. She leaves the security, shared discipline and dependable personal identity offered by Dick. He had been owned by the "emergent Amazons", and he became embittered. He couldn't make Nicole human and sensitive. She throws him as she threw the rare and unavailable camphor rub. She resembles Rosemary and Mary North, and all three of them differ from many American women in that : "They were happy to exist in a man's world ... preserved their individuality through men and through opposition to them. They would all three have made alternatively good courtesans or good wives not by the accident of birth, through the greater accident of finding their man or not finding him."[10] Mary North changes altogether after the controlling brakes have been removed once her husband dies. Her symbolic role can be seen in her relationship with Lady Caroline who is the liberated woman with the strength of evil, incarnate of the new gilded world of hot pursuits. Baby Warren makes her attitude harden into a cool, calculating, experimental gesture almost like her grandfather. She conceived human relations only in terms of "usefulness". She is unaware of the cause of her sister's schizopherenia just as she is ignorant of the extra Dick-had put into his marriage. Even when she bails him out "Daddy's girl" is satisfied that now they possessed a moral superiority over him. It was her moment of triumph since it gave her a sense of socially acceptable appearance which was her concept of morality. When Nicole's "white crooks eyes" are ironically noticed by Tommy Barban she expressed the complex moral dilemma : "So I have white crooks eyes, have I. Very well then, better a sane crook than a mad puritan". It sums up the two worlds the old and dying, outmoded puritan morality and the emerging eager, youthful new generation. The scene of Nicole's adulterous liaison with Tommy Barban and the cacophony of turmoil and confusion outside show the whorish betrayal of the American dream. Wealth, leisure, restlessness, all lead to different experiments in pleasure, be it incest, homosexuality or lesbianism. Towards the end Gausse sighed forth : "I have never seen this sort of woman. I have known many of the great courtesans of the world and for them I have much respect often, but women like these I have never seen before."[11]

To Fitzgerald's mind Hollywood had become symbolically associated with the unfulfilled dreams, desires and the possibility of their being ever attained. Hollywood was the only dream of America left to the seeker, and in Monroe Stahr, the hero of *The Last Tycoon* the historical perspective comes out in a wider cultural and social context. The narrator-commentator, Cecillia, with her background and heritage adequately provides the moral point of view and exercises an honest, evaluative judgement to bring to the highly inflated picture of Hollywood a point of view both involved and distant. The affair of Stahr and Kathleen, the emotional centre of the novel, is rather blurred and patchy. Maybe she was to symbolise the restorative powers of love that he would lose as a result of his energies being completely absorbed in his career. He has a choice to opt out of his doomed fate into the love of Kathleen, leaving his care and career behind, but temperamentally and perhaps burdened with a stricken conscience he cannot abandon himself to a life of unshared responsibilities. Maybe it was Fitzgerald's personal involvement with Sheila Graham who was the model for the fading apparition of Kathleen Moore that could not be crystalised into moments of deep and lasting passions.

The literary traditions for Fitzgerald's male lovers may be traced to the code of courtly love and to Keats' "La Belle dame sans Merci". His heroes are betrayed or destroyed by women who lack the capacity for total commitment; the men deliberately choose the destructive women; its like a death-wish, the love of the moth for the flame. Referring to this major theme of Fitzgerald's fiction *i.e.* the gifted man being ruined by a selfish woman, the effect of Irish-Catholic Jansenism is suggested which maintains the doctrine of total depravity, misogyny and puritanical concepts of sex. However, Fitzgerald was not a misogynist or Puritan. In his world the golden girl never stands for sexual triumph. She symbolises status and being. His novels are conspicuously free from erotic fantasies. This is remarkable in an age which was celebrating sexual freedom with great exhuberance and he was its most vocal spokesman. She lures her lovers on, like America itself, with a "voice ... full of money". She is the "phallic woman with a phallus of gold". Even though her fairy glamour is illusory she remains magical to entice and lure. She is the golden idol, the soul of wealth as well as of America, and both are no longer innocent. This lost innocence is what leads to corruption and ultimate destruction. Possession of wealth makes her aggressive for like the wealthy she can retreat into her money once the devastation is complete. The moment of beauty and illusion can be kept alive, and indefinitely extended because wealth gives a sense of "raw ostentation ... of privilege existing outside the reach of moral responsibility and confers freedom beyond any moral calculations". Such are the implications of the pursuit and wooing of the golden girl, of the charisma of love, beauty and youthful innocence. The quest and the attainment are imperative even when the winning becomes a destructive triumph, the efforts reduced to ashes, the absorption of the seeker into the ideal, the ritual must be undergone for winning of the golden girl is symbolic of winning American. It a symbol of the Golden West, the Frontier, the receding ideal, though to Fitzgerald's generation the 'Westward Ho' had begun to absorb the Eastern cities as well, New York with its desiccated streets, pallour of death and destruction housing the Eastern Princess of the golden American West.

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57

Forster, E.M. — *A Passage to India* : Some Intertextual Echoes

RAMA KUNDU*

G.K. Das, in his centennial article on E.M. Forster, "E.M. Forster, T.S. Eliot, and the 'Hymn before Action,'" which is included in the commemorative volume *E.M. Forster : A Humanist Exploration*, jointly edited by Das and Beer, notes two main points of resemblance between the novelist and the poet. Das contends that both Forster and Eliot had been writing against a background of the collapse of Christianity, and the horror of the first world war, and consequently both had been led to a spiritual search drawing inspiration from other sources of wisdom. Das also maintains that what the teachings of Buddha and the *Upanishads* offered to T.S. Eliot, *i.e.*, the possibilities of a meaningful life, was found by Forster in a vision of Krishna's birth which foretold a kind of resolution of the horror and negation in *A Passage to India*.

It is, of course, an apt observation that the two fellow-travellers who hailed from the same elitist group had naturally come to share a common awareness about the horror and negation as well as a search for some resolution or transcendence beyond the horror. Their initiation into the Indian philosophy and religion has also evidently lent a special dimension and flavour to the above search.

However, it remains interesting to note how two specific symbol-clusters govern the texture of *The Waste Land* and *A*

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Passage to India; to note the element of strong mutual correspondences between the two texts — which were written synchronically — with reference to their common symbolic paradigm of aridity-rain helps one to understand the two texts better, whether considered in terms of cross-referentiality or intertextual echoes.

And it is here that one has to take a pause; because as one looks back at the archetypal images of aridity and rain in the entire corpus of Christian literature neither Forster nor Eliot seems at all out of place. Rather they appear to *belong* to the Hebraic tradition in their envisioning of the contemporary crisis and resolution in terms of the age-old Christian symbols of aridity and rain. Indeed both the texts work out a pattern which is deeply embedded in the Christian frame of reference, where variations on the paradigm of aridity — prayer for rain — and the subsequent arrival of rain are quite common. This is to be found in religious and secular texts across time and space in the Christian world. The way Coleridge had richly exploited it in *The Rime* and *The Wanderings of Cain* is well-known. But behind Coleridge there was a long chain of archetypal associations which continue to operate till date. There are ample examples.

For example, though the British imagination should naturally dwell on winter and spring, and associate cold fixity with ice in contrast to the warm flow of life with the blossoming spring since deserts, terrible heat or thirst were not part of their daily life, still religious texts — and some non-religious too — had often gone back on thirst-heat-aridity-rain as images/ideas. Instances may be found in English devotional poetry of this familiar image-cluster being used as a motif to communicate ideas or emotions which could be commonly shared by devotees. A typical early example is W. Drummond's "Saint John Baptist", where a self-exiled saint is found to do penance on behalf of mankind, a "parched body" in "the deserts wild," calling upon all to repent :

"All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn"

(Palgrave 141).

In Herbert's *The Temple* series or in the 'Holy Sonnets' of Donne related images abound. The speaker in Herbert's "The Collar" is aggrieved that there has been no harvest but "thorn"; this suggests drought which is symbolic of the withdrawal of rain or divine grace. Herbert's "Affliction", caused by the failing grace reminds one of Jeremiah's 'Affliction' "Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar; and as waters that fail?" (*Jeremiah* 15 : 18). Donne's prayer to God to "break, blow, burn" him ("Batter My Heart") also re-enacts the terror of Job's suffering under the fire of divine wrath : "By the blast of God they perish, and by the breath of his nostrils are they consumed" (*Job* 4 : 9).

Coleridge's treatment of the theme requires special mention, because Coleridge's own use of the archetype came to be echoed and re-echoed in many subsequent texts written in England as well as outside England. Among these may be specially mentioned — apart from *A Passage to India* and *The Waste Land* which will be separately discussed — Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory;* here the hunted priest accompanies the bereaved mother carrying her dead child in search of a church through a long stretch of deserted, arid land. After thirty-six hours of travelling "by the sun", (184) the priest "began to sweat and...had an appalling thirst," and at last "when the rain came it was a kind of relief" (187). The feverish man "crouched down; he tried to lick some water from the uneven ground; he even sucked at his soaked trousers" (188). As the priest's long journey in thirst-heat-sweat ends in rain which is synchronised with his arrival at a safe haven after ten years of hunted life, he sees snakes, and he is not afraid. He recites to himself in his feverish sleepy walk : "O God, I have loved the beauty of Thy house" (189).

Thirst (1913), an early play by Eugene O'Neill, enacts a horrifying experience of sheer physiological thirst that had overcome three passengers on a raft, lost in the wide sea after a shipwreck, drifting under the scorching sun and terrible silence. The longing which is very much like despair, is repeated in the mournful burden :

> "Oh, if we only had some water."

The play ends in disaster, leaving no promise of redemption. The dancer dies choked by thirst after a last shriek : "Oh it is hot! I am stifling. Bring me a drink of water" (50). The sailor tries to drink her blood; the gentleman obstructs; in the process the boat capsizes, killing both, while "the sun glares down like a great angry eye of God" (51).

In "Felix Randal" Hopkins, in his terse way, had used the expression "quenched thy tears". Tears are to be wiped, not quenched; quenching suggests thirst and fire. Being 'broken' by 'sickness', Felix had, like Job, lost his 'patience' and "cursed" the day; thus by losing 'patience' and 'cursing' Felix had reached the desert of spiritual aridity, and therefore his "tears" needed 'quenching' as his 'mending' needed 'anointing' (implying burn by fire).

James Thompson, a contemporary of Hopkins, renders in "City of Dreadful Night" spiritual disintegration in terms of the image of physical annihilation in a desolate desert :

> "As I came through the desert : I was twain,
> Two selves distinct that thou cannot join again;
> One stood apart and knew but could not stir,
> And watched the other stark in swoon."

Swinburne's "A Forsaken Garden" anticipates Eliot's "The Waste Land" in its description of the "waste place" of "thorns" where "the sun burns sere," "life seems barren as death," and "Death lies dead".

Yeats's mystic vision of "The second Coming" finds an appropriate backdrop "somewhere in the sands of the desert," and Eliot's "Gerontion" describes an old man "in a dry month, / ... waiting for rain". Lawrence Durrell's "Sarajevo", written in a modern context, still falls back on the same image of sterility as it portrays

> "... a town
> Peopled by sleepy eagles, whispering only
> Of the sunburnt herdsman's hopeless ploy :
> A sterile earth quickened by shards of rock
> Where nothing grows, not even in his sleep."

There are indeed striking points of resemblance between Eliot's 'waste land,' and Forster's Marabar rocks on the one hand, and on the other Cain's desert, the mariner's "wide, wide sea" (Coleridge), as also Felix's "all road ever he offended," Greene's stretches of Mexican mountains, O'Neill's merciless sea, Thomson's 'desert', Swinburne's 'garden', Durrell's 'Bosnia'. The list could be much longer. However, even these select references may help one to place the image of aridity-rain in an archetypal tradition.

Thirst-desert-aridity-sterility corroborating to sun-heat-windlessness-suffocation-fire-scorching-burning form a cluster of ideas and images which may be traced back to the *Old Testament* that registers the memory of the first settlement of a homeless tribe in a desert region. The *Old Testament*, originally the book of a semitic race, contained between the lines of other legends, the saga of a folk which had to shift from the lush, watered banks of the Nile to an arable land of deserts, heat, blazing sun, sandy dunes with an occasional cactus, a rare spring of drinking water, and the brackish sea-water lapping at the distant shore-line. Thus it is perhaps only natural that aridity and water should become significant counterpoints in the collective memory of such a community. Later these memories and associations were slowly absorbed and assimilated in the racial-cultural imagination of the West after it had embraced Christianity.

Sheen in *Life of Christ* describes the ceremony of pouring water during the feast of the Tabernacles :

"It was so much associated with joy that a common saying declared that 'He who has not seen the rejoicing at the pouring of the water from the pool of Siloe has never seen rejoicing in his life'. The ceremony was not only an acknowledgement of the mercy of God in watering their fields, but also a commemoration of the miraculous supply of water in the desert which came from a rock" (Sheen 178). The reference is to the rock in the *Exodus*, story which God had commanded Moses to smite, promising drinking water.

But with time other meanings also began to accumulate around the image. In the Christian religious culture thirst/drought and water/rain had begun to acquire quite early the metaphysical implications of spiritual sickness and divine grace. As Sheen observes : "All through the *Old Testament,* water was the symbol of spiritual blessing" (178). In the Gospels about Christ's life and teachings in the *New Testament* the images underwent a further change towards mystic and profound divine significances. Christ was supposed to have invited people thus : "If anyone is thirsty let him come to me; whoever believes in me, let him drink ..." (*John* 7 : 37).

When Christianity spread into colder and watered spaces of Europe where experiences of heat and aridity were alien to the natural rhythms of life, thirst and drinking naturally acquired fresh dimensions of meaning as signifiers. What was initially a painful physical experience — now appearing all the more terrible because of its strangeness to the inhabitants of colder countries — assumed a metaphysical/symbolic/mystic dimension in their thinking. Thus thirst became "the symbol of the unsatisfying character of sin" (Sheen 382). Again, the anecdote about Christ and the Samaritan woman clearly brings out the distinction between water for body and water for soul. As Christ was supposed to declare : "Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again, but whoever drinks the water that I shall give him will never suffer thirst any more. The water that I shall give him will be an inner spring always welling up for eternal life" (*John* 4 : 13, 14).

From the above perspective it may be a rewarding experience to study the following four texts together as they call back and forth to each other in a most interesting way; these include *A Passage to India, The Waste Land, The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,* and *The Wanderings of Cain* which were written by Coleridge around the same period as *The Rime.*

The sterility and decay of life is brought out by the 'waste land' of Eliot, where the "sun beats" on the "mountains of rock" with "no water". The granite desert of the Marabar hills and caves offer Forster's own version of the 'waste land' where confusion takes place, all the values are nullified as people climb "up over some unattractive stones, the sun crashing on their backs" (158). "Nothing was to be seen on either side but the granite, very dead and quiet" (153). The incredibly antique hills and the caves, which date back to "the days of the pre-historic ocean" are "flesh of the sun's flesh" (137). They are "sun-born rocks" which have never been covered by "slime" or "water" (137). And "films of heat radiated" from the precipices (153). The granite walls between which "lay ashes of little plants" (161-62) and an occasional rock "scurfy with cactus" (169) closely correspond to the "dead land", the "cactus land" of "The Hollow Men". "No water has (ever) covered" the Marabar (137), the author takes care to point out.

To cast a look at Eliot's 'land'-scape. It is a place

> "Where the sun beats,
> And the dead tree gives no shelter, . . .
> And the dry stone no sound of water." (I)

The sad remembrance that there is "no water" haunts the speaker :

> "Here is no water but only rock
> Rock and no water and the sandy road
> The road winding above the mountains
> Which are mountains of rock without water" (V)

The Wanderings of Cain is about the persecution of Cain by God because of his fratricide; and the scene around him is "desolate" with the "bare rocks" and long stretches of "thin white sand". These rocks are unaffected by the change of seasons and the winter's snow "fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands" (289). The Mariner is stranded in a watery desert which is also scathed by an angry sun

> "All in a hot and copper sky
> The bloody Sun, at noon,
> Right up above the mast did stand..."

Under this terrible sun life withers to the roots. In all these texts the image of withered roots calls up the Christian idea of the tree of life and its withering. The authors appear to have used the same image, though at varied layers of significances. The narrator in *The Waste Land* expresses his agonised wonder :

> "What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
> Out of this stony rubbish?"

The Marabar hills offer a corresponding scenario in which "everything seemed cut off at its root, and therefore infected with illusion" (152). In *The Rime* the parching of the tongue through suffocating heat is made to evoke the withering of a plant during a rainless season.

> "Every tongue, through utter draught
> Was withered at the root."

"root", by suggesting a plant, also hints at the Tree of Life. In this context one may recall Hopkins's prayer to his God to send his "roots" rain :

"Mine, O thou Lord of life, send my roots rain" (Thou art indeed just Lord).

In *The Wanderings* Cain himself gets metamorphosed, as it were, into a withered tree. As the punishment comes in the form of a burning desert storm Cain says : "like the sand-blast he passeth through me" (288) "and in silence am I dried up" (289).

An oppressive silence haunts these scenes of aridity, which is the appropriate voice of loneliness and desolation. As the outsiders come to the Marabars they are struck by the desolation : "bland and bold rose the precipice, bland and glutinous the sky that connected the precipices" (158). As the team move towards the hills "a new quality occurred, a spiritual silence which invaded more senses than the ear" (152), while on all sides the granite lay "very dead and quiet" (153). Eliot's speaker reports the unspeakable experience in terms of silence :

> "I could not
> Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
> Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
> Looking into the heart of light, the silence."

In *The Rime* punishment comes in the form of thirst which renders the crew incapable of speech, and the forced silence gets extended and merged into the vaster "silence of the sea". The "dumb"-ness caused by the drought — "through utter drought all dumb we stood" — underscores the state of their damnation when they lose the strength to cry out to God in prayer. They have been rendered too dumb even for "sigh" or "groan". An oblique reference to David in the Scriptures foretelling Christ's thirst during His Passion may not be ruled out :

> "My mouth is dry as a potsherd, and my tongue
> sticks to my jaw" (*Psalm* 21 : 6; 68 : 21-22).

This silence is necessarily related to alienation and desolation — the anguish and weariness of an alienated soul in desolation which is finely brought out by the vacuous vastness of the scene :

"The sky and the sea and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye."

The mariner's loneliness is further underscored by the "wide, wide sea" in which he is "alone, alone, all alone". Of course in Coleridge's poem the alienation is so complete and sad because it is alienation from God. As the old man remembers sadly :

"This soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be."

Cain's rocks are also silent like the mariner's sea; "Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert" (290); only the vulture hovered about. The Marabars too have only the kite or the crow for its birds. It is only after the mariner's penance is over that the sky is filled with music of "all little birds". But *The Wanderings* ends with no such redemptive vision; the fragment closes with Abel's ghost, Cain, and Cain's son passing "over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows" (292).

The Waste Land elaborates upon the idea of shadow/s. And in Forster's novel too, — like in Eliot's poem — the shadow is located under a particular rock. Eliot's speaker invites the addresses under the only red rock where there is shadow.

"There is shadow only under this red rock
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock)"

And once one enters this shadow one is shown "something different". There he is face to face with "fear" "in a handful of dust". In Forster's novel the caves begin at a similar point where the visitors had their vision of, and encounter with fear. The visitors to the Marabars arrive at a place where the corridor narrowed, then widened into "a sort of ray. Here, more or less were their goal ... a black hole — the first of the caves".... Three hills encircled the tray. Two of them pumped out heat busily, but the third was in shadow, and here they camped (153). As the sun crashed on their backs the visitors, bending their heads, disappeared one by one into the shadow of the black hole of the cave, to see "fear". Eliot's persona says :

> "I will show you something different from either
> Your shadow at morning striding behind you
> Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
> I will show you fear in a handful of dust."

In Forster's novel a similar situation is envisioned with greater elaboration and similar elusiveness in the traumatic experiences of Adela and Mrs Moore in the caves. In the Marabars Adela brings with her a small 'morning shadow' and Mrs Moore faces her 'rising shadow' of the twilight of old age. There are hints scattered through the first section that Mrs Moore had been having her hunches for quite some time regarding the shadow of one's doubts, uncertainties, fatigue, the shadow of the end drawing close. This shadow is being cast on her path throughout her stay in India. Even during her first days here she feels "tired after her walk" (46), and resigned to disappointments that "life never gives us what we want at the moment that we consider appropriate" (46). Ronny detects "a symptom of bad health in her" and thinks, "She is certainly ageing, and I ought not to be vexed with anything she says" (70). But there is something much deeper, — some disturbing feeling of vacuity working within her — which escapes Ronny's limited perception. After their vexed exchange in the dark balcony she lapses into silent thoughts about God, and then perceived once more :

> "He (God) had been constantly in her thoughts since she entered India, though oddly enough He satisfied her less. She must needs pronounce His name frequently, as the greatest she knew, yet she had never found it less effacious. Outside there seemed always an arch, beyond the remotest echo a silence" (71).

It is perhaps not surprising therefore that she should also feel tired of the *fuss* over human relationships. During her trip to the Marabars "She felt increasingly (*vision or nightmare*?) that though people are important, the relations between them are not, ... And today she felt this with such force that it seemed itself a relationship, itself a person, who was trying to take hold of her hand" (147-48). (Emphasis added)

Thus the shadow of her evening had already started rising imperceptibly to meet her. But she is not yet prepared for the "different", image of her own vacuity — inverted and enormously magnified as it appears in the mirror of the cave; and this horrified her. This may also be seen as "fear in a handful of dust" in the sense that there is no immediate tangible reason behind this fear; yet it overcomes her like a spell cast by some terrible magic. Coming out of the cave she cannot define her experience as she has seen or known nothing tangible inside. Yet she was "maddened" by fear and nearly fainted in the suffocating darkness. Afterwards as she thinks more and more of the instant "the more disagreeable and frightening it became" (160). Slowly the fear terror spreads and overpowers her. "Then she was terrified over an area larger than usual" and "she sat motionless with horror" (161).

Adela, with her small morning shadow trailing behind her, — her subconscious premonitions about the forthcoming marriage which might amount to a violation of her better self, being submerged under little hopes and dreams — was not prepared for the "different" vision that would strike her in an inverted and magnified form. Then "vile naked thing" of Mrs Moore's imagination, stifling and strangling her, assumes the shape of an assaulting "shadow" in Adela's case. Adela recounts her fear thus :

"I went into this detestable cave ... and then ... there was this shadow, or sort of shadow, down the entrance tunnel, bottling me up" (199). Then sense of unreality persists even as she recaptures the trauma.

"It seemed like an age, but I suppose the whole thing can't have lasted thirty seconds really." At the same time she also recalls, "He never actually touched me once. It all seems such nonsense" (199). The hints are sufficient to suggest that the cause of the fear may be unreal "like the handful of dust" as Adela's later flash of realisation in the court also evidences. Yet the fear makes her "break down entirely" (199).

In *The Rime* the crew of the ship encounter "Fear" before finally succumbing to death; only one will survive for the ordeal of life-in-death. It is a terrible vision of a phantom ship with "spectre-bark", "gossamer" sails and the two ghostly passengers playing dice, as it comes up swiftly "without a breeze, without a tide". The appearance and disappearance of the phantom ship which stirs and kills the last flicker of hope leave behind only the sensation of a terrible fear. It is described in terms of the image of a blood-sucker, — a deadly feline creature or a demon :

"Fear at my heart, as at a cup
My life-blood seemed to sip."

In *The Wanderings* Cain's child Enos "was affrighted" as his father emerged from darkness; because "the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire" (289). And as Abel's ghost appears, "Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the heavy-sailing night-cloud, became the face of Cain", "and Cain trembled exceedingly". The ghost laments and shrieks in agony, "And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream" (290). So here too fear is stirred by a ghost or phantom, corroborating to the unsubstantiality of "a handful of dust".

Each of these three barren rocky scapes are haunted by an echo. Cain's child hears an "echo" among the rocks, and Cain knows "the torrent that roareth far off," the water of which they may not drink, "hath a voice ...; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove ..." (289).

In *The Waste Land*

"There is not even silence in the mountains
But dry sterile thunder without rain."

In the Marabars one encounters the thunderous annihilating echo inside the caves. It is this echo that conveys the message of "panic and emptiness" (*Howards End*) to Mrs Moore and Adela. Mrs Moore had been maddened" inside the first cave because of this "terrifying echo". The narrator takes care to point out that there is nothing exquisite about these echoes, and patiently describes its horror.

> "The echo in a Marabar cave ... is entirely devoid of distinction. Whatever is said, the same monotonous noise replies, and quivers up and down the walls until it is absorbed into the roof. 'Boum' is the sound ... or 'ou-boum' — utterly dull .... Even the striking of a match starts a little worm coiling, which is too small to complete a circle, but is eternally watchful. And if several people talk at once an overlapping howling noise begins, echoes generate echoes, and the cave is stuffed with a snake composed of small snakes, which writhe independently" (159).

In *A Passage to India* the echo is, of course, an expanding symbol which goes on acquiring newer significances in changing contexts. But in the Marabars in particular the echo brings only horror, no release. It was this echo that, more than anything else, had affected Mrs Moore.

> "The crush and the smells she could forget, but the echo began in some indescribable way to undermine her hold on life. Coming at a moment when she chanced to be fatigued, it had managed to murmur : 'Pathos, piety, courage — they exist, but are identical, and so is filth. Everything exists, nothing has value.' If one had spoken vileness in that place, or quoted lofty poetry the comment would have been the same — 'ou-boum' ... the serpent would descend return to the ceiling" (160-61).

Though "Mrs Moore had always inclined to resignation," she was yet unprepared when "the Marabar struck its gong" (212) in the form of the echo, and she was shattered by the unspeakable sorrow of her sudden emptiness. The authorities to render her trauma in terms of a series of queries aimed at the undefinable echo of Marabar.

> "What had spoken to her in that scoured-out cavity of the granite? What dwelt in the first of the caves? Something very old and very small. Before time, it was before space also. Something snub-nosed, incapable of generosity — the undying worm itself.

> Since hearing its voice, she had not entertained one large thought ..." (212).

Adela too had seen the "shadow" in the cave after the echo had started. As she tries to recapture the moment :

> "I remember scratching the wall with my fingernail, to start the usual echo, and then ... there was this shadow ..."

Even after coming far away from the cave and the hills the echo continues to haunt and obsess her.

> "The echo flourished, raging up and down like a nerve in the faculty of her hearing, and the noise in the cave, so unimportant intellectually, was prolonged over the surface of her life. She had struck the polished wall (of the cave) — for no reason — and before the comment had died away he followed her .... The sound had spouted after her when she escaped, and was going on still like a river that gradually floods the plain" (200).

Adela gets over here echo only when she gets over her confusion during the trial (239).

The echo that reduces Mrs Moore's 'being' into 'nothingness' — she was made to feel "everything exists, *nothing* has value" — is itself an offspring of the void; it springs from an unknowable "nothingness" which invites one to consider the phenomenon in an existential angle. Both Eliot and Forster have elaborately underscored this element of nothingness in their respective perceptions of the rocky desert of life. Some lines from *The Waste Land* may be cited side by side with Forster's description of the craggy rocks of Marabar.

> "'What is the wind doing?'
> Nothing again nothing.
> Do
> You know nothing? Do you see nothing?
> Do you remember
> Nothing?" (II)

"On Margate sands.
I can connect
Nothing with nothing" (III)

These scraps from "a heap of broken images" may be compared to the emphatic "nothing" in Forster's depiction of Marabar.

"*Nothing, nothing* attaches to them" (138); "*nothing* is inside them" and if excavated *nothing, nothing* would be added to the sum of good or evil. The "bubble-shaped" cave is "empty as an Easter egg" and the stupendous pedestal sways in the wind because of its "hollowness" (138). The echo of the place tells Mrs Moore "*nothing* has value". The speechless, motionless, lifeless watery desert of *The Rime* also symptomises an extreme form of nothingness through the grim irony of a terrible paradox :

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink."

The resolutions that Coleridge, Eliot and Forster offer to their respective aridity are different. But a rain is common (an Indian one for Eliot and Forster), which follows a prayer. The resolution, the redemption or the releasing vision of transcendence takes place to the accompaniment of rain.

In the tripartite pattern of Forster's novel the second section is dominated by the symbol of aridity whereas the third section revolves round the symbol of rain. Years later, in a different setting, the force of love is released to restore harmony at various planes, and rain continues to bless all these happenings. The climax is marked by a thunder which is followed by night-long rain : "The braying banging crooning melted into a single mass which trailed round the palace before joining the thunder. Rain fell at intervals throughout the night" (292). "Drenched by rain" (283) people go on revelling. Rain continues in the "pouring wet morning" (292). Soon it is reported there has been flood down country, — "pale gray faces of lakes had appeared in the direction of the Asirgarh railway station" (292). As the two boats collide as presage to the reunion of the estranged friends — this is synchronised with the immersion ceremony — "an immense peal of thunder" is followed by rain which settled in steadily to its job of wetting everybody and everything through" (310).

In *The Waste Land* the sad remembrance that there is "no water" haunts the reader, and gradually leads to an implicit prayer, which is more like longing :

> "...if there were water
> We should stop and drink."

Though the contrafactual thinking is set to balance by the rude reality — "sweat is dry and the feet are in the sand," the prayer still continues, now almost like a whimper :

> "If there were water
> And no rock..."

The prayer becomes increasingly humble : "If there were rock And also water"; and then "If there were the sound of water only." Finally the waiting for rain is answered by the thunder which is followed by rain. The unforgettable lines of Eliot in this context have become, as it were part of the racial memory. After the long wait there is

> "a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust
> Bringing rain
> Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
> Waited for rain, while the black clouds
> Gathered far distant, over Himavant.
> The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
> Then spoke the thunder."

Coleridge's mariner, after his prolonged torment of desolation and thirst finally blesses the slimy creatures, and with this begins the process of redemption. The idea of redemption slowly gets formulated through a contrary cluster of images : coolness (contrasted to heat) and drinking (contrasted to parched throat) which is rendered through tactile and gustatory hinta. Sleep, that was long forgotten, now brings the sailor the additional blessing of dream (contrasted to nightmare); he dreams that the *empty* buckets on the deck were filled with dew. This dream, again, is upheld by waking reality, as he finds on waking : "it rained". In a religious context the two simple words should be taken for signs of great rapture, as they convey the surprised joy at the discovery that God's forgiveness had come at last; that the rain wets his lips, cools his throat, moistens his garment, is but a proof of this mercy. He is drinking with the entirety of his being, body and soul, first in dream then in reality.

> "Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
> And still my body drank."

The sultry suffocation is ended by a burst of wind. "The upper air burst into life." The silence is broken by the loud roar of the rising wind, and the sails sighing like sedge. Then the rain comes down as the climax.

The Waste Land appeared in 1922, and Forster had completed the first two parts of *A Passage to India* long before that, though the book was completed in 1924. There seem to be, indeed, unmistakable parallels between Forster's novel and Eliot's poem. But the question whether Forster had recast his novel after reading Eliot's poem or not seems immaterial; because it becomes apparent from the above discussion that both the writers could have drawn from the same archetype which surfaces in so many Christian writers before and after them.

The paper may be concluded with a reference to a writer who hails from a non-European space and our contemporary times. It is in a 'story' of J.L. Borges, written nearly half-a-century after *A Passage to India* that one comes across unmistakable intertextual echoes, particularly in its description of some 'cave', the enigma and bafflement of the situation and the final rain. The passage is quoted at length. The nuances of the echoes, however, should be the subject of another exclusive in-depth study.

> "I have said that the city was founded on a stone plateau. This plateau, comparable to a high cliff, was no less arduous than the walls. In vain I fatigued myself; the black base did not disclose the slightest irregularity, the invariable walls seemed not to admit a single door. The force of the sun obliged me to seek refuge in a cave; in the rear was a pit, in the pit a stairway which sank down abysmally into the darkness below. I went down; through a chaos of sordid galleries I reached a vast circular chamber,

> scarcely visible. There were nine doors in this cellar; eight led to a labyrinth that treacherously returned to the same chamber (through another labyrinth) to a second circular chamber equal to the first. I do not know the total number of these chambers; my misfortune and anxiety multiplied them. The silence was hostile and almost perfect; there was no sound in this deep stone network save that of a subterranean wind, whose cause I did not discover" (Borges, J.L. "The Immortals", *Labyrinths,* p. 139).

Here too rain comes at last, and rain precedes the moment of illumination which helps the speaker to solve the riddle of this labyrinth.

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58

Frost, Robert

The books and writers most popular with the public are rarely the ones most highly regarded by critics. Robert Frost was the most popular American poet of the twentieth century. Most Americans recognize his name, the titles of and lines from his best-known poems, and even his face and the sound of his voice. Given his immense popularity, it is a remarkable testimony to the range and depth of his achievement that he is also considered, by those qualified to judge, to be one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of modern American poets.

Despite his indelible association with New England, Robert Lee Frost was born in San Francisco, California, on March 26, 1874, where his father was involved in journalism and politics. His parents were Isabelle Moodie Frost, a Scottish immigrant, and William Prescott Frost, Jr., the rebellious son — note the poet's full name — of a New England Republican family. The two had met and courted while teaching school in Pennsylvania, but their dissimilar temperaments strained their marriage. Before dying, of tuberculosis aggravated by alcoholism, in 1885, William Frost expressed a desire to be buried in New England, so Isabelle traveled across the country with young Robert and his sister Jeanie, and settled in her husband's native city of Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Frost supported her family by teaching school in Salem, New Hampshire, just across the state line; among her pupils were her own two children. Robert attended high school in Lawrence, where his first poems were published in the school *Bulletin*; in 1892 he was co-valedictorian of his graduating class with Elinor White, to whom he became engaged later in that year. In

September of 1892 he entered Dartmouth College, but withdrew in December, before the end of his first semester. Two years later he enrolled in Harvard, but left before the completion of his second year, shortly before the birth of his first child. He never finished college, though over the course of his life he would be the recipient of many honorary degrees from the most prestigious universities in the United States and Britain.

Frost worked at a variety of jobs in his late teens and early twenties, including mill hand, newspaper reporter, and teacher in his mother's school. In 1894, a poem of his entitled "My Butterfly" was published in a New York journal, *The Independent*. This seemed to be the start of a successful career as a poet, but he would in fact endure nearly twenty years of isolation and neglect. He married Elinor on December 19, 1895, and Elliott, their first child, was born on September 29, 1896. Elliott's death, from cholera, in July of 1900, was the first of many family tragedies that Frost would endure. Between 1899 and 1907, Elinor and Robert had five more children — another son, Carol, and four daughters, the last of whom lived for only three days. Frost's mother also died in 1900, of cancer. The following year saw the death of his grandfather, William Prescott Frost, Sr., who left his grandson a yearly annuity of $500.00 (a substantial amount at the time) and the use of his farm in Derry, New Hampshire, for a period of ten years, after which Robert would become its owner.

Despite his popular image as a farmer-poet, those ten years were the only period of Frost's life in which he worked seriously at farming, and in the last five of them he also found it financially necessary to teach school. He sold the farm in 1911 when it became his, and with the proceeds he moved his family to England in August 1912, hoping to find there the literary success that had eluded him in his own country. In England he made a number of friends and for the first time found himself an accepted member of a group of serious poets. With surprising ease, he had two manuscripts accepted by a London publisher, and was able to return to America early in 1915 as the author of two highly regarded books of verse.

The first of these, *A Boy's Will* (1913), a slender selection from nearly two decades of work, is very much a young man's book. Although several poems give hints of what was to come, its subjects and phrasing are for the most part heavily reminiscent of the Romantic poets, especially Keats and Shelley, who had most influenced the young Frost. It was with *North of Boston* (1914), a much more substantial book in both bulk and accomplishment, and one which many still consider his finest single collection, that Frost came — to use the title of the first poem in his first book — "Into My Own." There are good and even great poems in each of Frost's nine separate collections, but it is in *North of Boston*, and in *Mountain Interval* (1916) and *New Hampshire* (1923), its two immediate successors, that the essence of his achievement is to be found, in the two modes that he made his own — subtle, concentrated lyric poems of understated but brilliant technical accomplishment, and longer monologues and narratives, usually written in a flexible and highly colloquial blank verse, often dramatizing the hard life of rural New England in the early part of this century.

These poems are the work of a mature man, and in both language and themes they stand apart from *A Boy's Will*, as well as from the popular image of the poet as an intense youth pouring out his or her deepest emotions in a rhapsodic cascade of words. The speaker in Frost's poems is usually careful and often sly, meditating on and distilling the essence of many years of observation and experience. While there are many passages of brilliant description and stunning beauty in his poetry, his rhetoric is measured and precise as he strives, like Wordsworth a century earlier, to catch the rhythms of the language as it is actually used, to catch, in his own phrase, "the sound of sense." On the surface Frost seems a very traditional poet. He felt that the demands and challenges of strict form were necessary to stimulate one's best efforts and to give the poem its necessary dynamic tension (he famously compared writing free verse to playing tennis with the net down), but in his spare and understated way he helped effect a revolution against the overwrought poetic standards of the time; the understatement was itself the very essence of that revolution.

Upon his return to America, Frost's outward life began to take the shape that it would follow thereafter: publication of new and collected volumes at fairly regular intervals; teaching appointments, often sinecures, at Amherst, Dartmouth, Harvard, and Michigan, with his income supplemented by a heavy schedule of lectures and poetry readings all over the country; accumulating fame and honors, including an unprecedented four Pulitzer Prizes.

The capstone of his public career was his appearance at John F. Kennedy's Presidential inauguration in January 1961. Kennedy also sent him to the Soviet Union as a sort of cultural envoy in 1962, not long before Frost's death in a Boston hospital on January 29, 1963, eight weeks short of his eighty-ninth birthday.

Behind the largely unruffled public facade was a personal life of great stress and sorrow. His daughters Lesley and Irma underwent unhappy marriages and painful divorces; Irma was at one point committed to a mental hospital, as Frost's sister had been some years earlier. His daughter Marjorie, in many ways the favorite of both her parents, died shortly after the birth of her first child in 1934, a loss from which neither Frost nor his wife ever fully recovered. In March 1938, after a long and often difficult marriage, Elinor herself died of heart disease. In October 1940, Frost's son Carol, feeling himself a failure despite Frost's strenuous efforts to convince him otherwise, committed suicide.

None of these traumatic experiences found their way directly into Frost's poetry. At a far remove from the confessional tendencies of many later American poets, he did not see his art as a form of therapy. But these experiences, and the sense of helplessness and self-recrimination that many of them bred, inevitably worked to shape and color the views of life's possibilities and its limits that inform his work. To the broad public, Frost may be a painter of charming postcard scenes and a front-porch philosopher dispensing consolation and cracker-barrel wisdom, but behind these stereotypes there is in Frost's work a tragic and (in Lionel Trilling's phrase) a terrifying poet, whose deepest note is one of inevitable human isolation.

Frost was an expert manipulator of his own public image, and was himself responsible for breeding many of these stereotypes. He was so successful at establishing this image of himself and his poetry that, after his death, the publication of the three volumes of his official biography occasioned a scandal and a backlash. Over hundreds of pages, the biographer relentlessly and one-sidedly documents every instance of pettiness, jealousy, and mean-spiritedness in a very long life, presenting Frost as an emotional cannibal who at every turn sacrificed his loved ones to his artistic ambitions. Like everyone, Frost was a flawed human being, but he was hardly the monster shown here; others have given ample testimony to his generosity and love as a friend, a parent, and a husband. In a life more painful than most, Frost struggled heroically with his inner and outer demons, and out of that struggle he produced what many consider to be the single greatest body of work by any American poet of the twentieth century.

59

Frye, Northrop as a Sociological Critic

SATISH K. GUPTA*

Northrop Frye once said : "As long as I have been a literary critic, I have been interested in the relations between a culture and the social conditions under which it is produced".[1] The criticism of Frye has a great deal to do with the operational role of myth and archetype which help us to see contemporary literature and life in right perspective. The critical intelligence that Frye cultivates leads him to a theory of criticism and of the place of literature in society : "...dogmatism and skepticism have both had it as tenable philosophical positions, and... 'the critical path is alone open'.... The critical path I wanted was a theory of criticism which would, first account for the major phenomena of literary experience, and second, would lead to some view of the place of literature in civilization as a whole".[2]

Frye with his view of literary universe, would emerge as a fairly prominent social critic in his own right. He advocates the organic and technical autonomy of literary criticism and moves from literary to social criticism. He made the move by dividing the social and literary realms in order to become the agent who welded them. In *The Critical Path*, Frye notes that the critic works with two poles, the literary and the social, and that correct criticism is a mediation between the two extremes : "Criticism will always have two aspects, one turn toward the structure of literature and turned toward the other cultural phenomena that

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form the social environment of literature. Together, they balance each other : when one is worked on to the exclusion of the other, the critical perspective goes out of focus. If criticism is in proper balance, the tendency of the critics to move from critical to larger social issues becomes more intelligible. Such a movement need not, and should not be due to a dissatisfaction with the narrowness of criticism as a discipline, but should be simply result of a sense of social context, a sense present in all critics from whom one is in the least likely to learn anything".[3] Yet in another sense that shift is effected, Frye argues, by the extension of mythic-literary modes of analysis to the social sphere. Reading cultural wide myth is a process "very similar to criticism in literature, and it is clear that the different forms of critical interpretation cannot be sharply separated whether they are applied to the plays of Shakespeare, the manuscript of the *Bible*, the American Constitution, or the oral traditions of an aboriginal tribe".[4] In this respect Geoffery Hartman makes the point that "though Frye's theory is unified only for literature, it has larger implicit ambitions and is concerned with the 'fables of identity' latent in all cultural or symbolic forms".[5]

Frye's system is contained in the all important assumptions that literature functions as a microcosm of culture, so that the abilities involved in the right reading of literature qualify one to interpret culture. What one ends up finding in Frye's social criticism is society rendered in terms of his conception of the literary universe, informed as the later is by the predominant influences of the *Bible*, Blake, Frazer, Spengler, among many others. Frye has already defined criticism as "the activity of uniting literature with society".[6]

While the horizons of Frye's interpretive focus have expanded, the rhetoric, methods, and assumptions have fundamentally remained the same. This is evident in Frye's primary reading of culture, in which all the myths of the societies are bifurcated into two encompassing categories — myths of concern and myths of freedom which he sees as two different and opposing myths of Western culture and offer an insight into life and literature today. Mythology for him, is a vision of society : "In every age there is a structure of ideas, images, beliefs, assumptions, anxieties, and hopes which express the view of man's situation and destiny generally held at that time. I call this structure a mythology, and its units myths. A myth in this sense, is an expression of man's concern about himself, about his place in the scheme of things, about his relation to society and god, about the ultimate origin and ultimate fate, either of himself or of human species generally. A mythology is thus a product of human concern, of our involvement with ourself, and it always looks at the world from a man centred point of view".[7]

The Critical Path deals with a variety of subjects as Marxism and Democracy, mass media, social contract theories, contemporary youth culture, theory of education, among many others. It is Frye's dialectical framework that holds these various subjects together. The point of confrontation, however, is set against the background of the myth of concern and myth of freedom :

> The myth of concern exists to hold society together, so far as words can help to do this. For it, truth and reality are not directly connected with reasoning or evidence, but are socially established. What is true, for concern, is what society does and believes in response to authority, and a belief, so far as a belief is verbalized, is a statement of willingness to participate in a myth of concern. The typical language of concern therefore tends to become the language of belief.[8]

The myth of concern is thus attached with the life lived in a particular society which is guided by its rituals. It is intensively traditional, becoming "the way of elders" (37) and giving to culture a "limited orbit" of possibilities. Frye articulates the myth of concern in evolutionary terms : it begins and thrives in the "oral" phase of a culture (38) that phase is "largely undifferentiated" but then in time it "develops different social, political, legal, and literary branches" (36). Frye thinks myth of freedom on the other hand as "part of the myth of concern that stresses the importance of the non-mythical elements in culture, of the truths and realities that are studied rather than created, provided by nature rather than by social vision".[9] This will be a commonsense view that Frye has established a very vital relationship between literary criticism and culture.[10]

Frye seeks to establish a dialectical tension between the myths of concern and freedom and apparent in this tension is his own central myth, and the cultural phenomena he examines through the book are interpreted from the perspective of this tension which results in the necessity for a pluralism of myths of concern which can only occur in societies with open mythologies :

> The basis of all tolerance in society, the condition in which a plurality of concerns can co-exist, is the recognition of the tension between concern and freedom...Concern and freedom both occupy the whole of the same universe : they interpenetrate, and it is no good trying to set up boundary stones. Some, of course, meet the collision of concern and freedom from the opposite side, with a naive rationalism which expects that before long all myths of concern will be outgrown and only the appeal to reason and evidence and experiment will be taken seriously...I consider such a view entirely impossible. The growth of non-mythical knowledge tends to eliminate the incredible from belief, and helps to shape the myth of concern according to the outlines of what experience finds possible and vision desirable. But the growth of knowledge cannot in itself provide us with the social vision which will suggest what we should do with our knowledge.[11]

Frye's view of the social function of criticism enters the argument here : the literary critic, as per Frye's opinion is prepared to see that myths of concern in society are like those in literature in that they represent the range of imaginative possibilities of belief. Robert D. Denham finds the same value in *Anatomy of Criticism* and says, "Throughout that work Frye seeks to hold in tension an ethical or social criticism, which is forever extended toward the myths of concern, with a detached and disinterested criticism of literary structure and convention".[12]

Much of Frye's later works intimate the relationship between literature and society, reaching out across literature into areas of social concern. It would not be appropriate, however, to treat all of his later works together. The works such as *The Modern Century* and a part of *The Stubborn Structure* are totally different in emphasis. But there is a congeniality among them, in that Frye is specifically concerned with the criticism of culture — an analysis of the social, philosophic, and moral aspects of the products of culture. *The Critical Path* could be considered as one of the most extensive studies of this kind. It is an appropriate example of Frye's critical suppositions. It is a stupendous theoretical work and draws upon many of the assumptions and categories Frye uses to discuss literature and is a typical example of Frye's expanding conception of criticism which make him a sociological critic of the highest order. Harold Bloom rightly considers Frye as "...the leading theoretician of literary criticism among all those writing in English today".[13]

Frye says that "The modern critic is a student of mythology, and his total subject embraces not merely literature, but the areas of concern which the mythical language of construction and belief enters and informs. These areas constitute the mythological subjects, and they include large parts of religion, philosophy, political theory, and the social sciences".[14]

Society upholds its concern with culture, most obviously by privileging certain discourses such as theology, law, and history — leaving to literature, as Frye often complains, the minor role of supplying emotional resonance to the values and beliefs these discourses convey.[15] Society upholds literature either as a whole by emphasizing the content of a literary work over its imaginative structure, or in part by valorizing the genres judged relevant to its concerns, most notably historical criticism; and it encourages favourable value judgements on what it considers to be "good" literature, that is, literature that confirms its ideology. Above all, society may demand that literature offers a serious "criticism of life" and that its reading and study promote spiritual health and moral well-being. Such division of literature denies autonomy to criticism and lead Frye to defend both :

> We all know how important the reason is in
> an traditional world, but the imagination,
> in a society of perverted imagination, is
> far more essential in making us understand
> that the phantasmagonia of current events
> is not real society, but only the transient
> appearance of real society. Real society,
> the total body of what humanity has done and
> can do, is revealed to us only by the arts
> and sciences; nothing but the imagination can
> apprehend that reality as a whole, and nothing
> but literature, in a culture as verbal as ours,
> can train the imagination to fight for the sanity
> and the dignity of mankind.[16]

The linking of criticism to social mythology fulfils Frye's claim in the *Anatomy of Criticism*; that the critic is "the pioneer of education and the shaper of cultural tradition"[17] and returns to a matter that opened this study, the place of English studies in Education. Frye claims that "all my educational views... have as their aim the attempt to win for literature the response generally given to social mythology".[18] In referring to the scholar "as a teacher, as a popularizer of his own subject, and as an encyclopedist", he clearly has himself in mind, especially since he adds that "if (the scholar) happens to be interested in conspectus or broad synthesizing views, he will spend much or all of his time in articulating and making more coherent his vision of his society's myth of concern".[19]

Frye places his own criticism between the first and the second stages of education, "somewhere between the end of elementary school and the beginning of high school"[20], and he defines this area in terms of the perspective as a literary critic in the *Anatomy of Criticism* : "It is essentially an activity of exploring the social roots of knowledge, of maintaining communication among scholars, of formulating the larger views and perspectives that marked the cultivated man, and of relating knowledge to the kind of beliefs and assumptions that unite knowledge with good life".[21] The perspective on the social role of education according to Frye is not "standing back" as though apart from society, but rather "standing above" and still participating in order to comprehend society's concern.

The earlier criticism of Frye caused him to be called an archetypal critic yet A.C. Hamilton labels him as a social critic and says, "Since 1957 Frye has all but avoided the term *archetype* in order to directly address society's cultural concerns. He may be labelled as a social critic because he grants the critic authority 'through transforming oneself into a focus of a community', except that by 'community' he means an ideal community, one that is free, classless, and fraternal, to which everyone belongs".[22]

Frye has often been seen as a theorist of his own kind. Indeed, he has remained almost isolated from contemporary criticism as he continues to explore and expand the kind of criticism enumerated in *Anatomy of Criticism*. He declares : "I think I have found a trail and all I can do is to keep sniffing along it until either scent or nose fails me".[23] Frye's criticism, most notably post-1957 (since the publication of *Anatomy*), deals with a multiplicity of perspectives. In 1975, he complained that "Structuralism, Hermeneutics, Phenomenologism, Sociolinguistics, Cultural Anthropology, and the Philosophy of Language have, as I think made a rather disappointing contribution so far to the understanding of literature".[24] He has been concerned with them only when they relate to his own criticism. Hamilton's remarks with regard to Frye's criticism seem convincing : "If Frye's criticism is properly understood in the future, however, it will not be kidnapped by any one kind of criticism any more than it has been in the past. Opposed to none it is willing to be interpenetrated by them all — more than interdisciplinary, then, transdisciplinary — provided only that it retains its autonomy, focuses its interest on literary works in their entire literary and cultural contexts remains central to the primary and ultimate human values and concerns of all readers".[25] Frye remains an important socio-structuralist theorist of literature, keeping the house that he has built open from all sides lest one dies of suffocation within.

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60

Gandhi, Mahatma — Mahatma Gandhi's *Hind Swaraj* and Thomas More's *Utopia* : A Comparative Study

MALLIKARJUN PATIL*

A comparative study of two works, particularly of great men who lived for the mankind, gives a special joy both to the scholars and readers. This is the case with the works of humanist martyrs like Mahatma Gandhi, Sir Thomas More, Karl Marx, Mahatma Buddha, Confucious and a galaxy of many others. What makes inevitable is a genuine study of two or more works of great thinkers. The present concern of mine is to explore the truth and beauty of Mahatma Gandhi's *Hind Swaraj* or *Indian Home Rule* and Sir Thomas More's *Utopia.* These two works which are similar in theme if not in treatment, resemble Plato's *The Republic,* Harrington's *The Common Wealth of Oceana* (1656), H.G. Well's *A Modern Utopia* (1905) and Aldous Huxley's *Island* (1962). These and many other works are of a greater value to the growth and development of sustainable human values, endurable morality and universal human welfare. No doubt, these works are the quintessence of great suffering and wisdom of great men who died for the cause of truth.

Mahatma Gandhi and Sir Thomas More are the greatest humanist-thinkers the world has known. However the degree of the superiority of each of the two is just a matter of the reader's mode of appraisal. Mahatma Gandhi, a great searcher after truth began his career in South Africa with his doctrines of truth and non-violence. *Swadeshi* and *Satyagrah* were his two mouthpieces for the attainment of truth and home rule. His greatest struggle of Non-Cooperation movement and Civil-Disobedience Movement brought the country Independence. But his exploration of truth cost his life and he become a martyr and the Father of the Nation. Similarly Sir Thomas More, a great scholar, thinker and statesman, was a particular favourite of Henry VIII of England. He served the nation as the Lord Chancellor, but his tenaciousness in upholding the value of truth, like Gandhi's, brought him nothing less than death and martyrdom.

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Both Mahatma Gandhi and Sir Thomas More are humanists, thinkers, social reformers and writers. They wrote many immortal books for the purpose of mending the minds of men. No matter how much hindrance they had in their ways in quest of truth, they withstood them with courage and confidence. The present study critically analyses their philosophy in minutia.

Although both More and Gandhi lived in different times and climes, their way of life and style of functioning do not differ substantially. Their plenary vision of life, approach to human riddles, understanding and solving of sociatal and national issues, are similar and the one. Even they did not die, but they were killed. Their struggle for the rights of freedom, expression, work and the like ever remains the same. Their will-power or soul-force and self-determination, dedication, suffering and sacrifice made them not only inspirers but also models to the mankind. They are called 'men of great-souled'. If More was canonized in 1934, Gandhi was made Mahatma and is called the Father of the Nation.

Mahatma Gandhi's work *Hind Swaraj* or *Indian Home Rule* is a great work of universal principles and values. It was written by him when he was travelling to London from South Africa in 1908. Gandhi wrote it in Gujarati, his mother tongue and later he translated it into English and published it in *Indian Opinion.* This is written in the form of discourse between an editor and reader. Soon after its publication in book form in 1938, it was banned by the then British Government too. However, afterwards the ban was lifted and like the *Bible,* the book was read and appreciated by readers all over the world.

What is true of Gandhi's *Hind Swaraj* is also true of More's *Utopia.* The book is More's principal work originally written in Latin in 1516. It is in two parts and it was translated into English in 1551. It is an original work of More and it resembles *Hind Swaraj* in its theme. However, a remarkable fact about *Utopia* is that it is a fictious work written with two missions first to give an idea to Europe about an ideal commonwealth, and second, to mock the then political, socio-economical and religious system of the continent, particularly the United Kingdom.

The present study analyses the comparative aspects of these two books and attempts to arrive at a certain worthwhile conclusion about the great and enduring values both Gandhi and More upheld for the welfare of mankind.

These two books are based on enduring values. The motto of the books is to cherish, uphold and follow universal values for the sake of co-existence, human welfare and self-realization. In this regard, these books are based on certain fundamental principles like 'means and ends', 'do or die', 'truth and non-violence', 'live and let others live', 'Know thyself', 'God is in you only', 'two and two are four', 'unite and stand or divide and fall' and the like. Both books vehemently state that a life based on no values will take man nowhere. So means justify the ends; and if we do not trouble others we will not be troubled by others etc.

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The dominant aspects or themes of these gospels of values are what is life, what is culture and civilization, the ways for self-fulfilment and so on and so forth. They enlarge and embody in themselves the Platonic ideals of a country, of *Ramrajya* or Home rule. This, they say, will only be realized only as and when man is thoroughly good. They state that co-existence must be the law of the land; there must be complete freedom of thought and action without harming others; and war or conflict must be regarded as abominable. Both earthly and spiritual happiness must be enjoyed and glorified. Good life is the life of mental and physical fulfilment as well as a certain amount of attainment of *nirvan.*

It is obligatory on my part to put forth Gandhi's concept of Home Rule or Ramrajya first and then More's concept of Utopia or ideal world. The reason for this is that though Gandhi is a modern thinker, his concept of Hind Swaraj is realistic against More's fictiousness or unrealistic one. In this regard, some difference might also arise as *Utopia* is an imaginary world, and as More lived in medieval times, and in the West. So medieval values of life of the West are likely to differ in respect of government and approaches to life.

The question what is a real civilization is a mind-boggling issue and the answer to it is not an easy one. However Gandhi answers it satisfactorily. He says, "Civilization is that mode of conduct which points out to man the path of duty. Performance of duty and observance of morality are convertible terms. To observe morality is to attain mastery over mind and our passions. So doing, we know ourselves. (p. 55) According to Gandhi, good civilization begins with 'good conduct', 'good means for good ends', truth, chastity, non-violence and other similar doctrines. In this regard, Gandhi says Indian civilization is a good civilization. He writes, "I believe that the civilization India has evolved is not to be beaten in the world. Nothing can equal the seeds sown by our ancestors. Rome went, Greece shared the same fate; the might of the pharaohs was broken, Japan has become westernized; of China nothing can be said; but India is still somehow or other, sound at the foundation". (p. 54) The way of life, Indians led is pure if not great of shrewd. They did not earn much but they largely enjoyed life. Virtues were greatly followed and vices avoided. The life Indians led is described here. Their main occupation is husbandry; their industries are weaving, cloth-making, embroidery, basketry and other crafts. Doctors are rare and lawyers are not there. All live in co-existence. See the details of life Indians led in peace :

> They saw that happiness was largely a mental condition. A man is not necessarily happy because he is rich, or unhappy because he is poor. The rich are often seen to be unhappy, the poor happy, observing all this, our ancestors dissuaded us from luxuries and pleasures. We have managed with the

> same kind of plough as existed thousands of years ago. We have retained the same kind of cottages that we had in former times and our indigenous education remains the same as before. We have had no system of life-corroding competition. Each followed his own occupation or trade and charged a regulation wage. It was not that we did not know how to invent machinary, but our forefathers know that, if we set our hearts after such things, we would become slaves and lose our moral fibre. They, therefore, after due deliberation, decided that we should only do what we could with our hands and feet. They saw that our real happiness and health consisted in a proper use of our hands and feet. They further reasoned that large cities were a snare and a useless encumbrance and that people would not be happy in them, that there would be gangs of thieves and robbers, prostitution and vice flourishing in them and that poor men would be robbed by rich men. They were, therefore, satisfied with small villages. (pp. 55-56)

The views of Gandhi expressed in the passage cited about are about the importance of farming, basic education, real state of happiness, dedication to work, village life, simplicity and self-sufficiency. According to Gandhi, man's progress lies in these things of primitive mode. In a similar vein of thought More gives justification to these views and others. Look at the following extracts from the *Utopia* :

> Husbandry is a science common to them all in general, both men and women, wherein they be all expert.... In this they be all instructed even from their youth, partly in their schools with traditions and precepts, and partly in the country nigh the city, brought up, as it were in playing not only beholding the use of it, but by occasion of exercising their bodies practising it also. Besides husbandry, which (as I said) is common to them all, everyone of them learneth one or other several and particular

> science as his own proper craft. That is most commonly either clothworking in wool or flax, or masonry, or the smith's craft, or the carpenter's science. (pp. 57-58)
>
> The chief and almost the only office of the Syphogrants is to see and take heed that no man sit idle, but that every one apply his own craft with earnest diligence. (p. 58)
>
> But if the inhabitants of that land will not dwell with them to be ordered by their laws, then they drive them out of those bounds which they have limited and appointed out for themselves. (p. 65)

More does not differ from Gandhi's view about the way of life of *Utopias,* the imaginary people. Both Gandhi's India and More's *Utopia* are alike in their ups and downs. Like Gandhi's India, Utopia consists of good people, wholesome and benevolent laws, loving families, manners, institutions and the like. Socially, economically, politically, in fact in all departments of life Utopians were like ancient Indians. The family, the local self-administration units, the government, religion, agrarian system all are of primitive origin but ideal and endurable. Look at Utopian family discipline which sounds like Indians' :

> The eldest (as I said) ruleth the family. The wives be ministers to their husbands, the children to their parents, and, to be short, the younger to their elders. (p. 56)
>
> The husbands chastise their wives, and the parents their children, unless they have done any so horrible an offence, that the open punishment thereof maketh much for the advancement of honest manners. (p. 100)

Breakers of Wedlock be published with most grievous bondage (p. 99). People in ancient India, Gandhi said, loved truth and non-violence. They led plain life and never aspired for the thing's above their reach. They knew the concept of good and evil. Hence they abstained from committing sins. They worshipped many animals including the Cow. A similarity between

Hindu's life and the Utopian's is found in the following passages :

> They kill no living beast in sacrifice nor they think not that the marciful clemency of God hath delight in blood and slaughter, which hath given life to beast to the intent they should live. (p. 190)
>
> Therefore all this exercise of hunting, as a thing unworthy to be used of free man, the Utopians have rejected to their butchers, to the witchcraft they appoint their bondmen. For they count hunting the lowest the vilest, and most abject part of butchery. (pp. 86-87)
>
> They make divers kind of true pleasure. For some they attribute to the soul and some to the body. (p. 87)
>
> The chief part of them they think doth come of the exercise of virtue and conscience of good life. (p. 89)

The passage cited above evinces the facts that Utopians were homely and virtuous people. What was true of ancient Hindus' is also true of Utopians. They considered the crafts of violence as the lowest of the low. They thought that work is worship. Change of work is rest to them. They thought happiness was a state of mind that came from 'Soul-force' and the relative mental and cultural activities. They did not have the vices like oppression, suppression, greed, indifference, exploitation and the like. Even they did not exploit their slaves who were called bondmen :

> These they entreat and order honestly, and entertain almost as gently as their own free citizens saving that they put them to a little labour, as there-to accustomed. (p. 96)

The following extracts from Gandhi's *Hind Swaraj* illustrate the points that war was disastrous to the welfare of the people. Ancient Indians considered the profession of lawyers and doctors irksome and dangerous. Although like Utopians they had a very less number of lawyers and quacks, they thought that these professions are divisive and disharmonious aspects of the society.

Besides, they disliked city life as it was a breeding ground of all sort of evils. Like Utopians', cities in ancient India were very less in number and they were simple in nature. Consequently the commonest people lived a happy life. Gandhi says :

> They saw that kings and their swords were inferior to the sword of ethics, and they, therefore, held the sovereigns of the earth to be inferior to the Rishis and the Fakirs. A Nation with a constitution like this is fitter to teach others than to learn from others. This nation had courts, lawyers and doctors, but they were all within bounds. Everybody knew that these professions were not particularly superior; moreover, these vakils and vaids did not rob people; they were considered people's dependants, not their masters. Justice was tolerably fair. The ordinary rule was to avoid courts. There were no touts to lure people into them. This evil, too was noticeable only in and around capitals. The common people lived independently and followed their agricultural occupation. They enjoyed true home rule. (p.56)

Gandhi's ideas of ancient India which were benevolent and ideal remind us *Ramrajya.* His concept of true *Hind Swaraj*, is enshrined in these descriptions of him. No doubt, More's ideas of Utopia too resembles this :

> War or battle as a thing very beastly, and yet to no kind of beasts in so much use as to man, they do detest and abhor. And, contrary to the custom almost of all other nations, they count nothing so much, against glory as glory gotten in war. (p. 106)
>
> They live together lovingly, for no magistrate is either haughty or fearful....They have but few laws, for to people so instruct and institute very few do suffice. (p. 102)
>
> These virtues of the Utopians have caused their next neighbours and borderers, which live free and under no subjection (for the Utopians long ago have delivered many of them from tyranny), to take

> magistrates of them some for a year and some for five years' space. (p. 103)

Thomas More's thought about the modern money and machinery is striking. He thinks that people who rely on money only spoil their inter-personal relationships and ruin themselves. Like Gandhi, More is of the view that money is not an end but a means to an end. In this regard, to avoid the misuse of money or properties, he advocates for communism. Like Karl Marx, he suggests us for the abolition of private possessions :

> Howbeit, doubtless, Master More (to speak truly as my mind giveth me) where possessions be private, where money beareth all the stroke, it is hard and almost impossible that there the weal-public may justly be governed and prosperously flourish. (p. 42)

Nevertheless Gandhi advocated for private ownership of the land in a bid to give the working force certain incentive, he did not say that this should reach an extremity. To avoid extremism either in business or in science, he asked man to follow the 'middle path'. Besides, he said that modern civilization which brings machine-culture must not be imbibed. Accordingly man must follow olden or primitive mode of life as well as functioning. The following passages from Gandhi's book evince the facts that the misuse of money and machinery are disastrous to the healthy growth of society :

> Money renders a man helpless. The other thing which is equally harmful is sexual vice. Both are poison....We need not, therefore, be pleased with the prospect of the growth of the mill-industry. (p. 83)
>
> Railways, lawyers and doctors have impoverished the country so much so that, if we do not wake up in time, we shall be ruined. (p. 41)
>
> Do not, therefore, forget the main thing. It is necessary to realize that machinary is bad. We shall then be able gradually to do away with it. Nature has not provided any way whereby, we may reach a desired goal all of a sudden. If, instead of

> welcoming machinery as a boon, we should look upon it as an evil, it would ultimately go. (p. 85)

Even in matters of religion both Gandhi and More are alike. Both express the view that God is almighty and man must serve him to get salvation. Though Europeans who do not easily believe in the life hereafter, More has faith in the other world. His Utopians are theists and believers. Their common God is Mithra though many sub-dieties are worshipped :

> There be diverse kinds of religion not only in sundry parts of the island, but also in diverse places of every city. Some worship for God and sun, some the moon, some other of the planets. (pp. 117-18)
>
> And therefore they believe that after this life vices be extremely punished and virtues bountifully rewarded. (p. 121)

Indeed both Gandhi and More, the great humanists conclude that natural life is only the real life. Hence they advocate man to follow farming; to coexist with the Nature; and to attain self-realization. For instance :

> Let not so many brought up in idleness; let husbandry and tillage be restored; let cloth working be renewed, that there may be honest labours for this idle sort to pass their time in profitably. (p. 18)

Gandhi expresses the same views for the perfection of life. He says agriculture must be followed and every man must do his duty for himself. Besides farming, he says about the well-to-do :

> If a wealthy man, he will devote his money to establishing hand-looms, and encourage others to use hand-made goods by wearing them himself. (p. 90)

So these two books by great thinkers are books of ethics and evaluation. They humbly plead the cases and enable every human being to get self-sufficiency, liberty and other virtues. What Raphael Hythloday who narrates the Utopian life to Sir Thomas More, says at the end of the description is true of both Gandhi and More's vision of life :

> Now I have declared and described unto you as true as I could the form and order of that commonwealth, which verily in my judgement is not only the best, but also that which alone of good right may claim and take upon it the name of a commonwealth or public weal. (p. 132)

Indeed these two books *Hind Swaraj* and *Utopia*, are great works about *Ramraj* or an ideal commonwealth. About his book Gandhi himself says, "In my opinion it is a book which can be put into the hands of a child. It teaches the gospel of love in place of that of hate. It replaces violence with self-sacrifice. It pits soul force against brute force". (p. 15) Many Europeans have appreciated the work for its enduring and universal guidance. Miss Irene Rathbone calls *Hind Swaraj,* "an enormously powerful book", and says that by virtue of it she has found "myself forced by its tremendous honesty to search my own honesty. I would implore people to read it". (p. 12) The book helps both for self-purification and self-realization. Similarly *Utopia* is also a great work of art and values. P. Rengasamy says, "The main theme of *Utopia* is the best state for a commonwealth and the best structure for a society in which man may live happily with his fellow beings".[1] Likewise Jerone Busleyden in his letter to More opines, "You have done the world an inestimable service by delineating an ideal commonwealth".[2]

NOTES

1. P. Rengasamy, Introduction to Thomas More's *Utopia,* Macmillan, Madras 1980, p. XXVII-XXVIII.
2. Jerome Busleyden, quoted by P. Rengasamy, *Ibid.*

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61

Golding, William

English novelist who received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1983. The choice was unexpected, because the internationally famous novelist Graham Greene (1904-1991) was considered the strongest candidate from the English writers. In many works Golding has revealed the dark places of human heart, when isolated individuals or small groups are pushed into extreme situations. His work is characterized by exploration of 'the darkness of man's heart', deep spiritual and ethical questions.

"Twenty-five years ago I accepted the label 'pessimist' thoughtlessly without realising that it was going to be tied to my tail, as it were, in something the way that, to take an example from another art, Rachmaninoff's famous Prelude in C sharp minor was tied to him. No audience would allow him off the concert platform until he played it. Similarly critics have dug into my books until they could come up with something that looked hopeless. I can't think why. I don't feel hopeless myself." (from *Nobel Lecture*, 1983)

William Golding was born in the village of St. Columb Minor in Cornwall. His father was a schoolmaster who had radical convictions in politics and a strong faith in science. Golding started writing at the age of seven, but following the wishes of his parents, he studied natural sciences and English at Brasenose College, Oxford. His first book, a collection of poems, appeared a year before Golding received his B.A.

After graduation Golding became a settlement house worker, and wrote plays in London. In 1939 he moved to Salisbury, where he began teaching English at Bishop Wordsworth's School. During

World War II he served in the Royal Navy in command of a rocket ship. His active service included involvement in the sinking of the German battleship *Bismarck* and participating in the Normandy invasion. After the war Golding returned to writing and teaching, with a dark view of humanity's progress.

> "They cried for their mothers much less often than might have been expected; they were very brown, and filthily dirty." (from *Lord of the Flies*)

In Salisbury Golding wrote four books, but did not get them published. His novel LORD OF THE FLIES, set in the near future during wartime, was turned down by twenty-one publishes, until it finally appeared in 1954. The book became an immediate success in Britain and a bestseller among American readers in the late 1950s. In the gripping story a group of small British boys stranded on a desert island lapse into tribal battles and murder after they have lost all adult guidance. Ironically the adult world is deveasted by nuclear war. The success of the novel allowed Golding to give up teaching.

Lord of the Flies was followed by THE INHERITORS (1955), which overturned H.G. Wells's *Outline of History* (1920) and depicted the extermination of Neanderthal man by Homo Sapiens. Neanderthals are first portrayed compassionate and communal, but they are finally led by example of the Cro-Magnons into sin and selfishness. Lok, the early Neanderthal point-of-view character, is as unrealiable narrator as Tuami, of the "new people." PINCHER MARTIN (1956) was story of a naval officer, Christopher Hadley Martin, who faces death on his torpedoed ship. Much like Ambroce Bierce's 'Occurence at Owl Creek Bridge', the story shows Christopher imagining his survival on a rock island in the middle of the ocean. The FREE FALL (1959) was set in contemporary society, focusing on an ordinary man who looks back over his past.

Golding resigned in 1961 from teaching and devoted himself entirely to writing. THE SPIRE (1964) was a story about the construction of a cathedral spire. Jocelyn, dean of a cathedral, has decided to erect a 400-foot spire before his death. But its construction causes sacrifice of others, treachery, and murder.

From this novel Golding's work devoloped into two directions : the metaphysical with the theme of the fable like fall from childlike innocence into guilt, and the social without mythical substructure.

> — "...What a noble prospect the ocean is under a low sun! Only when the sun is high does the sea seem to lack the indefinable air of Painted Art which we are able to observe at sunrise and sunset."
>
> — "I am so accustomed to the sight that I do not see it. Indeed, I am grateful — if the phrase is not meaningless in the circumstances — to the oceans for another quality."
>
> — "And that is?"
>
> — "Their power of isolationg a man from his fellows."
>
> (from *Rites of Passage*, 1980)

Among Golding's later works is the historical trilogy RITES OF PASSAGE (1980), which portayed life abroad an anciet ship of the line at the end of the Napoleonic Wars. It was awarded the Booker Prize. Other parts of the trilogy were CLOSE QARTERS (1987) and FIRE DOWN BELOW (1989). Golding's novel THE PAPER MEN (1984) was about the pursuit of world-famous English novelist Wilfred Barclay by American academic Rick L. Turner.

Lord of the Flies has been translated into many languages and filmed in 1963 and 1990. It is an ironic comment on R.M. Ballantyne's *Coral Island*, describing of a group of childred, who are evacuated from Britain because of a nuclear war. Their airplane crashes on an uninhabitated island, and all the adults are killed. The boys create their own society, which gradually degenerates from democratic, rational, and moral community to tyrannical, bloodthirsty, and evil. The older boys take control, a boy called Piggy is a target of picking. Leaders emerge, two of the older boys get killed and they begin to hunt another, just as a ship arrives.

Golding's view is pessimistic : human nature is inherently violent, which reflects the mood of the post-war and post-Hitler years and comments the 19th century optimism of progress and education. The values that the boys have been raised by, are nothing compared to their desire to kill. The Lord of the Flies is Beelzebub, Prince of Devils, the source of evil outside oneself, and through his parable the author shows that man is a fallen being. — *See* : Daniel Defoe and Robinsonade, a story of a person marooned on a desert island.

Golding was knighted in 1988. He died in Perranarworthal on June 19, 1993. Golding's last novel, THE DOUBLE TONGUE, left in draft at his death, was published in 1995. The story was set in the ancient Greece, and depicted a Delphic oracle, who witnesses the rise of the Roman power, and retreat of the Hellenistic culture.

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62

Goldsmith, Oliver

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), whose writings range over every department of miscellaneous literature, challenges attention as a poet chiefly for the unaffected ease, grace, and tenderness of his descriptions of rural and domestic life, and for a certain vein of pensive philosophic reflection. His countryman Burke said of himself, that he had taken his ideas of liberty not too high, that they might last him through life. Goldsmith seems to have pitched his poetry in a subdued undertone, that he might luxuriate at will among those images of quiet beauty, comfort, benevolence, and simple pathos, which were most congenial to his own character, his hopes, or his experience. This popular poet was born at Pallas, a small village in the parish of Forney, country of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of November 1728. He was the fourth of a family of seven children, and his father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was a poor curate, who eked out the scanty funds which he derived from his profession, by renting and cultivating some land. The poet's father afterwards suceeded to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and removed to the house and farm of Lissoy, in his former parish. Here Goldsmith's youth was spent, and here he found the materials for his *Deserted Village*. Having been taught his letters by a maid-servant, Oliver was sent to the village-school, which was kept by an old soldier named Byrne, who had been a quarter-master in the wars of Queen Anne, and was fond of relating his adventures. Byrne had also a large store of Irish traditions, fairy tales, and ghost stories, which were eagerly listened to by his pupils, and are supposed to have had some effect in giving to Goldsmith that wandering unsettled disposition which marked him through life. A severe attack of small-pox, which left traces of its ravages on his face ever after, caused his removal from school. He was, however, placed at better seminaries of education, and in his seventeenth year was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The expense of his education was chiefly defrayed by his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Contarine, an excellent man, son to an Italian of the Contarini family at Venice, and a clergyman of the established church. At college the poet was thoughtless and irregular. His tutor was a man of fierce and brutal passions, and haveing struck him on one occasion before a party of friends, the poet left college, and wandered about the country for some time in the utmost poverty. His brother Henry clothed and carried him back to college, and on the 27th of February 1749, he was admitted to the degree of B.A. Goldsmith now gladly left the university, and returned to Lissoy. His father was dead, but he idled away two years among his relations. He afterwards became tutor in the family of a gentleman in Ireland, where he remained a year. His uncle then gave him £ 50 to study the law in Dublin, but he lost the whole in a gaming-house. A second contribution was raised, and the poet next proceeded to Edinburgh, where he continued a year and a half studying medicine. He then drew upon his uncle for £ 20, and embarked for Bordeaux. The vessel was driven into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and whilst there, Goldsmith and his fellow-passengers were arrested and put into prison, where the poet was kept a fortnight. It appeared that his companions were Scotsmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland enlisting soldiers for the French army. Before he was released the ship sailed, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, the whole of the crew having perished. He embarked in a vessel bound for Rotterdam, and arriving there in nine days, travelled by land to Leyden. These particulars (which have a very apocryphal air) rest upon the authority of a letter written from Leyden by Goldsmith to his uncle, Contarine. At Leyden he appears to have remained, without making an effort for a degree, about a twelvemonth; and in February 1755, he set off on a continental tour, provided, it is said, with a guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand. He stopped some time at Louvain in Flanders, at Antwerp, and at Brussels. In France, he is said, like George

Primrose in his *Vicar of Wakefield,* to have occasionally earned a night's lodging and food by playing on his flute.

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

Traveller.

Scenes of this kind formed an appropriate school for the poet. He brooded with delight over these pictures of humble happiness, and his imagination loved to invest them with the charms of poetry. Goldsmith afterwards visited Germany and the Rhine. From Switzerland he sent the first sketch of the *Traveller* to his brother. The loftier charms of nature in these Alpine scenes seems to have had no permanent effect on the character or direction of his genius. He visited Florence, Verona, Venice, and stopped at Padua some months, where he is supposed to have taken his medical degree. In 1756 the poet reached England, after one year of wandering, lonely, and in poverty, yet buoyed up by dreams of hope and fame. Many a hard struggle he had yet to encounter! He was some time assistant to a chemist in a shop at the corner of Monument Yard on Fish Street Hill. A college-friend, Dr. Sleigh, enabled him to commence practice as a humble physician in Bankside, Southwark, but this failed; and after serving for a short time as a reader and corrector of the press to Richardson the novelist, he was engaged as usher in a school at Peckham, kept by Dr. Milner. At Milner's table he met Griffiths the bookseller, proprietor of the *Monthly Review*; and in April 1757, Goldsmith agreed to leave Dr. Milner's, to board and lodge with Griffiths, to have a small salary, and devote himself to the Review. Whatever he wrote is said to have been tampered with by Griffiths and his wife! In five months the engagement abruptly closed. For a short time he was again at Dr. Milner's as usher. In 1758 he presented himself at Surgeons' Hall for examination as an hospital mate, with the view of entering the army or navy;

but he had the mortification of being rejected as unqualified. That he might appear before the examining surgeon suitably dressed, Goldsmith obtained a new suit of clothes, for which Griffith became security. The clothes were immediately to be returned when the purpose was served, or the debt was to be discharged. Poor Goldsmith, having failed in his object, and probably distressed by urgent want, *pawned the clothes*. The publisher threatened, and the poet replied : 'I know of no misery but a jail, to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! request it as a favour — as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being — with all that contempt and indigence brings with it — with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable?' Such was the almost hopeless condition, the deep despair, of this imprudent but amiable author, who has added to the delight of millions, and to the glory of English literature.

Henceforward the life of Goldsmith was that of a man of letters. He lived solely by his pen. Besides numerous contributions to the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews,* the *Lady's Magazine,* the *British Magazine,* &c he published anonymously an *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* (1759), his admirable *Chinese Letters* (contributed to Newbery's *Public Ledger,* and for which he was paid a guinea each), afterwards published with the title of *The Citizen of the World,* a *Life of Beau Nash,* and a *History of England* (1762), in a series of letters from a nobleman to his son. The latter was highly successful, and was popularly attributed to Lord Lyttelton. In December 1764 appeared his poem of the *Traveller, or Prospect of Society,* the chief corner-stone of his fame, 'without one had line,' as has been said; 'without one of Dryden's careless verses.' Charles Fox pronounced it one of the finest poems in the English language; and Dr. Johnson — then numbered among Goldsmith's friends — said that the merit of the *Traveller* was so well established, that Mr. Fox's praise could not augment it, nor his censure diminish it. The periodical critics were unanimous in its praise. In 1766 appeared his exquisite novel, the *Vicar of Wakefield,* which had been written two years before, and sold to Newbery, the bookseller, to discharge a pressing debt. Goldsmith's landlady had called in a sheriff's officer to enforce payment of her bill. In this extremity he sent a messenger to Johnson, who forwarded a guinea, and followed himself shortly after. He found Goldsmith railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira (the guinea having been changed), and on his inquiring how money could be procured, the poor debtor produced the manuscript of his novel, which Johnson took to the bookseller and sold for £ 60. Yet Newbery did not venture to publish it until the *Traveller* had rendered the name of the author popular. Godlsmith's comedy of the *Good-natured Man* was produced in 1768, his *Roman History* next year, and the *Deserted Village* in 1770. The latter was as popular as the *Traveller,* and speedily ran through a number of editions. Goldsmith was now at the summit of his fame and popularity. The march had been long and toilsome, and he was often nearly fainting by the way; but his success was at length complete. His name stood among the foremost of his contemporaries : the booksellers courted him, and his works brought him in large sums. Difficulty and distress, however, still clung to him : poetry had found him poor at first, and kept him so. From heedless profusion and extravagance, chiefly in dress, and from a benevolence which knew no limit while his funds lasted, Goldsmith was scarcely ever free from debt. The gaming-table also presented irresistible attractions. He hung loosely on society, without wife or domestic tie; and his early habits and experience were ill calculated to teach him strict conscientiousness or regularity. He continued to write task-work for the booksellers, and produced (1771) a *History of England* in four volumes. In 1773 his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre with immense applause. The same year appeared his *History of Greece,* in two volumes, for which he was paid £ 250. He had contracted to write a *History of Animated Nature* in eight volumes, at the rate of a hundred guineas for each volume; but this work he did not live to complete, though the greater part was finished in his own attractive and easy manner. In March 1774, he was attacked by a painful complaint (strangury) caused by close study, which was succeeded by a nervous fever. Contrary to the advice of his apothecary, he persisted in the use of James's powders, a medicine to which he had often had recourse; and gradually getting worse, he expired in convulsions on the morning of the 4th of April. His last words were melancholy. 'Your pulse,' said his physician, 'is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have : is your mind at ease?' 'No, it is not,' was the sad reply. The death of so popular an author, at the age of forty-six, was a shock equally to his friends and the public. The former knew his sterling worth, and loved him with all his foibles — his undisguished vanity, his national proneness to blundering, his thoughtless extravagance, his credulity, and his frequent absurdities. Under these ran a current of generous benevolence, of enlightened zeal for the happiness and improvement of mankind, and of manly independent feeling. He died £ 2000 in debt : 'Was ever poet so trusted before!' exclaimed Johnson. His remains were interred in the Temple burying-ground, and a monument erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, next the grave of Gay, whom he somewhat resembled in character, and far surpassed in genius. The fame of Goldsmith has been constantly on the increase, and two copious lives of him have been produced — one by Prior, in 1837, and another, the *Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith*, by John Forster, in 1848, and since enlarged. The latter is a valuable and interesting work.

The plan of the *Traveller* is simple, yet comprehensive and philosophical. The poet represents himself as sitting among Alpine solitudes, looking down on a hundred realms. He views the whole with delight, yet sighs to think that the hoard of human bliss is so small, and he wishes to find some spot consigned to real happiness. But where is such a spot to be found? The natives of each country think their own the best. If nations are compared, the amount of happiness in each is found to be about the same; and to illustrate this position, the poet describes the state of manners and government in Italy, Switzerland, France, Holland, and England. In general correctness and beauty of expression, these sketches have never been surpassed. The politician may think that the poet ascribes too little importance to the influence of government on the happiness of mankind, seeing that in a despotic state the whole must depend on the individual character of the governor; yet in the cases cited by Goldsmith, it is difficult to resist his conclusions; while his short sententious reasoning is relieved and elevated by bursts of true poetry. There was no greater master of the art of contrast in heightening the effect of his pictures. His character of the men of England used to draw tears from Dr. Johnson.

The poem is so truly felicitous in thought and expression, that we give it entire, following the ninth edition, or the last that appeared during the lifetime of the author.

THE TRAVELLER, OR PROSPECT OF SOCIETY

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire :
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair :
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jest or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale :
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care :
Impelled with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,

Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
  Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend :
And placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
  When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crowned,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!
  As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies :
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone

Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends :
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
Here for a while my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;

Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
    Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its unplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
    Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
    But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign :
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state;
At her command the palace learned to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glowed beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form.
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While nought remained of a all that riches gave,

But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave :
And late the nation found with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride!
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes Where Caesars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where roughter climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head

To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
  Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shade to which his soul conforms;
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
  Such are the charms to barren states assigned;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest,
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,

To fill the languid pause with iner joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till buried in debauch the bliss expire.
  But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low.
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way :
These, far dispersed on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
  To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And reshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
  So blest a life these throughtless realms display,

Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise :
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, me thinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,

The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plair,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
  Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
  Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow —
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
  Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle must melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashioned fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,

True to imagined right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But fostered e'en by freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown :
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings unhonoured die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,

I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below,
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor pat to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a cowa'd grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne,
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over field where scattered hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,

The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
  E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.
  Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind;
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

The *Deserted Village* is limited in design, and, according to Macaulay, is incongruous in its parts. The village in its happiest days is a true English village, while in its decay it is an Irish village 'The felicity and the misery which he has brought close together belong to two different countries and to two different stages in the progress of society.' But there is no poem in the English language more universally popular than the *Deserted*

Village. Its best passages are learned in youth, and never quit the memory. Its delineations of rustic life accord with those ideas of romantic purity, seclusion, and happiness, which the young mind associates with the country and all its charms, before modern manners and oppression had driven them away —

To pamper luxury, and thin mankind.

Political economists may dispute the axiom that luxury is hurtful to nations; but Goldsmith has a surer advocate in the feelings of the heart, which yield a spontaneous assent to the principles he inculcates, when teaching by examples, with all the efficacy of apparent truth, and all the effect of poetical beauty and excellence.

DESCRIPTION OF AUBURN — THE VILLAGE PREACHER, THE SCHOOL MASTER, AND ALE-HOUSE — REFLECTIONS

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm;
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,

Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired :
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove —
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please. ...
  Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made. ...
  Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He child their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beant descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spend thrift now no longer proud,

Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
  Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tires,
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
  Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
  At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each bonest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their care distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
  Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the person owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame : the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
  Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughts, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway :
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand

Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds;
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

'Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
    And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
    With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,
    With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
    Seem lengthening as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the hermit cries,
    'To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
    To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here, to the houseless child of want,
    My door is open still :
And though my portion is but scant,
    I give it with good-will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

'But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip, with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."'[1]

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A rdfuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed and smiled;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.
But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.
His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppressed :
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name :
A charm that lulls to sleep!
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep!

'And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,' he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breat,
 Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confessed
 A maid in all her charms.

'And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn,' she cried,
'Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
 Where Heaven and you reside.

'But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray :
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way.

'My father lived beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was marked as mine;
 He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms,
 Unnumbered suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
 And felt, or feigned, a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
 With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
 But never talked of love.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
 No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 But these were all to me.

'The blossom opening to the day,
 The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display,
 To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
 Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay :
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

'And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die :
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heaven!' the hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turned to chide :
'Twas Edwin's self that pressed!

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life — my all that's mine?

'No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

EXTRACTS FROM 'RETALIATION'

Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined together at the St. James's Coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs upon him. His country, dialect, and blunders furnished subjects for witticism. He was called on for retaliation, and, at the next meeting, produced part of this poem (which was left unfinished at his death), in which we find much of the shrewd observation, with, and liveliness which distinguish the happiest of his prose writings.

Here lies our good Edmund,[2] whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient.*
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor. ...

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings — a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting :
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came;
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous almost to disease,

Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakspeare, receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above. ...
Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of
hearing :
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpept,[3] and only took snuff
By flattery unspoiled. ...

NOTES

1. From Young. — 'Man, wants but little, nor that little long.' Goldsmith, in the original copy, marked the passage as a quotation.
2. Burke.
3. Sir Joshua was so deaf, as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company. Goldsmith was engaged on this portrait when his last illness seized him.

63

Goldsmith, Oliver

The *Citizen of the World*, by Goldsmith, was published in a collected shape in 1762, and his *Essays* in 1765. The former were at first, as they appeared in Newbery's *Public Ledger,* entitled 'Chinese Letters,' being written in the character of a Chinese philosopher giving his impressions of England and the English. As a light and genial satirist, a sportive yet tender and insinuating moralist, and as an observer of men and manners, we have no hesitation in placing Goldsmith far above Johnson. His chaste humour, poetical fancy, and admirable style, render these essays a mine of lively observation and pleasant satire, happy imagery, and pure English The story of the Old Soldier, Beau Tibbs, the Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern, and the Strolling Player, are in the finest vein of story-telling; while the Eastern apologue, Asem, an Eastern Tale, and Alcander and Septimius, are tinged with the light of true poetry and imagination. Where the author speaks of actual life, and the 'fashion of our estate,' we see the workings of experience and a finely meditative mind. *The History of Animated Nature*, is imbued with the same graces of composition. Goldsmith was no naturalist, strictly speaking, but his descriptions are often vivid and beautiful, and his history is well calculated to awaken a love of nature and a study of its various phenomena. There is no exaggeration in the statement made by Johnson in his epitaph, that whatever Goldsmith touched he adorned.

BEAU TIBBS

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty.

From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchase. In these places, without being marked by any, I win in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk : I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last, we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear Drybone,' cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half-century ? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion; his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom on his countenance. 'Pshaw, pshaw, Will,' cried the figure, 'no more of that, if you love me; you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Muddler, on of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's; my lord was there. "Ned," says he to me, "Ned," says he, "I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night." "Poaching, my lord," said I, "faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home and let the girls poach for me." That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.'

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow,' cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity. 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?' 'Improved!' replied the other, 'you shall know, but let it go no farther — a great secret — five hundred a year to begin with. My lord's word of honour for it — his lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a *tête-à-tête* dinner in the country; where we talked of nothing else.' 'I fancy you forget, sir,' cried I, 'you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!' 'Did I say so?' replied he coolly, 'to be sure, if I said so, it was so — dined in town; egad, now I do remember I did dine in town, but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the by, I am grown nice in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that. We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no further — a secret. Well, there happened to be no assafoetida in the sauce to turkey, upon which, says I, "I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that" — But dear Drybone, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till — but hark'e, ask me for it the next time we meet, as it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.'

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. 'His very dress,' cries my friend, 'is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery, and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience. Adieu.

BEAU TIBBS CONTINUED

I am apt to fancy I have contracted a new acquaintance whom it will be no easy matter to shake off. My little beau of yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of Temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of the procession, 'Hang me,' said he, with an air of vivacity, 'I never saw the Park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen.' 'No company!' interrupted I peevishly; 'no company where there's such a crowd ! why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?' 'La, my dear!' returned he, with the utmost good-humour, 'you seem immensely chagrined : but, hang me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at all the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day; I must insist on't. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice; but no more of that, she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son, but that's in friendship, let it go no further; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place I'll make her a scholar : I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret.'

Thus, saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every street. At last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower dood, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to shew me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects, to which answering in the affirmative, 'Then,' says he, 'I shall shew you one of the most charming in the world out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip-top quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand pounds for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always like to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may see me the oftener.'

By this time, we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first-floor down the chimney, and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded : 'Who's there?' My conductor answered that it was he. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and, turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? 'Good troth,' replied she, in a peculiar dialect, 'she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer.' 'My two shirts!' cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, 'what does the idiot mean?' 'I ken what I mean well enough,' replied the other; 'she's washing your two shirts next door, because' — 'Fire and fury! no more of thy stupid exclamations,' cried he. 'Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be for ever in the family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet, it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret.'

We waited for some time for Mrs. Tibbs's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery, a square table that had once been japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a borken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls, several paltry unframed pictures, which he observed were all his own drawing. 'What do you think, sir, of that head in a corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow : I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know.'

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a conquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at the gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. 'And, indeed, my dear,' added she, turning to her husband, 'his lordship drank your health in a bumper.' 'Poor Jack,' cries he, 'a dear good-natured creature; I known he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner. You need make no great preparations neither; there are but three of us; something elegant, and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a' — 'Or what do you think, my dear,' interrupts the wife, 'of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce.' 'The very thing,' replies he, 'it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. It hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life.'

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails to render us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shewn my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave. Mr. Tibbs assured me that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

ON THE INCREASED LOVE OF LIFE WITH AGE

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil ? Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at at time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows : 'Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace : I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed — in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me.'

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. 'If life be in youth so displeasing,' cried he to himself, 'what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.' This thought imbittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity which he basely injured by his desertion.

A GENERAL ELECTION (ABOUT 1760)

The English are at present employed in celebrating a feast which becomes general every seventh year; the parliament of the nation being then dissolved, and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our [Chinese] feast of the lanterns, in magnificence and splendour; it is also surpassed by others of the east in unanimity and pure devotion; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating. Their eating, indeed, amazes me; had I five hundred heads, and were each head furnished with brains, yet would they all be insufficient to compute the number of cows, pigs, geese, and turkeys, which upon this occasion die for the good of their country.

To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the directors assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the business goes forward with success. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to dole out public charity assemble and eat upon it : nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor till they had previously satisfied their own. But in the election of magistrates, the people seem to exceed all bounds; the merits of a candidate are often measured by the number of his treats; his constituents assemble, eat upon him, and lend their applause, not to his integrity or sense, but to the quantities of his beef and brandy.

And yet I could forgive this people their plentiful meals on this occasion, as it is extremely natural for every man to eat a great deal when he gets it for nothing; but what amazes me is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good-humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity. Many an honest man, before as harmless as a tame rabbit, when loaded with a single election dinner, has become more dangerous than a charged culverin. Upon one of these occasions I have actually seen a bloody-minded man-milliner sally forth at the head of a mob, determined to face a desperate pastry-cook, who was general of the opposite party.

But you must not suppose they are without a pretext for thus beating each other. On the contrary, no man here is so uncivilised as to beat his neighbour without producing very sufficient reasons. One candidate, for instance, treats with gin, a spirit of their own manufacture; another always drinks brandy imported from abroad. Brandy is a wholesome liquor; gin a liquor wholly their own. This then furnishes an obvious cause of quarrel, whether it be most reasonable to get drunk with gin, or get drunk with brandy? The mob meet upon the debate; fight themselves sober; and then draw off to get drunk again, and charge for another encounter. So that the English may now properly be said to be engaged in war; since, while they are subduing their enemies abroad, they are breaking each other's heads at home.

64

Goldsmith, Oliver

In the spring of 1766 came out a tale of about equal dimensions with Walpole's Gothic story, but as different in its nature as an English cottage or villa, with its honeysuckle hedge, wall-roses, neat garden, and general air of beauty and comfort, is from a gloomy feudal tower, with its dark walls, moat, and drawbridge. We allude to Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. The first edition was published on the 27th of March, a second was called for in June, and a third in August of the same year. What reader could be insensible to the charms of a work so full of kindliness, benevolence, taste, and genius? By that species of mental chemistry which he understood as well as Sterne, Goldsmith extracted the essence of character, separating from it what was trite and worthless, and presenting in incredibly small space a finished representation, bland, humorous, simple, absurd, or elevated. Among the incidental remarks in the volume, for example, are some on the state of the criminal law of England, which shew how completely Goldsmith had anticipated and directed — in better language than any senator has since employed on the subject — all that parliament has effected in the reformation of our criminal code. These short, philosophical, and critical dissertations always arise naturally out of the progress of the tale. The character of the vicar gives the chief interest to the family group, though the peculiarities of Mrs. Primrose, as her boasted skill in housewifery, her motherly vanity and desire to appear *genteel*, are finely brought out, and reproduced in her daughters. The vicar's support of the Whistonian theory as to marriage, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, to illustrate which he had his wife's epitaph written and placed over the chimney-piece, is a touch of humour and individuality that has never been excelled. Another weakness of the worthy vicar was the literary vanity which, notwithstanding his real learning, led him to be imposed upon by Jenkinson in the affair of the cosmogony; but these drawbacks only serve to endear him more closely to his readers; and when distress falls upon the virtuous household, the noble fortitude and resignation of the principal sufferer, and the efficacy of his example, form one of the most affecting and even sublime moral pictures. The numberless little traits of character, pathetic and lively incidents, and sketches of manners — as the family of the Flamboroughs, the quiet pedantry and simplicity of Moses, with his bargain of the shagreen spectacles; the family picture, in which Mrs. Primrose was painted as Venus, and the vicar, in gown and band, presenting to her his books on the Whistonian controversy, and which picture, when completed, was too large for the house, and like Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, could not be removed — all mark the perfect art as well as nature of this domestic novel. That Goldsmith derived many of his incidents from actual occurrences, which he had witnessed, is generally admitted. The story of George Primrose, particularly his going to Amsterdam to teach the Dutchmen English, without recollecting that he should first know something of Dutch himself, seems an exact transcript of the author's early adventures and blundering simplicity. Though Goldsmith carefully corrected the language of his miniature romance in the different editions, he did not meddle with the incidents, so that some improbabilities remain. These, however, have no effect on the reader in diminishing for a moment the interest of the work. Goethe read a translation of the *Vicar of Wakefield* in his twenty-fifth year — 'just at the critical moment of mental development' — and ever afterwards acknowledged his obligation to the wise and genial story.

65

Goldsmith, Oliver — The Vicar of Wakefield and Rajasekhara Charitramu : Similar Yet Different

K. SUNEETHA RANI*

Rajasekhara Charitramu by Kandukuri Veeresalingam is considered[1] the first novel in Telugu. In his preface to the first edition of the novel, published in 1880, the novelist confesses that he took the help of Oliver Goldsmith's novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* in writing *Rajasekhara Charitramu*. But, he says, there are not many particular similarities between the two and that it is his own innovation. This statement reveals that although the Telugu novel is neither an imitation nor a replica of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, the novelist is influenced by Goldsmith's novel. First Veeresalingam attempted a translation of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. After translating 'two or three' chapters, he gave up the project because he thought that the theme and the setting of the novel may not he acceptable to Telugu people. So he wrote *Rajasekhara Charitramu*, which received applause from the Telugu readers.[2]

This novel was a model for the later Telugu novelists. Another great Telugu writer Chilakamarthi Lakshminarasimham, in his Autobiography, says that on the lines of *Rajasekhara Charitramu*, he moulded his *Ramachandra Vijayamu*. Within five years of its publication, *Rajasekhara Charitramu* was translated into English, which is entitled, *Fortune's Wheel*. In 1887, *London*

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Times published an appraisal of the novel. This speaks for the originality of Veeresalingam's novel.

These two novels are similar to each other. And at the same time, they are different from each other. Although Veeresalingam follows Goldsmith's novel in some respects, he retains the originality. Both the writers try to convey the same message. Although the theme is same, settings, characters, incidents and treatment differ according to the diversities in 18th century British and 19th century Indian societies.

Oliver Goldsmith, in Contents, summarises the chapters. Veeresalingam adapts this method. He summarises each chapter in two or three lines. Goldsmith confines his summaries to Contents, whereas Veeresalingam takes them to the beginning of the each chapter. Veeresalingam lists the major incidents that take place in that chapter. For instance tenth chapter — "Friendship with Shobhanadri Raju — Attempts for Sita's marriage — Death news of Ramamurthy — Enmity with Ramaraju — Imprisonment of Rajasekharudu — Kidnap of Sita."[3] Goldsmith also refers to the major incidents, but his concern is with passing judgements over the conditions. For instance, chapter xxii is briefed as "Offences are easily pardoned, where there is Love at bottom."[4]

Both the novelists have a purpose behind writing these novels. They teach the readers how to live and how to live happily. These novels urge the readers to be rational and prudent. One should not be taken away by flattery and should not be extravagant. In Goldsmith's novel. the Vicar pleads for simplicity. He overtly expresses his views about simplicity and detests grandeur and artificiality. In the Telugu novel, the protagonist realises, only in the end, human nature. He comes to know about the vicious intentions behind flattery and how it can ruin a prosperous family like his own. Intelligence and hard work are needed to procure wealth. But more intelligence is needed to retain it.

These two novels endeavour to reflect faithfully the contemporary societies. 18th century British literature's preoccupation was with nature and reason. Being a typical 18th century writer, Goldsmith depicts the 18th century rural England very effectively. Walter Scott rightly says, "We read it in youth and age, we return to it again and, bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature."[5] 18th century literature's criticism of artificiality and propagation of simplicity find place in this novel. On the other hand, *Rajasekhara Charitramu* can be called 19th century India in microcosm. Veeresalingam has incorporated many scenes and characters in his novel, which are directly taken from real life. He exposes many aspects of contemporary life. He refers to rituals, witchcraft, superstitions, exploitation in the name of religion, impostors, idol-worship, exploitation of women, strained human relations and many others which were prevalent in the society.

Veeresalingam declares that his purpose behind writing this novel was to drive away superstitions from Telugu land. After reading the novel, one feels that each and every word of this statement is true. His zeal for reform, which occupies a prominent place in his life, moulds this novel. He strongly condemns child marriage and exploitation of women. Throughout his life, he worked for widow remarriage and he performed some also. In this novel, he pleads for the betterment of the condition of the women. He attacks illiteracy, ignorance, superstitions among people, especially among women. Himself being a staunch believer in women's education, he argues in favour of women's education. He also refers to the barbarous practices like untouchability and sati.

Oliver Goldsmith expresses his concern for the social evils like class stratification, poverty, exploitation of women, superstitions and many other aspects of 18th century English life. He makes the Vicar his mouth piece when the Vicar says sarcastically, "Only a Lord and a squire for two shillings? You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a Nabob for half the money."[6] This is a satire at the superstitions, like fortune-telling, which formed an integral part of 18th century England.

Veeresalingam also presents a fortune-teller who assures Rukmini, a charming young girl, that her husband will join her very soon. But in contrast, the news of his death reaches her. The novelist mocks at the blind beliefs of the people and also criticises the way the fortune-tellers cash in on the weaknesses of the people.

Another evil in contemporary India was belief in spirits. People used to believe that every dead person will become a spirit and haunt the house where he lived. The crest-fallen widows were supposed to be possessed by the spirits of their husbands. These hapless widows were subjected to all sorts of harassments. For instance, a fortune-teller says that Rukmini is possessed by her husband's spirit. It makes such a strong impression on the immature mind of Rukmini that she starts believing that she is possessed.

Veeresalingam also depicts another burning problem of the day — caste system. He creates a scene where the readers come across a man, on the verge of fainting. But he refuses to receive water from 'sudras'. When he agrees to drink, an elderly man from the sudra village comes and says that it is sinful. This is a society where norms and restrictions are given the foremost place but not humanitarianism. This is a society where people think about their other-worldy life but not about others' survival in this world.

While caste system directs the Indian society of Veeresalingam's novel, class stratification is one of the major issues discussed in *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The Vicar is aware of the difference between the riches and rags. His wife Deborah wishes that both her daughters be married to Princes. But the Vicar warns her time and again against entertaining vain and impractical hopes and reminds her of their conditions.

A touch of autobiographical element is evident in Goldsmith's novel. Being a writer, Goldsmith presents the predicament of the writers in 18th century. The reflections of Goldsmith's life can be perceived in the character of George, the Vicar's son, who attempts to establish his career as a writer. Goldsmith, in the words of George, throws a satire at the world of the learned : "Every man of them was employed in praising his friends on himself, and condemning his enemies; and fortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification, neglect."[8]

While Goldsmith portrays the reflections of his own personality and predicament as a writer in the character of George, Veeresalingam selects incidents from his own life to make the narrative more trenchant. In his Autobiography, Veeresalingam says that the description of Rajasekharudu's house is the description of his own house. When he refers to the superstitions, quacks and sorcerers, he recollects his own experiences. In his Autobiography, he lists out all his experiences with the different aspects of Indian life, which find place in *Rajasekhara Charitramu* to give a realistic touch to the novel.

Goldsmith and Veeresalingam come to us, in these novels, as writers with commitment. Veeresalingam has established his reputation as the pioneer of women's emancipation. He started journals like Satihitha Bodhini (1883) and Sri Viveka Vardhini (1874), which propagated women's emancipation and fought against atrocities on women. In his Autobiography, Veeresalingam refers to the reactions of the Sankaracharya to the widow remarriages. He and his followers announced that Veeresalingam, along with his thirty followers who performed widow remarriages, is excommunicated. In spite of these threats, Veeresalingam stood firm in his principles and tried to propagate his ideals through his writings. The reflections of these incidents are conspicuous in this novel.

In his *Brahma Vivahamu* (Brahmin marriage), Veeresalingam depicts the pathetic condition of the widows. In *Rajasekhara Charitramu* also Veeresalingam portrays the dreadful situation of the widows. The widow sister of Rajasekharudu is the best example of the widows of the contemporary society. She takes shelter in her brother's house and her status deteriorates to that of a cook. When she is sick, the family members are worried that there is no body to cook for them but not otherwise.

The heart-rending fate of the widows is described at length. The widows are subjected to starvation by their own parents. Although they are young and beautiful, they are deprived of good clothes and ornaments. They are not even allowed to comb their hair. The moment a widow reaches her parents, she is treated like a servant by sisters-in-law. To this is added the superstition that a widow's presence is ominous. The novelist expresses his agony for the widows. He criticises the attitude of the parents.

He questions their mercilessness for they curse their own daughters, whom they loved immensely earlier, with cruel restrictions.

Veeresalingam was an ardent supporter of women's education. He strongly condemns ignorance and illiteracy prevalent particularly among women. Rajasekharudu educates his daughter Rukmini, although in those days women were deprived of education. People criticise Rajsekharudu for educating his daughter but afraid of losing favours from him, they pretend as if they too support women's education although they detest it in their heart of hearts.

Goldsmith broods over the lack of right kind of education. He says about his daughter Olivia, "...a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another."[9] He believes that a person is the product of his education. Veeresalingam, an ardent supporter of women's education, sketches the bright character of an intelligent woman and he thinks that it is the triumph of her education. Rukmini, who unfortunately misses her people, wears male attire and acts as a man. Eventually she reaches her parents. Her episode is very remarkable in the novel, because it brings out the prominence of women's education and throws light on the character of Rukmini. "It is not her own greatness but Saraswati inhabitated in her that taught her act in such a fabulous way. No one, who knows about the tremendous power of education will wonder saying that this is a great adventure.[10]

Veeresalingam strongly criticises the way daughters-in-law are treated by their mothers-in-law. Daughters-in-law were found fault with at each and every instance. They were treated like slaves. It was a crime to talk to their husbands during the day. To this added the presence of sisters-in-law. Married women were beaten by their husband, mother-in-law and sisters-in-law. The condition of the daughters-in-law is pathetically depicted in Veeresalingam's another renowned novel *Satyavathi Charitramu*.

The harassments by the mothers-in-law were endured patiently by the women because they could see a ray of hope in the future. But to their utter dismay, it soon disappears, for 'the visible God' husband entertained illicit relationship and ill-treated the wife. Veeresalingam, in this context, says that the foolish, illiterate women knew only one yardstick to measure husband's love — jewellery. They considered themselves fortunate if they are adorned with gold. Their discretion cannot go beyond this level, because they are ignorant and illiterate. Not only Veeresalingam presents the achievements of an educated woman but also depicts the darkness which encompasses the lives of uneducated women.

Here he also explores the man-woman relations. Wife is neither respected nor loved by husband. Woman, in her various roles, is exploited both by men and women. Particularly men could communicate with women only in the language of exploitation. One of the reasons for this is, Veeresalingam suggests, ignorance which crops up from illiteracy.

Another evil in the contemporary society was child marriage. Girls were married off before attaining puberty. People believed that if any girl attains puberty before marriage, her parents along with her should drown in the river. That family is exelcommunicated. Veeresalingam strived hard to abandon this evil from the society. He firmly believed that child marriages lead to widowhood. To prove the absurdity and cruelty of child marriage, he presents negotiations for a marriage between Rajasekharudu's second daughter and a middle-aged man.

Veeresalingam exposes the pseudo-spiritual people. In his 'Autobiography', he refers to a Swami, whose disciples were womanisers. He incorporates a real life incident to make the novel more effective. The 'swamy' presented here is himself a womaniser. The novelist voices his opinion through one of his characters when he says that the spiritual people are sages for name's sake but in anger no body can match them.

Veeresalingam has taken inspiration from Goldsmith but he breathes life into the novel by giving local colour to it. He himself says in his Autobiography that he changed his idea of translating Goldsmith's novel because he thought that it will not appeal to the Telugu people. He moulds his novel as a faithful mirror to Telugu life. The novel represents Telugu country, Telugu life, caste system, traditions, customs, social evils and all other dimensions of life. '*The Vicar of Wakefield*' is England in microcosm whereas *Rajasekhara Charitramu* is Andhra in microcosm.

Women characters of these novels represent the women of their respective countries. Rajasekharudu's wife remains a shadow of her husband. The Vicar's wife manipulates the lives of her daughters. Rukmini suffers for no fault of hers. She is victimised by the society. Olivia receives punishment for her foolishness. Women in Telugu novel are illiterate, ignorant, superstitious, exploited by family and society. Women in Goldsmith's novel are entitled for education, given considerable freedom and they are not cursed by the evils like child marriage, widowhood and superstitions. But still Veeresalingam's Rukmini comes out triumphant with a little education whereas Olivia is doomed due to lack of right kind of education. Deborah manipulates things, fails and witnesses calamities. Manikyamba remains passive, also witnesses calamities but wins ultimately by being a sincere follower of her husband.

Veeresalingam does not give any importance to the marital bond of the protagonist. Except referring to the ideal wifehood of Manikyamba and material pleasures she is provided with, the novelist does not present any psychological attachment between her and her husband. The Vicar talks about his relationship with his wife. He explains how he loves his wife with all her faults. He says, "However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other."[11]

The depiction of women characters in Veeresalingam is picturesque. But there is hardly any psychological analysis. Whereas Goldsmith analyses the characters brilliantly. Olivia and Sophia are no doubt portrayed as beautiful women but not merely as beautiful women. The Vicar says,

> "the temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features; at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with the vivacity when I was gay; the other with

> her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together."[12]

Rajasekharudu and the Vicar have similar qualities like generosity, credulousness and inoffensiveness. But they differ from each other greatly. The Vicar is wise and practical and prefers to lead a simple life, whereas Rajasekharudu is taken away by flattery, has no practical bent of mind and prefers to lead a pompous life. Throughout the novel, the Vicar keeps reminding his family about their financial status and the hiatus between the rich and the poor. Rajasekharudu lacks this discretion and he is responsible for the misery of his family. The Vicar is rational by nature and Rajasekharudu learns to be rational from his experiences.

Goldsmith, in this novel, seems to say that character is destiny. It is the wicked Thornhill who ruins the life of Olivia. But Olivia's vulnerability and foolishness are also responsible for her own misery. Veeresalingam also proves the dictum that character is destiny. But unmanipulated events and natural calamities also play a crucial role in the novel. The same involvement is found in the Vicar. But the cruciality of this compared to that of the characters is less.

Rajasekhara Charitramu is the development of the character Rajasekharudu. What sort of a man he is by nature and how he turns out to be a sagacious man is the subject of the novel. The novel is about the complete transformation of the character of Rajasekharudu, while his basic virtuousness remains the same. Although many major and minor incidents take place in the novel, they are reactions to the actions of Rajasekharudu. It is a novel of formation. And it also educates the readers about the contemporary conditions. It also teaches the readers how to live and let others live. Veeresalingam selects Krishna Jagapati Maharaja for his mouth-piece to reflect the message given by Goldsmith, when he tells Rajasekharudu : "Greatness lies in recovering after fall but not in never falling."[13]

Goldsmith, in his novel, conveys that virtue, although punished temporarily, will ultimately be rewarded. One should not lose patience and endurance. Veeresalingam adds to the message saying that discretion is the foremost requirement of a successful life. Goldsmith makes the Vicar act as a commentator on the fate of his family by adapting first person point of view. Veeresalingam himself performs the role of narrator describing the nature and predicament of Rajsekharudu by presenting the novel in third person point of view.

With all the similarities and differences between the two, Veeresalingam's novel is not a translation of the Vicar. But it proves to be a master-piece in Telugu literature and the best example of Veeresalingam's genius as a writer and his commitment as a social reformer. He has rightly chosen Goldsmith's novel and has also rightly modified it to awaken the contemporary readers from their carefree slumber. *Rajasekhara Charitramu* contributed a great deal to Telugu literature as the first novel in Telugu and also as a record and critique of the contemporary times.

NOTES

1. In 1867, Kokkonda Venkataratnam Pantulu published *Mahasvetha.* In 1872, Narahari Gopala Krishnama Chetty published *Sri Rangaraju Charitramu. Rajasekhara Charitramu* is the first novel in Telugu, in its complete sense. It is a very important milestone in the history of Telugu literature.
2. Akkiraju Ramapathi Rao ed., *Rajasekhara Charitramu* Vol. 3 of *Veeresalingam Rachanalu* (Vijayawada : Visalandhra Publishing House) 1985, p. iii.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 101.
4. Goldsmith, Oliver, *The Vicar of Wakefield* (London : Dent) 1976. p. XIII.
5. Quoted by J.M. Dent in his Introduction to *The Vicar of Wakefield* (London : Dent) 1976 p. v.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 50.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 47.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 118.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 35.
10. Akkiraju Ramapathi Rao, ed., *Rajasekhara Charitramu,* Vol. 3 of *Veeresalingam Rachanalu* (Vijayawada : Visalandhra Publishing House) 1985 p. 135.
11. Goldsmith, Oliver, *The Vicar of Wakefield* (London : Dent) 1976 p. 1.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 4.
13. Akkiraju Ramapathi Rao ed., *Rajasekhara Charitramu*, Vol. 3 of *Veeresalingam Rachanalu* (Vijayawada : Visalandhra Publishing House) 1985 p. 136.

Quotations from Telugu are translated by me.

66

Hardy, Thomas — Dorset Love

R.N. SARKAR*

I

One need not be too much interested in the special quality of love of a place, when time and place do not vitally change the nature of love; but one requires to be when love makes so extraordinary an appeal to a heart that sings in its own spontaneous style to distinguish itself and even the place where it vibrates. This is what happens with regard to Hardy and his Dorset. Only one word explains Hardy and nothing else, Hardy the man and Hardy the writer. The place, time and whatever else he may paint in whichever form — fiction, poetry and drama — Hardy does it with love. The irony of fate is, such a writer should appear pessimistic, yet he does because love turns a sort of bitter-sweet in his life and then in his literature.

Hardy was an architect as Conrad was a sailor, both turned to writing, Conrad rather accidentally, but Hardy not exactly, then how? makes all the difference from Conrad's case. He was never without writing engagement since he attained writing age, his first poem dates from early 1860s (complete works), the first story written in 1865, the first novel in 1867, at least four novels were complete, of them two quite important, when he was restoring St. Juliot. Till the year of his marriage Hardy remained equally active as a writer and architect, embracing yet the frequent indignity of rejection by the publishers and of unsympathetic criticism by the reviewers. What made Hardy then persist in his writing? Hardy made a comment on the prospect of happiness towards the close of his life, he would have been happier in his profession of an architect (M-104). There was really no external compulsion behind Hardy's turning to pen and to give up pencil and parchment, unlike Conrad he did not stumble upon it, it was his passion and passion prompted it. That is mainly why Hardy is ever poetic in his rendering of life whether it is in fiction or drama or verse.

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Hardy cannot be compared with any of his Victorian contemporaries. His case tempts me to compare him with a 20th century contemporary, although not for exact parallelism, but for a clear understanding of his position and his passion. Conrad is a displaced person trying to rehabilitate in a world of his creation, but Hardy is neither a displaced person nor has to rehabilitate himself anywhere, his Dorset root is too deep for that. In his life as also in his literary activity he made only a rare detour (as in *The Poor Man and the Lady, The Hand of Elhelberta*) essentially to retrace his steps. Hardy is for this reason considered mainly as a regional novelist, but he is not regional in the sense William Barnes is. The shift of a place is not matter much in literature, and its unshifted invariableness not a necessary quality. Hardy has no Eastern World and Western World indeed, has again no such varieties of interest like Political Anarchy, Migration, love and a sailor's experience of different lands and cultures, as in Conrad. Conrad's art has therefore more psychological a contour than Hardy's. Hardy more than compensates for this lack by an intensity of passion, not absolutely local, but entirely personal. Hardy has some personal passion that overspreads the whole world he paints and penetrates whatever he paints there. Conrad too had passion, but passion hardly ventured to scale beyond the social barrier, though he had more reason to do, himself weeded out of one social background and transplanted into another. He did not venture to militate against the Church prescription, even though passion taught him secretly to do. Conrad, therefore, remained secretive and became in that measure psychological. This psychology informed his style in different stages of his writing, an interesting subject taken up in *A Critical study of Josoph Conrad, Conrad : the Personality behind Principle* (1993). Hardy is neither transplanted nor secretive, but inspired by such a passionate intensity that he does not care for any prescription, and declares his love and passion as Shakespeare's Othello does. Othello knows he is a Moor and knows Desdemona may repulse from his ugliness, but yet he loves her. Hardy only does not love so violently nor his Desdemona (metaphorically to put) fell in love so romantically.

Conrad had early love in his own land and made love to in his European escapades, but the world knows how he tried to conceal not only from his Uncle Bobrowsky but also from the whole world. Baines, Sherry and Allen Jerry had to spend much labour to explore the 'suicide alibi' alone. His relationship with Poradowska is so much shrouded with mystery that even the 110 existing letters written by Conrad to her cannot apparently give one any clear idea. Even the two Yale University Editors could do nothing more than suggest what it was, but the secret relationship, not expressed on either side in clear language, did all the metamorphosis of style and imagery which *A Critical Study* has studied in 1993. Henniker is Hardy's Poradowska, whom Hardy met when already over 52 after nearly 30 years of his married life, met a young lady in her late thirties, then her husband a Major and she seemed not unhappy with him. Henniker was not really as exceptionally beautiful as Poradowska, nor met before his marriage as Poradowska was by Conrad nor even in her late widowhood as Poradowska's. Poradowska's three unsent letters that appear in Appendix to the Collection of Letters, all in French, reveal how Poradowska felt and yet reserved her feelings. Hardy first met her in Ireland where he accompanied by his wife paid his visit to the land as quest at Lt. Viceregal Lodge in Dublin. Henniker, Lt. Viceroy's sister, received them in Lord Viceroy's absence.

Poradowska belongs to the same social stratum as Conrad's own; the lady seems to secretly and psychologically guide Conrad's pen essentially all through, mainly lending force to the fashion of his rendering life, of Eastern and Western World, both. Henniker differs here, she does not, and cannot, mould Hardy's whole psychology, meeting him only in 1893. She is only a test case, and I take her only so, to characterize Hardy's quality of passion. Condrad never referred to Poradowska to his wife, all her letters were destroyed, though not clearly known presumably before Jessie's marriage with him, along with all Conrad's letters to Jessie Conrad. Never did Conrad say anything clearly to Poradowska, nor ventured to come into personal intimacy, which is clincally explained by Dr. B. Meyer in his '*Psychoanalytical Biography*' (1960). Hardy's response is immediate and direct, almost without any encouragement. The Couple's stay in Ireland for over two weeks in close intimacy with Henniker never claimed extra caution. Hardy was then in an urgent need of one to fall in love with. M. Millgate has put it rightly : 'He had of course been for some time engaged in an active search for someone to fall in love with, and there is no doubt that he "chose" Mrs. Henniker without much encouragement of what was going on.' (M. 336)

Hardy looked two tiers up his social status. He then counting his eminence as a solid support and took the first opportunity to declare his affection to her, 'Mrs. Henniker was briefly in London that same week, and Hardy went with her, and with her brother-in-law and sister, Sir Gerald and Lady Fitzgerald to see Ibsen's *The Master Builder* having already seen *Hedda Gabler* and *Rosmersholm* a few days previously. At the theatre Hardy found an opportunity for some private conversation with Mrs. Henniker and even for a declaration of affection, evidently received with distinct coolness'. (M. 337) This thing never happened in Conrad's life. He remained faithful to Jessie, all his psychological philandering passed off silently in the pre-marriage period of youthful romance. Conrad's marriage closed the chapter and left only a deeply psychological trail of transmutation of form and style of his work. The Conrad pair was equally incompatible only with a difference, here Conrad looked two tiers below for his bride in Baines's language 'on the rebound'; Hardy looked a single tier up when he met his bride at St. Juliot Rectory and had to live an incompatible conjugal life, unlike Conrad of course without any children to prevent immediate impact. Millgate, Pinion and Second Mrs. Hardy have done the job for us and I need not go into details to say Hardy was an insatiated ungratified person although already at the peak of his glory.

Hardy was almost a love child, less than five and a half months (M. 15) after his mother's marriage, born really very low, mother with a career of club house cook and father an architect-cum-choir man, but born with a tremendous force of passion that formed him into a Victorian Angry Young Man, more potent in protest than Osborne's hero in '*Look Back in Anger*', more endowed with subtlety than can be found in his contemporary young Whitman (American). Whatever impressed him too deeply, and whatever might stand opposed to it his anger burst out into passion and passion coloured his vision. With this native depth of feeling he did not require any external support for his philosophy, much less any European or ancient Greek padding. Hardy knows he is a meliorist, he is not at all wrong to explain his case so, for him objective truth and subjective feeling do not stand apart, they are one and indivisible. Love in any form is exactly like that, if of course genuine. It must bear the weight of the whole being. Such a love Hardy always had, and with that love he organized materials of his collection and gave them a shape no matter how hostile the world may stand against it.

Hardy's love, I mean love for women, is essentially endowed with this irresistible force. If one isolates it from the rest of his being's potential urge one is likely to misjudge it and miscalculate Hardy's rendering of it in his tales. Hardy's behaviour to Henniker was that of an impulsive child who hardly cares to consider the other side of its appeal. Conrad waited for a lately made widow of a high-placed soldier husband, the author was not then an author, nor was then beyond his late thirties, yet never openly made any offer of love or marriage, rather left her free to act. But Hardy would not consider the lady's side, a high placed woman, her husband equally high placed in status, if she does not agree to play false to her husband's faith she cannot be blamed, rather should anywhere be appreciated. But Hardy's reaction to her coldness is rather impulsive, at that age (aged 52) childish. Hardy took note in *The Life* : 'I often think women, even those who consider themselves experienced in sexual strategy, do not know how to manage an honest man' (p. 257).

Hardy's dealings with Henniker was persistence on his own line, now somewhat discreet, now not at all, Millgate's analysis of this chapter of Hardy's life gives this idea (M. 337-39). Henniker's letters to Hardy of this crucial period are lost, destroyed by Hardy. Only Hardy's side could be now assessed and through the reflected elements Henniker's reactions could be adjudged though not as concretely as could have been with all Henniker's letters in our possession, just Poradowska's case with all her letters to Conrad lost to the world. Hardy's side of reaction lends support to the view that the lady never offered any encouragement to Hardy, either before or after Hardy's onesided overture. Only the English translation of a French verse by the lady sent to him is explained by Hardy's critics and Hardy himself as a little 'coquettish'. Better the passage is quoted here :

We are together, — her eyes were wet,
But her pride was strong, & no tears would fall;
And I would not rell her I loved her yet,
And yearned to forgive her all!
So, now That our lives are for ever apart,
She thinks — 'Oh! had I but wept that day!'
And I ask in vain of my lonely heart—
'Ah! why did I turn away?' (M. 338)

The passage may be explained in a different way and along with its true purpose the correspondent at the other end sought to serve, particularly if we want to relate it to the reaction at this end. The reaction is one of peremptory nature, the 'lonely heart' would not rest content without the minimum the lady could do — 'manage an honest man', better say 'a sincere man'. A high born lady, 'experienced in sexual strategy' as Hardy claims, a writer herself and with inherited refinement knew obviously how to soothe and humour a bleeding heart, the heart of a writer who deals with other hearts. The passage is more suggestive in implication than Conrad's veiled appeal to Poradowska's heart as in this passage :

...This evening I feel as if I am in a corner, spine broken, nose in the dust. Will you have the kindness to pick up the poor little devil, put him gently in your apron, introduce him to your dolls, let him play at dinners with the others?...(Letter 32)

Henniker sent that passage of translation at the end of more than a month's continued one-sided provocation in whatever form it may be, from Hardy, then an established author and still deliberately insistent : '...a little later, Hardy threatened, with ostensible playfulness, to give lessons in architecture to other attractive women of their acquaintance' (M. 338). Henniker too responded, as a practising writer to an established one should, when that one was so much insistent. Mrs. Henniker's response, however regaling to Hardy, never prevented her to air her 'views upon morality in general and marriage in particular' (M. 338). Hardy's letter of July 16 notes these views 'too rigidly conventional to allow of any relationship that went beyond the strictly platonic.' (*ibid.*)

With regard to every woman Hardy cared to take an interest in the pattern of response and reaction is almost the same, whatever little variation there is, is mainly due to the type of reciprocation from the other side. His response from the very early age to female beauty is known to the world, in *The Life* is described Hardy's love for the landowner's wife a woman about 40 years and he about ten (19). Henniker's conventional behaviour hurt his feelings, as did another married woman's behaviour of a still later date, Gertrudge Bugler hurt Hardy's feelings in still more curious a way, a dorset beauty from a lower level of society. Between these two love peccadillos, one at Hardy's 52nd and the other at his eightieth year, one can conveniently locate the position of another woman's relationship with Hardy, this time an unmarried young lady then in her 25th year of age, Hardy in his 64th year. The background of this lady's life corresponds nearly with that of Jessie's life. This lady Florence Dugdale was then trying to get out of her teaching profession and trying her hand at writing. Florence Dugdale came almost at Jessie's age and almost like that as a second choice and therefore a little deliberately made, Millgate's treatment of this subject in '*The Biography*' clearly suggests (M. 444-47). If Henniker is Hardy's Poradowska then Dugdale is Hardy's Jessie. Emma always remains a different case, a case of a marriage altogether a mistake, a mistake detected.

Henniker is the one extreme Gertrudge the other, just in-between Florence Dugdale, in Hardy's life of amour. Other unsettled flighty contacts are of the same consequence as the permanent settled state with Emma Gifford, if a bit of simplification of a complex syndrome is allowed. Neither Emma nor all of them together could settle Hardy in his emotional life. At St. Juliot Hardy was tricked into marriage first tricked by Emma's married sister, then by Emma herself; Hardy later felt it like that, Millgate's analysis of the whole affairs supports it very closely : 'There can be little doubt that Hardy's engagement and eventual marriage to Emma Gifford were in some measure calculated outcome of a conspiracy...' (123). 'But it is not impossible that Emma desperate at twenty-nine to catch and hold the man who had so fortuitously intruded upon the isolation of St. Juliot had permitted sexual intimacy and then announced a real, imagined or pretended pregnancy — "the thing we found had to face before the next years prime".' (129)

Had there been no such tricks played Emma could only belong to a temporary flirting phase and remain one of the many such other women in his life, Hardy is too impulsive to retain the impression however deeply made upon his young mind. Emma's beauty was not real, it could catch only the eye and act nothing more than a flare in his mind. Without marriage she could remain another Eliza Nicholls — 'a relationship which seems always to have been somewhat one-sided, with the commitment greater and deeper on her part than on his' (M. 85). His marriage with Emma disillusioned him and then her too, and showed a widening gap in the course of time till her death in 1912, thereby keeping alive a low burning gleam of desire yet unsatiated. Had this marriage been after Hardy's contact with Henniker, Emma could be Hardy's Jessie. Conrad's disillusionment was immediate (Baines has recorded it). Poradowska proved to be far more psychological a cramp and more immediate. Dugdale occupies the position of Jessie in the life of Hardy and not in so silent and so instant a manner as could be rendered in Baines's word 'in the rebound'. Conrad's five years of waiting, I should say silent waiting, were therefore, more psychological in impact upon his work and in his life. Hardy did not wait like that, he was already married to Emma as early as 1874, but yet left psychologically and emotionally an unsettled man, unguarded ungratified altogether.

This must have moulded his attitude to women and his treatment of them in his novels and stories and curiously given vent to his moods in different poems of different periods.

F.E. Dugdale's place in Hardy's life is not flightly as it has been with Eliza Nicholls and Tryphena to take only two among those few others. She came and Hardy had not searched for her, as Jessie did in Conrad's life. But when she came she ventured to make room for herself. She is a moderately elegant woman with some writing aspiration. Hardy's reaction to Dugdale is qualitatively different, different from his reactions to Henniker. Henniker's position, personality and personal beauty were more compelling an impact upon Hardy's mind. Dugdale lacked those qualities at least partly; so when she gripped Hardy's mind, gripped by her devotion and unsolicited service to his literary programme (M. 464-67). Of course Hardy has not denied her due respect as a woman, as he has done with regard to an unmarried scheming American lady RebeKah Owen (M. 327-28). RebeKah Owen is Hardy's Jane Anderson, kept at bay as J. Anderson was by Conrad (John Conrad — 109). Dugdale was long left hibernating, from her first meeting him at Max Gate, ironically in the company of Henniker, in 1905 (M. 446) to 1914 when the marriage took place. Like Jessie Conrad she could lay no deep psychological impact upon Hardy's mind and his writing although she remained like Jessie the writer of the two volumes of her husband's life.

Henniker was in close touch with Dugdale, but her relationship with Hardy settled into a sort of unexciting literary exchange of views and collaboration. But new hope perhaps got throbbing in him when Alexander Henniker, Mrs. Henniker's husband, died in February 1912, at least set of circumstances and Hardy's style of adjustment lead one to think so. Already Dugdale penetrated deep into the Max Gate establishment and Hardy's own literary programme, rather too deep to retrieve, yet Hardy could not propose a formal marriage before April 16, 1913 (M. 494). Millgate's record of Hardy's unsolicited visit to 'Mrs. Henniker's house in Suffolk when Florence was there in the role of secretary and companion' (M. 490) and that in the month of April, obviously before Hardy's formal proposal. What transpired out of this visit Millgate has not confided to the world and he need not do so. Hardy may not talk any proposal, any such step on Hardy's part must have been unscrupulous, particularly in Dugdale's presence. Hardy possibly did not mean it, he meant only his silent presence. Conrad's knowledge of Poradowska's presence at Passy so late in his life served him only an artistic purpose (S. 239). The presence must do its work, and Hardy must know what, and decide how to act. The difference from Conrad's case is obvious. Conrad took into account Poradowska's existence in Passy and laid the scene of his last novel then in an area very close to that place (S. chap. 17) and introduced her under the mask of the heroine. Hardy is not content with only literary reconstruction of Henniker's identity. He pays the visit and forms the impression and acts upon it.

We do not clearly know what was Hardy's message to Henniker when he met her at her house in April, but sure enough this visit was very crucial a little before Hardy's formal proposal to Dugdale. Hardy's two letters to Henniker just after this marriage are referred to in Millgate's *Biography*. The second letter appears to be a covert dig at the lady's irresilient stance. The relevant part of the letter is better quoted here :

"I am surprised that you were surprised at the step we have taken — such a one seeming an obvious one to me, being as I was so lonely and helpless. I think I told in my last letter that I am very glad she knew Emma well, and was liked by her even during her latter years, when her mind was a little unhinged and she showed unreasonable dislikes." (495)

The earlier letter was obviously written at least when Hardy had already decided upon his second marriage, if not after this marriage or his formal communication of a marriage offer to the lady. One can see clear Hardy cannot meet Henniker after he has written this letter, he met then before marriage, and quite reasonable before he decided and actually extended the offer. Already Hardy's earlier loves were either dead or disbanded (M. 494). Henniker never earlier encouraged or fell in line with Hardy's covert style of intimacy. Yet he paid the visit fortuitously or purposely in presence of the lady he thought to have proposed to, at a time when Henniker were already widowed and already in her 58th year. Hardy expected perhaps she too might feel 'lonely' like him. But he must have found her a different kind of woman. He must have after years of experience learnt how better to deal with her. He once in his early contact and rapture had been aggressively so much open that a servant of the George Inn thought her Mrs. Hardy and 'showed them both into a bedroom' (M. Note 340). Long twenty years of acquaintance must have taught an author of over forty years standing how to make the approach, if he at all thought it desirable. Hardy's unscheduled visit to Henniker at that crucial moment of his life must have been his adopted style itself.

Hardy's marriage with F. Dugdale settled like frost after a flare. The long story is as thoroughly recounted in Millgate's *Biography* as it is not in her *Life.* To sum the whole story up is to refer to the two publications, his *Satires of Circumstances* and his *Moments of Vision,* one just in the marriage year on November 17 republished and the other only three years later on December 8, 1917 (499, 514). This slump in Hardy's recognition of Dugdale's contribution to his emotional life, emotional life because Hardy was not lax in his recognition of her service in his literary programme. There she acts more like Mrs. Jessie Conrad, both good typist and virtually act like secretary to their husbands, quite unlike the hostility of Emma, a hostility rather rude in expression. After the publication of *Satires of Circumstances* Dugdale never passed beyond such occasional expression as 'I am an utter failure if my husband can publish such sad sad book'. (M. 499)

Emma had practically no understanding and no proper appreciation of Hardy's greatness; she claimed herself a class apart, and Hardy's family a step below her level and could never respect his blood and consequently his genius. She claimed her language even better equipped to express ideas than Hardy's language and consider Hardy's vision altogether wrong in some of his novels. 'Believing she was her husband's superior in birth, family connections and education, slightly his inferior in literary gifts...' (395). The mind and spirit behind this claim and substantiated by the whole Chap., 'Keeping Separate', in Millgate's book can never be attributed to Dugdale. She is a different kind of lady who could appreciate Hardy's genius and initiated her contact by appreciating it. Hardy gracefully acknowledged it as he had very wisely indulged first Mrs. Hardy all through their married life, indulged to a state of virtual separation under the same roof, yet always ready to absorb any amount of uprovoked assault from her side. Hardy's married life remained an awful experience of an ungratified passionate (in the original sense of the term) young man down to his old age. Perhaps Dugdale could act a true wife's role in Hardy's life as much as Jessie could in Conrad's life with no Emma nagging in that position already nearly shrewish in her sway therein. Hardy made the highest sacrifice of his creature's comfort and his very natural relationship with Bockhampton. Prudently Hardy kept Max Gate and Bockhampton apart and never urged Emma to pay a visit to Jemina, his mother. The strain that he had undergone was sought to be a little relaxed in an emotional personal relationship with a woman, the attempt remarkably failed in relation to Henniker, it could have succeeded with Dugdale, if she did not appear close after the cramp of Hardy's Henniker experience and its slow subterranean continuance all through. This is exactly Jessie's position in the post-Poradowska period of Conrad's life.

Jessie adjusted Conrad's home, John Conrad is all praise to his mother in his book, she knew almost nothing of the Poradowska episode of Conrad's life, an episode that eluded long even critics, at least before Baines (1960). F. Dugdale began adjusting even before she became second Mrs. Hardy. She knew something of Hardy's life, then came to know everything of his life. Her first visit to Max Gate was according to on of her accounts in the company of Mrs. Henniker (M. 446) with prior permission of Emma. She knew how to play her role between Hardy and unappreciating Mrs. Hardy and was cautious not to offend her. This is, however, an added burden and something more than Jessie's untried ability. Emma's death revealed Hardy in his essential element, a husband sorely lamenting unintended injustice done to her. Hardy considered all that a mere mischance, both his and her struggle against each other. All Hardy's verses in those two publications noted above make Hardy's passionate absorption in the opposite direction clear. His last passionate expiation is *The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Corwall* which must have offended most Hardy's second wife, it is 'a poetic drama whose theme and setting obviously derived from the emotional and geographical circumstances of his long ago meeting with Emma Gifford in Cornwal in 1870' (M. 550). Although it 'astonished his publisher and almost everyone else' it remained yet a Famous Tragedy and the tragedy of his Queen, privately for him. Such is Hardy's force of passion in any direction, and this force essentially enforced his love, the quality of his vision and also his art anywhere in any form, prose, verse or drama. Hardy's second wife too could not fully appreciate it, although she alone was very near to such an appreciation. Emma his first wife, is now Queen of Cornwall, remained totally unappreciative, rather blinded by her all too lazy a prejudice of her class and quality, which must have been formed and confirmed his class view in all his short stories in particular.

Neglectful Emma remained neglected while alive, dying she came alive his Queen, such was Hardy's power of idealization under the direct influence of his native force of passion, passion that does not honour its puritan principle, rather breaks into a Pagan extravaganza that converted Conrad's Kurtz and very well converted Hardy's reader, though it may not some passionless inert critics, as one Bishop William Walsham How (M. 372). This power has guided all through Hardy's principle and this has guided also his personality. Hardy's passionate Emma-worship left his second wife secretly complaining. Hardy was not at all cruel to her, but Hardy's nature set him upon such a course of creation that took his mind and stole his heart too completely to leave him free to consider the practical side of life. In whichever direction Hardy's passion led him Hardy allowed himself to be carried free in his life as well as in his work, no affection and no hypocritical posturing held him up any moment of his life and in any style of his writing. He seems there the original man as far as two thousand years of Christian culture could leave him free to remain.

Emma's unlove left Hardy seeking love wherever he could. They had no children, a few cats and dogs filled the vacuum as far as animals could in man's life. Hardy could have been the most loving husband if he got the right woman to steal his heart and charm his eyes. He had the Hellenic eye of beauty and therefore christianity could not cut him to its size. Beauty could easily catch his eye, passion could prod him to a romantic vision of a Pagan. Henniker thus caught him and coloured his art, as she did in *Jude the Obscure,* Dugdale could not, only served as Jessie did in Conrad's life. Emma caught his eye but could not steal his heart, dying she seized his heart and left the eye to stray looking for the charm he lost and qot it after a long stretch of humdrum sort of life when Gertrudge Bugler floated upon his vision. Only heaped up glory and recognition could not silence in their din the persistent passion damned up long but yet not dead in him. Hardy had friends enough when he rose to eminence, adorers a lot, even among them many ladies from Henniker's level of society, but none reached that level of Hardy's passion where he was languishing. Henniker remained a friend, even an adorer, but the special nature of her position did not allow her to heal the sore.

Gertrudge Bugler appeared as Hardy's Dorset nymph in late years of his life, not before he was seventy-third year of age while she was impersonating Marty South (M. 510). This casual contact was slowly making itself perceptible two years after Hardy's second marriage in a good deal of revision and expansion in the Wessex scenes from *The Dynasts* to suit this sylvan queen of his guest. Within two years of marriage F. Dugdale faced a real crisis in her married life and took some wary steps, first to persuade Hardy as early as 1916 not to be too indulgent to a country maid, then perhaps failing in her attempt retraced her steps and humoured Hardy to accompany him to Gertrudge playing Bathsheba in April 1921 (M. 535-36). She consoled herself thinking Gertrudge would be soon married. She was, but still Hardy's interest in her histrionic skill and her impersonation of Hardy heroines continued, rather further deepened into a sort of infatuation (M. 556-58). Mrs. Hardy played an intriguing part secretly meeting Gertrudge and persuading her out of the stage in 1924. Gertrudge really proved Hardy's Tess with her idyllic charm of the body when Hardy only escaped being Alec as far as he could with his eminence and culture at his age. The force of passion remains the same and Hardy's involvement irresistible, at least psychologically. Henniker and Gertrudge were the two extremes of socio-cultural scales, one two-tiers up Hardy's level and the other two-tiers below, one highly cultured and the other not, the common point of Hardy's infatuation is a graceful womanly beauty, no matter whether the person is a lady or a dairy woman's daughter, already married or not married at all. Once Hardy is charmed by beauty and grace he is irresistible and not held back by any other consideration but the woman's unwillingness or direct rejection.

II

Hardy's life of passion of this nature directs the view and colours the vision in his whole work. In a sense Hardy the man is more close to his work than any other major writers of his time. Conrad is only psychologically, Hardy is not psychologically so much as tangibly. His art is passion guided, his fiction is the fact of passion, his whole being is passion, love is only one curious mode of expression, also the sure projection of his being. He is passionate in everything, passionate in his love for the place of his birth, passionate in his susceptibility to beauty, in his reaction to human sufferings, even in his real or imaginary personal injustice to anybody (as for example to Emma) and above all in his vision of life. This quality of the being cannot be cultivated, nor can be acquired by any means, nor can be derived, it is rather the innate power of the being, underived, untaught and original. Shelley had this power in a different way to use, seeking and finding support from external sources; but Hardy is too original to need any such support. Whatever he writes and does in any form, that force guides him. We, therefore, find Sue the transcript of Henniker, Eustacia the representation of Emma and his concept of love remains as he felt stirring in him all through at the smack of beauty. Marriage is a social institution, if it resists this love or retard it, like Shelley Hardy cannot indulge it. More bitter a tragedy of marriage than Sue's in *Jude the Obscure* is rarely to be found in any other novel of this period. Marriage is often an ironical face-lift to all sorts of hypocritical misdeeds in so many stories of Hardy. Tess and Sue are the two very complex young women characters of Hardy, in whose life along with others Rosemarie Morgan has taken up the question of sex in her research paper, *Women and Sexuality,* one supposed to be a 'passive victim', the other 'passion denied' by the Victorian critics. Rosemarie has not seen them so, but did not account for why Hardy painted them so, she has only underscored Hardy's method.

Hardy has not taken sex from love, perhaps he has not seen any reason to do. Hardy is passionate himself in everything and therefore painted the work of passion and what damage it may cause as a natural concomitant, of course not with a moral or ethical view of it, as one may expect. Alec and Angel in one story, Jude, Phillotson and the Christminster scholar in the other are painted as varied models of passion against which the two women characters are drawn for a complex drama of love and marriage in life, Hardy has not specially thought of the element of sex, as Rosemarie seems to suppose he did; he has never thought of sex as a distinct element apart from love. Love is Hardy's subject, sex is not, or better say, sex is as far as it can be identified with love, or embedded in it. Marriage is not an important issue in Hardy's novels and stories, particularly when it conflicts with love, just the case in Hardy's own life. He married Emma, then F. Dugdale, but more important was in his life the appearance of Henniker and Gertrudge Bugler who gave him an inner stir, made him feel something he did not feel in the company of his married wives. Beauty is as good an exciting factor as sufferings and deprivation in the world to him.

Tess is a model of Dorset beauty, and for that reason Hardy sought that role to be impersonated by another Dorset beauty, his latest find, Gertrudge Bugler. Rosemarie seems to complain, the critics denied her the proper measure of sex. Hardy painted her in his own way, he did not deny her the right measure of love, and left her less exciting, less aggressive as an object of love for others, as Gertrudge Bugler in her maiden state proved to be in Hardy's late years. Tess's love is only to be cut down to the proper measure of marriage. She is quite different, duly under the impact of Hardy's Henniker experience, as I have already pointed out. Hardy's Henniker experience was not of what she really was, but exactly of what he thought and felt her to be. Hardy was not really an observer in her case, he was duly an involved party, led by his own passionate urge, as Jude, Phillotson and that Christminster scholar were in their three specific ways. Sue's kind of love could not adjust to any, yet she had love that cannot be accommodated to the kind of marriage she had with Phillotson. Her marriage was a bondage that love required to break loose, but the tragedy is, the bondage is too tight to be unloosed. Hardy viewed Henniker's case like that though reality could be far otherwise. For Hardy marriage is an institution, but love is not, it cannot be institutionalized. He is Shelleyan in view, but not Shelley. Hardy's poems are not Shelleyan lyrics. They are all too personal to be Shelleyan, only at times a step ahead of his personal experience for a philosophic idealization of experience, not based upon any philosophic principle.

Some of the best poems of Hardy are really an extension of the personal experience of the poet, only not Byronic personality, puissant in presence, but personality melting into a sort of love. Only in this way one can explain 'Shelley's Skylark' which Hardy composed in March 1887. The same love that sends the faeries seeking—

'...go and find
That tiny pinch of priceless dust
And bring a casket silver-lined,
And framed of gold that gems encrust'—

embraces Nature of the Dorset district :

'Why not sempiternal
thou and I? Our vernal
Brightness keeping,
Time out leaping;
Passed the hodiernal' (To Outer Nature)

For Shelley's bird and for Outer Nature Hardy's reaction is the same personal love, too personal to be Shelleyan or Wordsworthian, though he alone of his time stands undeviatingly closest to the Romantic euphoria, never caring yet to step immediately into any philosophic principle.

Hardy's human love, love for beauty and grace and all that human form, and taste and culture of the human mind can excite, stands supreme and sends him winking at anything that spoils it. For this Hardy's positive values appear negative and his approach pessimistic, particularly in his great novels. Hardy's philosophy is only an extended feeling of an intimately personal kind. Thus 'The Bedridden Peasant' provoked Hardy to complain 'to an unknown God'—

'Much wonder I — here long low-laid—
That this dead wall should be
Betwixt the Maker and the made,
Between Thyself and me!'

The tone of this philosophic inquiry is no great a deviation from the personal love that never materializes in 'At an Inn' :

'And we are left alone
As Love's own pair;
Yet never the love-light shone
Between us there!

* * *

O severing sea and land,
O laws of men,
Ere death, once let us stand
As we stood then!'

This happens queerly in a short story, 'The First Countess of Wessex' in as worldly a way as Hardy must have seen it occur in his neighbourhood, the young pair made the toys of the parents, the young lady's father made one choice for her, the mother another, while love or nature, whatever you like to call it, did its work just the same to the complete dislocation of their institution or custom. In many ways Hardy is Shelleyan, but his is not a revolt, but a love very like Shelleyan, yet not exactly Shellyan, not a love :

'The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.'

Hardy's love has no Elysian flight, it is bound down to the earth, it originates from his own being with the utmost sincerity of soul which Wordsworth had for nature, Shelley for his ideal and for which could easily idealize the real. Hardy could not, rather say, cared not to idealize his love, it is realized experience of his own. For this he often appears to be a Pagan rather than a Christian.

It is curious to note that Hardy's love turns to a languishing whimper. It was so because his life was like that, his personal experience confirmed him in the belief that human culture was hypocritical, customs and institutions not all agreeable to genuine human impulses, one like love. He had deep experience of love and class-criterion just opposed to true humanity, his private reaction was just the same in his life as in his work. His one great flight into the ideal in that epic drama '*The Dynasts*', inspired by Shelley's '*Prometheus Unbound*', reveals his difference from Shelley. Hardy is hauled down to the earth, Shelley is not. Hardy's hero is a European leader of men, a soldier, the spirit of the pities more like the voice of his bleeing heart and wessex scenes really the field of its echoes. Shelley's 'Prometheus' is emancipation of mankind idealized, and Hardy's 'Dynasts' a deprivation deeply realized, only structured on a vast scale.

Hardy's reading was not really very limited, but reading all through Hardy's life could hardly help him to form his idea of what is now a common term to define Hardy's vision, the Immanent Will; his personal love sometimes made him blind to the other side of things as love often does. And really did in relation to the two married women, Henniker and Gertrudge, at two stages of his life, to their married state, their fidelity to their husbands — and definitely led him further to form and justify an idea of an unloving disinterested indifferent Power moving the machine of this Universe. Neither Shelley nor Keats is a close parallel to him, not at all the Greek view of Destiny. He remains always original, as his ideas are only an extension of his personal entity, the man he is. There is no question of right or wrong there. His whole being is to be traced in all disparate elements of his ocuvre. Hardy wanted one to love and one to love him, and not finding one as he wanted in his whole life he found only unlove and ironically left his *Well Beloved* incomplete.

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67

Hardy, Thomas

Mr. Thomas Hardy has produced a series of novels of a fresh original character, specially illustrative of English peasant life and character : *Under the Greenwood Tree, Desperate Remedies, A Pair of Blue Eyes, Far from the Madding Crowd, The Hand of Ethelberta, The Return of the Native, The Trumpet Major*, and *A Laodicean*. The dialogues of his clowns and rustics remind one of Elizabethan times, and in some of the rural nooks of England much of this primitive style of ideas and expression may yet linger, while his style is quite unique. The following extracts are from *The Madding Crowd :*

THE GREAT BARN AND THE SHEEP-SHEARERS

Men thin away to insignificance and oblivion quite as often by not making the most of good spirits when they have them as by lacking good spirits when they are indispensable. Gabriel lately, for the first time since his prostration by misfortune, had been independent in thought and vigorous in action to a marked extent — conditions which, powerless without an opportunity, as an opportunity without them is barren, would have given him a sure and certain lift upwards when the favourable conjunction should have occurred. But this incurable loitering beside Bathsheba Everdene stole his time ruinously. The spring tides were going by without floating him off, and the neap might soon come which could not.

It was the first day of June, and the sheep-shearing season culminated, the landscape, even to the leanest pasture, being all health and colour. Every green was young, every pore was open, and every stalk was swollen with racing currents of juice. God was palpably present in the country, and the devil had gone with the world to town. Flossy catkins of the later kinds, fern-fronds like bishops crosiers, the square-headed moschatel, the odd cuckoo-pint — like an apoplectic saint in a niche of malachite — clean white lady's-smocks, the toothwort approximating to human flesh, the enchanter's nightshade, and the black-petaled doleful-bells were among the quainter objects of the vegetable world in and about Weatherbury at this teeming time; and of the animal, the metamorphosed figures of Mr. Jan Coggan, the master-shearer; the second and third shearers, who travelled in the exercise of their calling, and do not require definition by name; Henery Fray, the fourth shearer; Susan Tall's husband, the fifth; Joseph Poor-grass, the sixth; young Cain Ball as assistant-shearer, and Gabriel Oak as general supervisor. None of these were clothed to any extent worth mentioning, each appearing to have hit in the matter of raiment the decent mean between a high and low caste Hindu. An angularity of lineament and a fixity of facial machinery in general proclaimed that serious work was the order of the day.

They sheared in the great barn, called for the nonce the Shearing-barn, which on ground plan resembled a church with transepts. It not only emulated the form of the neighbouring church of the parish, but vied with it in antiquity. Whether the barn had ever formed one of a group of conventual buildings nobody seemed to be aware; no trace of such surroundings remained. The vast porches at the sides, lofty enough to admit a wagon laden to its highest with corn in the sheaf, were spanned by heavy pointed arches of stone, broadly and boldly cut, whose very simplicity was the origin of a grandeur not apparent in erections where more ornament has been attempted. The dusky, filmed, chestnut roof, braced and tied in by huge collars, curves, and diagonals, was far nobler in design, because more wealthy in material, than nin-tenths of those in our modern churches. Along each side-wall was a range of striding buttresses, throwing deep shadows on the spaces between them, which were perforated by lancet openings, combining in their proportions the precise requirements both of beauty and ventilation.

One could say about this barn, what could hardly be said of either the church or the castle, its kindred in age and style, that the purpose which had dictated its original erection was the same with that to which it was still applied. Unlike and superior to either of those two typical remnants of mediaevalism, the old barn embodied practices which had suffered no mutilation at the hands of time. Here at least the spirit of the builders then was at one with the spirit of the beholder now. Standing before this abraded pile, the eye regarded its present usage; the mind dwelt upon its past history with a satisfied sense of functional continuity throughout — a feeling almost of gratitude, and quite of pride, at the permanence of the idea which had heaped it up. The fact that four centuries had neither proved it to be founded on a mistake, inspired any hatred of its purpose, nor given rise to any reaction that had battered it down, invested this simple gray effort of old minds with a repose, if not a grandeur, which a too curious reflection was apt to disturb in its ecclesiastical and military compeers. For once mediævalism and modernism had a common stand-point. The lanceolate windows, the time-eaten arch-stones and chamfers, the orientation of the axis, the misty chestnut work of the rafters, referred to no exploded fortifying art or worn-out religious creed. The defence and salvation of the body by daily bread is still a study, a religion, and a desire.

To-day the large side-doors were thrown open towards the sun to admit a bountiful light to the immediate spot of the shearers' operations, which was the wood threshing-floor in the centre, formed of thick oak, black with age, and polished by the beating of flails for many generations, till it had grown as slippery and as rich in hue as the state-room floors of an Elizabethan mansion. Here the shearers knelt, the sun slanting in upon their bleached shirts, tanned arms, and the polished shears they flourished, causing them to bristle with a thousand rays strong enough to blind a weak-eyed man. Beneath them a captive sheep lay panting, increasing the rapidity of its pants as misgiving merged in terror, till it quivered like the hot landscape outside.

This picture of to-day in its frame of four hundred years ago did not produce that marked contrast between ancient and modern which is implied by the contrast of date. In comparison with cities. Weatherbury was immutable. The citizen's *Then* is the rustic's *Now*. In London, twenty or thirty years ago are old times; in Paris, ten years, or five; in Weatherbury, three or four score years were included in the mere present, and nothing less than a century set a mark on its face or tone. Five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter, the embroidery of of a smock-frock, by the breadth of a hair. Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase. In these nooks the busy outsider's ancient times are only old; his old times are still new; his present is futurity.

So the barn was natural to the shearers, and the shearers were in harmony with the barn.

The spacious ends of the building, answering ecclesiastically to nave and chancel extremities, were fenced off with hurdles, the sheep being all collected in a crowd within these two inclosures; and in one angle a catching pen was formed, in which three or four sheep were continuously kept ready for the shearers to seize without loss of time. In the background, mellowed by tawny shade, were the three women, Maryann Money, and Temperance and Soberness Miller, gathering up the fleeces, and twisting ropes of wool with a wimble for tying them round. They were indifferently well assisted by the old maltster, who, when the malting season from October to April had passed, made himself useful upon any of the bordering farmsteads. Behind all was Bathsheba, carefully watching the men, to see that there was no cutting or wounding through carelessness, and that the animals were shorn close.

A THUNDER-STORM

Bathsheba's property in wheat was safe for at any-rate a week or two, provided always that there was not much wind. Next came the barley. This it was only possible to protect by systematic thatching. Time went on, and the moon vanished, not to reappear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war. The night had a haggard look, like a sick thing; and there came finally an utter expiration of air from the whole heaven in the form of a slow breeze, which might have been likened to a death. And now nothing was heard in the yard but the dull thuds of the beetle which drove in the spars, and the rustle of the thatch in the intervals.

A light flapped over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air. It was the first arrow from the approaching storm, and it fell wide.

The second peal was noisy, with comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in Bathsheba's bedroom, and soon a shadow moved to and fro upon the blind.

Then there came a third flash. Manæuvres of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead. The lightning now was the colour of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape for at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was distinct as in a line engraving. In a paddock in the same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an ink stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving a darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

He had stuck his ricking-rod, groom, or poignard, as it was indifferently called — a long iron lance, sharp at the extremity and polished by handling — into the stack to support the sheaves. A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack — smart, clear, and short. Gabriel felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

Not a drop of rain had fallen as yet. He wiped his weary brow, and looked again at the black forms of the unprotected stacks. Was his life so valuable to him, after all? What were his prospects that he should be so chary of running risk, when important and urgent labour could not be carried on without such risk? He resolved to stick to the stack. However, he took a precaution. Under the staddles was a long tethering-chain, used to prevent the escape of errant horses. This he carried up the ladder, and sticking his rod through the clog at one end, allowed the other end of the chain to trail upon the ground. The spike attached to it he drove in. Under the shadow of this extemporised lightning-conductor he felt himself comparatively safe.

Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again, out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of the rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish — Bathsheba? The form moved on a step; then he could see no more.

'Is that you, ma'am?' said Gabriel to the darkness.

'Who is there?' said the voice of Bathsheba.

'Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching.'

'O Gabriel! and are you? I have come about them. The weather awoke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it; can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?'

'He is not here.'

'Do you know where he is?'

'Asleep in the barn.'

'He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour! Surely I can do something?'

'You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma'am; if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark,' said Gabriel. 'Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit.'

'I'll do anything!' she said, resolutely. She instantly took a sheaf upon her shoulder, clambered up close to his heels, placed it behind the rod, and descended for another. At her third ascent the rick suddenly brightened with the brazen glare of shining majolica; every knot in every straw was visible. On the slope in front of him appeared two human shapes, black as jet. The rick lost its sheen — the shapes vanished. Gabriel turned his head. It had been the sixth flash which had come from the east behind him, and the two dark forms on the slope had been the shadows of himself and Bathsheba.

Then came the peal. It hardly was credible that such a heavenly light could be the parent of such a diabolical sound.

'How terrible!' she exclaimed, and clutched him by the sleeve. Gabriel turned, and steadied her on her aërial perch by holding her arm. At the same moment, while he has still reversed in his attitude, there was more light, and he saw as it were a copy of the tall poplar tree on the hill drawn in black on the wall of the barn. It was the shadow of that tree, thrown across by a secondary flash in the west.

The next flare came. Bathsheba was on the ground now, shouldering another sheaf, and she bore its dazzle without flinching — thunder and all — and again ascended with the load. There was then a silence everywhere for four or five minutes, and the crunch of the spars, as Gabriel hastily drove them in, could again be distinctly heard. He thought the crisis of the storm had passed. But there came a burst of light.

'Hold on!' said Gabriel, taking the sheaf from her shoulder, and grasping her arm again.

Heaven opened then, indeed. The flash was almost too novel for its inexpressibly dangerous nature to be at once realised, and Gabriel could only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty. It sprang from east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones — dancing, leaping, striding, racing around, and mingling altogether in unparalleled confusion. With these were intertwined undulating snakes of green. Behind these was a broad mass of lesser light. Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout; since, though no shout ever came near it, it was more of the nature of a shout than of anything else earthly. In the meantime one of the grisly forms had alighted upon the point of Gabriel's rod, to run invisibly down it, down the chain, and into the earth. Gabriel was almost blinded, and he could feel Bathsheba's warm arm tremble in his hand — a sensation novel and thrilling enough; but love, life, everything human, seemed small and trifling in such close juxtaposition with an infuriated universe.

Oak had hardly time to gather up these impressions into a thought, and to see how strangely the red feather of her hat shone in this light, when the tall tree on the hill before mentioned seemed on fire to a while heat, and a new one among these terrible voices mingled with the last crash of those preceding. It was a stupefying blast, harsh and pitiless, and it fell upon their ears in a dead, flat blow, without that reverberation which lends the tones of a drum to more distant thunder. By the lustre reflected from every part of the earth, and from the wide domical scoop above it, he saw that the tree was sliced down the whole length of its tall straight stem, a huge riband of bark being apparently flung off. The other portion remained erect, and revealed the bared surface as a strip of white down the front. The lightning had struck the tree. A sulphurous smell filled the air : then all was silent, and black as a cave in Hinnom. 'We had a narrow escape!' said Gabriel.

68

Hawthorne, Nathaniel

This distinguished American author was born on the 4th July 1804 — the American Independence Day. He was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and was early in the field as a contributor to periodical literature. Two volumes of these pieces were collected and published under the title of *Twice-told Tales* (1837 and 1842). In 1845 appeared *Mosses from an old Manse*, and in 1850 *The Scarlet Letter*, which may be said to have given its author a European reputation. He afterwards joined with some friends in a scheme like the contemplated Pantisocracy of Southey and Coleridge — a society called the Brook Farm Community, from which Arcadian felicity and plenty were anticipated, but which ended in failure. In 1851, Mr Hawthorne produced *The House of the Seven Gables*, and in 1852 *The Blithedale Romance*. The published also a *Life of General Pierce*, and *A Wonder Book*, a second series of which, called *Tanglewood Tales*, was published in 1853. On the accession of General Pierce to the presidency in 1852, Hawthrone was appointed consul for the United States at Liverpool, which he held for about five years. A visit to Italy gave occasion to his writing *Transformation* (1860) — a novel which gives an admirable view of Roman life, antiquities, and art. How graphic and striking and true, for example, is the picture presented by the opening scene!

THE CAPITOL AT ROME

Four individuals, in whose fortunes we should be glad to interest the reader, happened to be standing in one of the saloons of the sculpture-gallery in the Capitol at Rome. It was that room (the first after ascending the staircase) in the centre of which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the Dying Gladiator, just sinking into his death-swoon. Around the walls stand the Antinous, the Amazon, the Lycian Apollo, the Juno; all famous productions of antique sculpture, and still shining in the undiminished majesty and beauty of their ideal life, although the marble that embodies them is yellow with time, and perhaps corroded by the damp earth in which they lay buried for centuries. Here, likewise, is seen a symbol (as apt at this moment as it was two thousand years ago) of the human soul, with its choice of innocence or evil at hand, in the pretty figure of a child, clasping a dove to her bosom, but assulted by a snake.

From one of the windows of this saloon, we may see a fight of broad stone steps descending alongside the antique and massive foundation of the Capitol, towards the battered triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, right below. Farther on, the eye skirts along the edge of the desolate Forum (where Roman washer-women hang out their linen to the sun), passing over a shapeless confusion of modern edifices, piled rudely up with ancient brick and stone, and over the domes of Christian churches, built on the old pavements of heathen temples, and supported by the very pillars that once upheld them. At a distance beyond — yet but a little way, considering how much history is heaped into the intervening space — rises the great sweep of the Coliseum, with the blue sky brightening through its upper tier of arches. Far off, the view is shut in by the Alban Mountains, looking just the same, amid all this decay and change, as when Romulus gazed thitherward over his half-finished wall.

We glance hastily at these things — at this bright sky, and those blue, distant mountains, and at the ruins, Etruscan, Roman, Christian, venerable with a threefold antiquity, and at the company of world-famous statues in the saloon — in the hope of putting the reader into that state of feeling which is experienced oftenest at Rome. It is a vague sense of ponderous remembrances; a perception of such weight and density in a bygone life, of which this spot was the centre, that the present moment is pressed down or crowded out, and our individual affairs and interests are but half as real here as elsewhere. Side by side with the massiveness of the Roman Past, all matters that we handle or dream of nowadays look evanescent and visionary alike.

Mr. Hawthorne returned to America, and published *Our Old Home*, two vols, 1863, giving an account of England, but written in a tone of querulous discontent and unfairness which pained his friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Part of this must be attributed to ill-health, which continued to increase till the death of the novelist, which took place at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 19, 1864. An interesting volume of Memorials of Hawthorne has been published by HENRY A. PAGE. His widow also edited and published *Passages from the American Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne,* two vols., 1868; *Passages from the English Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, two vols., 1870; *Septimius,* 1871, and *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, 1883, both unfinished romances. The *Scarlet Letter, Seven Gables,* and *Blithedale*, are the most popular and original of Mr. Hwthorne's works. The first of these pictures of New England life and Puritanism is on a painful subject, for *The Scarlet Letter* is the badge of the heroine's shame, and her misery and degradation form the leading theme of the story. But it is intensely interesting, and its darker shades are relieved by passages of fine description. Perhaps its only fault is one which attaches also to Scott's *Waverley* — a too long and tedious introduction. The second romance does not possess the same harrowing interest, but it has greater variety, and the inmates of the old house are drawn with consummate skill. *The Blithedale Romance* is a story founded on the Socialist experiment at Brook Farm. A strain of weird fancy and sombre thought pervades most of Hawthorne's writings.

A SOCIALIST EXPERIMENT

The peril of our new way of life was not lest we should fail in becoming practical agriculturists, but that we should probably cease to be anything else. While our enterprise lay all in theory, we had pleased .ourselves with delectable visions of the spiritualistation of labour. It was to be our form of prayer and ceremonial of worhship. Each stroke of the hoe was to uncover some aromatic root of wisdom, heretofore hidden from the sun. Pausing in the field, to let the wind exhale the moisture from our foreheads, we were to look upward, and catch glimpses into the far-off soul of truth. In this point of view, matters did not turn out quite so well as we anticipated. It is very true that, sometimes, gazing casually around me, out of the midst of my toil, I used to discern a richer picturesqueness in the visible scene of earth and sky. There was, at such moments, a novelty, an unwonted aspect, on the face of nature, as if she had been taken by surprise and seen at unawares, with no opportunity to put off her real look, and assume the mask with which she mysteriously hides herself from mortals. But this was all. The clods of earth which we so constantly belaboured and turned over and over, were never etherialised into thought. Our thoughts, on the contrary, were fast becoming cloddish. Our labour symbolised nothing, and left us mentally sluggish in the dusk of the evening. Intellectual activity is incompatible with any large amount of bodily exercise. The yeoman and the scholar — the yeoman and the man of finest moral culture, though not the man of sturdiest sense and integrity — are two distinct individuals, and can never be melted or welded into one substance.

In quaint description and love of odd localities, Mr. Hawthorne, in his short pieces, reminds us of Charles Lamb. He is a humorist with poetical fancy and feeling. In his romances, however, he puts forth greater power — a passionate energy and earnestness, with a love of the supernatural, but he never loses the simplicity and beauty of his style.

AUTUMN AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Alas for the summer! The grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green; the flowers are abundant along the margin of the river, and in the hedgerows, and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid as they were a month ago; and yet, in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine, there is an autumnal influence. I know not how to describe it. Methinks there is a sort of coolness amid all the heat, and a mildness in the brightest of the sunshine. A breeze cannot stir without thrilling me with the breath of autumn; and I behold its pensive glory in the far, golden gleams among the huge shadows of the trees.

The flowers, even the brightest of them, the golden rod and the gorgeous cardinals — the most glorious flowers of the year — have this gentle sadness amid their pomp. Pensive autumn is expressed in the glow of every one of them. I have felt this influence earlier in some years than in others. Sometimes autumn may be perceived even in the early days of July. There is no other feeling like that caused by this faint, doubtful, yet real perception, or rather prophecy of the year's decay, so deliciously sweet and sad at the same time...

I scarcely remember a scene of more complete and lovely seclusion than the passage of the river through this wood (North Branch). Even an Indian canoe, in olden times, could not have floated onward in deeper solitude than my boat. I have never elsewere had such an opportunity to observe how much more beautiful reflection is than what we call reality. The sky and the clustering foliage on either hand, and the effect of sunlight as it found its way through the shade, giving light-some hues in contrast with the quiet depth of the prevailing tints — all these seemed unsurpassably beautiful when beheld in upper air. But on gazing downward, there they were, the same even to the minutest particular, yet arrayed in ideal beauty, which satisfied the spirit incomparably more than the actual scene. I am half convinced that the reflection is indeed the reality, the real thing which Nature imperfectly images to our grosser sense. At any rate the disembodied shadow is nearest to the soul. There were many tokens of autumn in this beautiful picture. Two or three of the trees were actually dressed in their coats of many colours — the real scarlet and gold which they wear before they put on mourning.

Sunday, September 23. — There is a pervading blessing diffused over all the world. I look out of the window, and think : 'O perfect day! O beautiful world! O good God! And such a day is the promise of a blissful eternity. Our Creator would never have made such weather, and given us the deep heart to enjoy it, above and beyond all thought, if He had not meant us to be immortal. It opens the gates of heaven, and gives us glimpses for inward.

THE ENGLISH LAKE COUNTRY — GRASMERE

I question whether any part of the world looks so beautiful as England — this part of England at least — on a fine summer morning. It makes one think the more cheerfully of human life to see such a bright universal verdure; such sweet, rural, peaceful, flower-bordered cottages — not cottages of gentility, but dwellings of the labouring poor; such nice villas along the roadside so tastefully contrived for comfort and beauty, and adorned more and more, year after year, with the care and afterthought of people who mean to live in them a great while, and feel as if their children might live in them also. And so they plant trees to overshadow their walks, and train ivy and all beautiful vines up against their walls — and thus live for the future in another sense than we Americans do. And the climate helps them out, and makes everything moist and green and full of tender life, instead of dry and arid, as human life and vegetable life are so apt to be with us. Certainly, England can present a more attractive face than we can, even in its humbler modes of life — to say nothing of the beautiful lives that might be led, one would think, by the higher classes, whose gateways, with broad, smooth, gravelled drives leading through them, one sees every mile or two along the road, winding into some proud seclusion. All this is passing away, and society must assume new relations; but there is no harm in believing that there has been something very good in English life — good for all classes — while the world was in a state out of which these forms naturally grew.

69

Hazlitt, William

One of the most remarkable of the miscellaneous writers of this period was William Hazlitt (1778-1830), whose bold and vigorous tone of thinking, and acute criticism on poetry, the drama, and fine arts, found many admirers, especially among young minds. He was a man of decided talent, but prone to paradox, and swayed by prejudice. He was well read in the old English authors, and had in general a just and delicate perception of their beauties. His style was strongly tinged by the peculiarities of his taste and reading; it was often sparkling, pungent, and picturesque in expression. Hazlitt was a native of Shropshire, the son of a Unitarian minister. He began life as a painter, but failed in attaining excellence in the profession, though he retained through life the most vivid and intense appreciation of its charms. His principal support was derived from the literary and political journals, to which he contributed essays, reviews, and criticisms. He wrote metaphysical treatise *On the Principles of Human Action*, 1805; an abridgment of Tucker's *Light of Nature*, 1807; *Eloquence of the British Senate*, 1808. In 1813 Hazlitt delivered a series of Lectures on English Philosophy at the Russell Institution. In 1817 appeared his *View of the English Stage*, and a collection of essays entitled *The Round Table*. In 1818 he lectured at the Surrey Institution on the English Poets. *The English Comic Writers, The Dramatic Literature of the Time of Elizabeth*, and the *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, were then successively produced, being chiefly composed of theatrical criticisms contributed to the journals of the day. He wrote also *Table Talk*, 1821-22; *The Spirit of the Age* (criticisms on contemporaries), 1825; *The Plain Speaker*, a collection of essays, 1826. Various sketches of the galleries at art in England appeared from his pen, and *Notes of a Journey through France and Italy*, originally contributed to one of the daily papers. He wrote the article 'Fine Arts' for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and essays on the English Novelists and other standard authors, first published in the *Edinburgh Review*. In the *London Magazine*, the *New monthly Magazine*, and other periodicals, the hand of Hazlitt may be traced. His most elaborate work was a *Life of Napoleon*, in four volumes (1828-30), which evinces all the peculiarities of his mind and opinions, but is very ably written. Shortly before his death — which took place in London on the 18th of September 1830 — he had committed to the press the *Conversations of James Northcote, Esq*., containing remarks on arts and artists. The toils, uncertainties, and disappointments of a literary life, and the contests of bitter political warfare, soured and warped the mind of Hazlitt, and distorted his opinions of men and things; but those who trace the passionate fights of his imagination, his aspirations after ideal excellence and beauty, the brilliancy of his language while dwelling on some old poem, or picture, or dream of early days, and the undisguised freedom with which he pours out his whole soul to the reader, will readily assign to him both strength and versatility of genius. He had felt more than he had reflected or studied; and though proud of his acquirements as a metaphysician, he certainly could paint emotions better than he could unfold principles. The only son of Mr. Hazlitt has collected and edited his father's works. A grandson of the critic, W. Carew Hazlitt, has edited the works of several of the older poets.

THE CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF

Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humour and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain 'it snows of meat and drink.' He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupefy his other faculties, but 'ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes.' His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him, and he is himself 'a tun of man.' His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to shew his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one half pennyworth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, &c., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to shew the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET

It is the one of Shakespeare's plays that we think of the oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moraliser; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralises on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If *Lear* is distinguished by the greatest depth of passion, *Hamlet* is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakespeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shewn more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest : everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course; the characters think, and speak, and act just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene — the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and witnessed something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only 'the outward pageants and the signs of grief,' but 'we have that within which passes show.' We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakespeare, together with his own comments, give us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a very great advantage.

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility — the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect — as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity....

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules; amiable, though not faultless.[1] The ethical delineations of 'that noble and liberal casuist' — as Shakespeare has been well called — do not exhibit the drab-coloured Quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from *The Whole Duty of Man* or from *The Academy of Compliments*! We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behaviour either partakes of the 'license of the time,' or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation, to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When 'his father's spirit was in arms,' it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on the point. In the harassed state of his mind, he could not have done much otherwise than he did. His conduct does not contradict what he says when he sees her funeral :

> I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
> Could not, with all their quantity of love,
> Make up my sum.

NOTE

1. To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. An oak-tree is planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered! A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. — *GOETHE'S Wilhelm Meister*.

70

Hemingway, Ernest — Hemmingway's Short Stories : Human Interactions

PRADEEP TRIKHA*

Hemmingway's reputation as a short story writer rests upon his thoughtful craftsmanship. He created a world in which narration in his own voice was a standard. He promoted a new kind of sensibility, which included personal isolation and honour. He gave a new direction to the American sensibility in the sense Eliot defined the word, that is 'to feel the thought as immediately as the odour of a rose' (Eliot : 307). Hemmingway also modified the literary taste of his generation, he wrote 'not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of literature ...' (Eliot : 294) belongs to him as he to it. In the stories, like 'The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber' and 'The Snows of Kalimanjaro,' Hemmingway incorporates complexity of man's life which is conceived as being an asset bringing about change from ignorance to the world of maturity. Both the stories reveal a wide breadth of vision encompassing a world of continual change, growth decay and regeneration. They show, ... "how a new subject matter — personal physical, emotional — could transmit its energies ...' (Hoffman : 93). Both have realistic sensibility but not the philosophical in the European mode. Being honest, direct and intense, Hemmingway's language is that of an affirmation in human values.

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In this paper it is proposed to discuss 'The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber' and 'The Snows of Kalimanjaro' because they do express the crisis of modern age and culture, the despiritualised world and the redeeming role of human values. It is worth-while to read these stories on symbolic level and role played through the symbols in the lives of the characters. Hemmingway's characteristics : like his style had a precision of being, punctiliousness of self. His major themes were war and masculinity, which became model for, 'the writers like James Jones, Nelson Algren, Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal' (Hoffman, 93). For Hemmingway's characters as for himself *'individual effort'* for self-preservation is the key for survival. In his stories as in his novels, his major concern is human relationship. For him each new endeavour of creativity is '... a new beginning where he tries again for something, that is beyond attainment (Sanderson, 62). Both the stories have their setting in Africa. Another common denominator is two out of three Ws namely wealth and woman lie at the focal point. Baker feels Hemmingway's urge to unravel 'truth of man-woman relationship has not diminished as he attained maturity but with a difference, '... he was ready to invent characters to imagine circumstances in which they were to be entangled' (Weekes, 118).

Francis Macomber, the protagonist in 'The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber' is a wealthy American sportsman hunting in Tanganyika plains with wife Margot, but struggles with the problems of woman, money and his sense of morality. On the other hand his wife covets his money but more than that is interested in keeping him under her thumb. Similarly Harry, the protagonist in 'The Snows of Kalimanjaro also suffers the pangs of disillusionment and alienation due to his wealth. Both the stories have an element of tragic sense of irony. Macomber loses his life the moment he begins to live with his head held high; Harry's death though comes slowly due to gangrene but it is more of spiritual suicide' (Baker, 119) of American authors.

II

'The Short and Happy life of Francis Macomber' begins on the plains of East Africa, the story revolves around three characters Francis Macomber, Margot and Wilson, their paid white hunter. Macomber loses his self-respect when he takes flight from a wounded and charging lion. He is caught-hold of by Wilson who compels him to shoot the lion and by accident he kills it. Margot knows her husband to be a coward and thus hold his strings like a puppet. She keeps him under her control. Macomber tries to overcome his fear, cowardice in order to over throw Margot's 'colonial' regime of domination he knows it requires a moral courage and also knows tremendous physical courage is required to face wounded and dangerous animals like lion. Moreover, Macomber suffers 'the loss of self-respect, vicious scorn of his wife, unspoken insults of Wilson and other nature boys who had accompanied him to aggravate his social expulsion' (Baker, 119) he observes his wife sleepily coming from Wilson's tent. Therefore, for once and for all he aims the lion and kills it. This is his act of bravery, which helps him to overcome his physical frailty. He assumes a dominant position in his own right. On the second day of 'the shikar,' Macomber overcomes his fear of killing fierce wild animals. The change is not so welcome to his wife, but Wilson appreciates his new found 'manhood' and the self trust. It is on the second day, Macomber wounds a buffalo, both he and Wilson enter the tall grass and wait for the wounded buffalo, Macomber places himself in its (buffalo's) way in order to show his fearlessness. At this juncture a bullet from his wife's mannlichar plough's through his skull and 'the short and happy life' is over. Hemmingway, suggests through Macomber that a man must have physical courage only then he could have moral courage. Baker points out, '... the oncoming horns of the buffalo are the pronged forceps for Macomber's moral birth. Two different worlds fill the two adjacent days' (Baker : 120). The act of hunting on two days help Macomber to overcome his physical weaknesses on the first day and on the second day killing of buffalo enhances in him moral courage. After killing the lion he thinks if he can control, overpower a fierce animals, why can't he do the same to his wife. In order to prove his gallantry Wilson encourages him to kill the buffalo though it may be a thrust upon dominance but still it helps Macomber to discover his hidden, subdued self :

> Macomber's face was shining. "You know something did happen to me," he said, "I feel absolutely different." His wife said nothing and eyed him strangely ....
>
> "You know, I'd like to try another lion," Macomber said.
>
> "I'm really not afraid of them now. After all what can they do to you?" (Hemmingway : 566)

Margot is not very happy with the whole game of hunting of the lion, she was 'very afraid of something,' she feels insecure as her dominance is threatened. The incompatibility between Macomber and Margot is due to the 'lack of trust' and hollow fear which gives rise to a feeling of emptiness. The story is a case study of 'fear and courage and also of social code of conduct. Sanderson is of view that chasing buffalo by car over rough ground was illegal and dangerous to the hunters and if the wounded buffalo escapes it would have been dangerous for others as well. Wilson is a code hero because he is ... courageous, self-restraint, dependent on no one for money or for love' (Sanderson : 74). Margot humiliates her husband in Wilson's presence thus violating husband-wife social code of conduct. Perhaps Macomber rightly reflects : "[women one] ... the hardest in the world, the hardest, the cruelest, the most predatory and the most attractive, and three men have softened or gone to pieces nervously as the have hardened" (545). Wilson also thinks 'Women are nuisance on safari' (560). Margot's 'nuisance' is revealed on several occasions and finally when she kills Macomber.

The story has a dramatic immediacy it is surcharged with action and emotional intensity. The audience wait impatiently for Macomber to prove his manhood for the second time by killing the buffalo but instead he himself is killed, victimised by his wife in her endeavour to kill the wounded buffalo, here 'peripetia' (or reversal of intention) takes place. The character intends to do one thing and lands himself in doing exactly the opposite, the plot of the story has Aristotelian sense of organic unity that is to say everything which happens is in accordance with the law of probability and necessity. The killing of Macomber gives tragic dimensions to the story and *catharsis* takes place. As Agostino points out, the story has 'a dramatic immediacy and a living rhythm ...' (154). The characters from out of the young world and a safari is only an other drug for conscience a costly anesthetic.

III

'The Snows of Kalimanjaro' is a psychological story of a dying writer (the protagonist), Harry who broods over his past life. The difference between his and his creator, Hemmingway is hair-line-thin. Like him, Harry is obsessed with the idea of death, like him Hemmingway's grave illness compelled him to take flight from plains and the distant view of the snow capped Kalimanjaro. Baker in his book, *The Writer as Artist,* points out that the story '... easily recognizes and responds to its theme of confrontation. The dying writer is far different from the ghost of his former self, the young, free unsold writer who took all Europe as his oyster and was seriously devoted to his craft' (193). If 'The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber' is the story with the theme of initiation, 'The Snows of Kalimanjaro' is the story of confrontation. Both have dramatic beginning. In 'The Snows of Kalimanjaro' Harry and his wife, Helen, are in conversation. Harry is shown waiting for the plane to come and take him to the Nairobi hospital for the treatment of his gangrene. Though he is aware of the fact that death alone can redeem him of his sufferings. His stream of consciousness takes him into the reverie of his youth when he started his career as a writer in Paris.

He recalls places he visited, games he played and people he met and now he has lost his integrity : 'There was always gambling then, when there was no snow you gambled. He thought of all the time he gambled' (63). He had destroyed his talent by not using it, by betrayal of himself '... by laziness, by sloth, and by snobbery, by pride and by prejudice, by hook and by crook' (66). He suffers from 'evil-smelling emptiness' (69). A sense of morbidity, is revealed by the writer when he realises :

> "Because, just then, death had come and rested its head on the foot of the cot and he could smell its breath."

> .... It had moved up on him now, but it had no shape any more. It simply occupied space ....
>
> It moved up closer to him still and now he could not speak to it... (77).

To locale and the dramatic milieu of the story is in complete psychological conformity. Though Harry had great desire to attain immortality through his writings but being a failure as a writer he is overwhelmed with the idea of death due to gangrene as he wait for the plane which is supposed to carry him out of the wilderness to the Nairobi hospital.

The story can also be read on symbolic level. There are several death symbols. Every night beasts of prey killed grazing animals and left the pickings to those scavengers of carriers, the vultures and the hyenas.

> 'The Zebra, small rounded backs now, and the wildbeasts ... seeming to climb as they moved in long fingers across the plain,.... Then they were over the first hills and the wildbeasts were trailing up them.... Just then hyena stopped whimpering in the night and started to make a strange, human, almost crying sound...' (77-78).

Atmosphere surcharged with symbolism finds its manifestations in Harry's death. He sleeps on the previous night and never comes back to life. The process of death begins with the opening of the narrative, Harry whose flesh is rotting, watches the birds squatting obscenely. As the night falls he listens to the vulture's making noise, also hears hyena this gives him enough premonition of death, 'a sudden evil emptiness'. He tells his wife "Never believe any of that about a scythe and skull." 'Scythe' is used to harvest the crop therefore it too is a natural symbol capable of even harvesting the 'skull' of Harry. Its symbolic significance is often ignored.

It has symbolic significance, which is often ignored. Broadly speaking all curved weapons are lunar and feminine, whereas straight ones are masculine and solar. Straightness signifies penetration and forcefulness, curves suggest the means to an end and passivity.... The scythe is also symbolic of the harvest — of renewed hopes for rebirth. Hence like Pisces in the Zodiac, the scythe symbol incorporates the ambiguity of the beginning as the end and *vice versa*. Both these senses of mutilation and of hope — are despite their contradictory nature, related to the idea of sacrifice inherent in all images of weapons (Cirlot, 268). On the other hand skull is an emblem of the mortality of man. However, like the snail's shell, it is in truth 'what survives' of the living being once its body has been destroyed. It therefore comes to acquire significance as receptacle for life and for thought (Cirlot, 285).

Harry's urge for immortality is his natural drive to sustain life. He imagines the plane would come to fish him out of his crisis, rescue him and he will live his life afresh.

He also anticipates that plane will land at Arusha to refuel but this does not happen and then he suddenly realises that it was heading towards snow clad Mountain of Kalimanjaro, the western summit is Nagaje Najai which is "House of God" (Baker, 195).

Another symbol is suggested in the epigraph of the story, "Close to the western summit of Kalimanjaro, there is the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard. No one has explained what leopard was seeking at that altitude." Prof. Walcutt sees conflict in Harry's life between 'fundamental moral idealism' and 'aimless materialism'. When he looks at Kalimanjaro, he sees it as a symbol of 'truth'. The 'undefined ideal for which he has struggled'. The leopard is a symbol of Harry's moral nature. What drove leopard to such great heights is a mystery to Harry and it is the force, which keeps idealism alive in him. Both leopard and the mountain symbolize preservation of integrity for Harry. Tedlock, points out, 'In contrast to the leopard's dried and frozen carcass, Harry lies dying of a gangrenous leg amid heat and glare. The physical infection is the result of carelessness, which is 'the typical analogue of a spiritual infection also resulting from carelessness'.

Hemmingway wants to see everything and also wants to tell everything he has seen. His effectiveness depends on his keen observation and sensitive ear for speech not only towards his characters but also towards his surroundings. Harry, Wilson

Margot and Helen are characters of realistic mode. Mark Schorer points out "[Hemmingway's] style is not only his subject, it is his view of life". It is only his view of life or one can look out it as his way of life too. He had soul and spirit of an explorer who toured the places in search of conflicts and their moral equivalents. Both in 'The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber' and 'The Snows of Kalimanjaro' his individual characters represent universal issues. He does not impose his decisions on his characters. Their life events occur so naturally that it seems nothing else could have been better. In 'The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber' 'The hunt is actually seen from the beast's point of view' (82). The death interrupts a dream in 'The Snows of Kalimanjaro' the ultimate reality is heralded by investing upon the word "now". Thus for Hemmingway immediacy of moment is an essential ingredient for life. If beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder, Hemmingway's purpose is to make his readers beholders' (81). After Macomber demonstrated his manhood, the next step is death, which gives rise to feelings of pity and fear and even purgation of emotions, all passions spend and calm of mind restored.

Macomber performs the rite of initiation in the story by killing the lion. He offers a case history to psychologists like Adler, who believed — 'the masculine sense of inferiority seeks to overcome itself by acts of powers, both sanguinary and sexual' (Harry 84).

Animal symbolism varies according to its position in the symbolic patterns, and context in which it is depicted. The frequent animal symbols are of two kinds — tamed and wife. In 'The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber,' both the lion and buffalo are depicted like wild animals (or they are compelled to be wild for the sake of dramatic necessity). Some animals like lion embody certain positive qualities like beauty and the fighting spirit. Hemmingway also makes use of counterbalancing by introducing a wild buffalo.

According to Jung, the animal stands for the non-human psyche, for the world of sub-human instincts, and for the unconscious areas of the psyche. Both Macomber and Margot can be identified with the animals, which represent the integration of the unconscious, they undergo the process of rejuvenation. It is obvious that, for pre-Christian man (as well as in amoral cult), the animal signifies exaltation rather than opposition (Cirlot, 11-13). Macomber kills a lion and feels rejuvenated exalted and replenished in order to celebrate his act of bravery, he wounds the buffalo but Margot in fit of exaltations intends to kill the buffalo and instead kills her husband.

IV

'The Snows of Kalimanjaro' is intensely moving story, Harry though obsessed curiously about death feels "a great tiredness and anger that this was the end of" it. The success of the writer emerges from the fact that once and for all everyone sympathise with both Macomber and Harry. Hemmingway seeks to achieve a complete response from his readers, to communicate with them in such a way that they experience a total intellectual and emotional sympathy with what he has written, a sense of identification with the complexity of mood or emotions and action he is recreating through the medium of his prose.... 'His aim is to give artistic permanence by precise artistic performance' (Sanderson, 65). In the beginning of the each story, he through epigraph informs about his intentions. In 'The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber' the title of the story sets the ball rolling and it is in the end one realises its justification as why it is a 'The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber'.

The stories under scrutiny possess clear cut view of the things like characters and plot, and have organic unity in them, which means there is no unnecessary events and there are only necessary events in accordance with Aristotelian Law of Probality and Necessity. That is to say whatever is probable, is also necessary. Moreover it is not the function of an artist to relate the things as they are but what they can be. He saves himself against giving any inessential details he concentrates on the significant ones, which brighten the emotional intensity. Immediacy is the keynote. As it is revealed in Macomber's act of killing the lion.

The hero's sense of his own existence, the fierce presentness of his emotions and feeling were always more concerning in Hemmingway's stories than in his novels the 'Moment of truth' is always more than the plot (Kazin, 8). He believed that a combat be it of any kind lends immediacy, tension end drama to the life. A parallel can be drawn as far as the moment of truth is concerned between the passages from 'Kalimanzaro' and 'The Old Man and Sea' (Kazin, 7).

Macomber stepped out of the curved opening .... legs move (551-2). It is often blamed that Hemmingway's characters are creatures of sensation who live entirely in the present. On several occasions the writer has contended that his responsibility is 'to create living people, not to project people living within the reference of the action of the novel and stripped of all unnecessary extension reference (Sanderson 67). Thus Hemmingway write about the people in conflict at war and in violent action, not about the university Professors, people studying art, history or teaching at schools.

Harry in 'Kalimanjaro' feels : 'So it was all over ..., he thought ... well he would never know how (61).

Hemmingway laid emphasis on 'The self' of an individual because it alone could keep him intact as it was near and the far off was the world. Kazin justifies Hemmingway's stand and contends that something which is near (*i.e.* the self), can be trusted. Because it alone can be used (12).

Hemmingway's characters are memorable stoic compose with which they face the grim crisis in their lives. The stiff upper lip, the Viggedly made arm gesture, the laconic understatement : these are the ways the reader remembers them during those moments of decisiveness. Yet this picture, so easily evoked by the reader of Hemmingway is misleading, for Hemmingway's characters, far from being inexpensive at such moments, have with them a powerful drive to speak, it is this struggle of speech which reveals the agonies hidden beneath their composure.

In Hemmingway to speak is to loose something. The meaning of an experience will disappear, at it did in "Soldier's Home" for kerbs who acquired the nausea in regard to experience that is the result of untruth or exaggeration. Indeed to speak is often to invite further pain, yet so great is the need for speech that Hemmingway's characters almost always muck such a struggle and it is these verbal actions which occupy the foreground for money of his greatest stories.

The struggle for speech on the part of Hemmingway's characters almost always doomed to failure. The man and the girl in 'Hills like white elephants fail to find along in which they can communicate'. The old man in 'Old Man of the Bridge' can realise only a slight echo of his anguish. Thus the barriers to speech seem inseparable, whether the chances is a highly articulate expatriate an illiterate, non verbal peasant. Yet without such struggles for speech we would have nothing of Hemmingway's character but their outward and stoical calm and ritualised gestures which accompany it. They would lack that dimension of character which make them not only memorable but also real and meaningful.

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71

Henry, O.

Prolific American short-story writer, a master of surprise endings, who wrote about the life of ordinary people in New York City. Typical for O. Henry's stories is a twist of plot which turns on an ironic or coincidental circumstance. Although some critics were not so enthusiastic about his work, the public loved it.

> "It was beautiful and simple as all truly great swindles are."

Porter was born in Greenboro, North Carolina. He grew up during the post-Civil War depression in the South and was poorly educated. His father was a doctor; his mother died when Porter was three. He left the school at the age of fifteen, and then worked in a drug store and on a Texas ranch. He continued to Houston, where he had a number of jobs, including that of bank clerk. After moving to Austin, Texas, in 1882, he married.

In 1884 Porter started a humorous weekly *The Rolling Stone*. It was at this time that he began the heavy drinking. When the weekly failed, he joined the *Houston Post* as a reporter and columnist. In 1894 cash was found to have gone missing from the bank and O. Henry fled to Honduras. He returned to Austin the next year because his wife was dying. In 1897 he was convicted of embezzling bank fund, although there has been much debate over his actual guilt. In 1898 he entered a penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio.

While in prison O. Henry started to write short stories to earn money to support his daughter Margaret. His first work, 'Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking' (1899) appeared in *McClure's Magazine*. The stories of adventure in the U.S. Southwest and in

Central America gained an immediately success among readers. After doing three years of the five years sentence, Porter emerged from the prison in 1901 and changed his name to O. Henry. According to some sources, he acquired the pseudonym from a warder called Orrin Henry. It also could be an abbreviation of the name of a French pharmacist, Eteinne-Ossian Henry, found in the U.S. Dispensatory, a reference work Porter used when he was in the prison pharmacy.

O. Henry moved to New York City in 1902 and from December 1903 to January 1906 he wrote a story a week for the New York *World*, also publishing in other magazines. Henry's first collection, CABBAGES AND KINGS, appeared in 1904. The second, THE FOUR MILLION, was published two years later and included his well-known stories 'The Gift of the Magi' and 'The Furnished Room'. THE TRIMMED LAMP (1907) explored the lives of New Yorkers and included 'The Last Leaf' — the city itself Henry liked to call 'Bagdad-on the-Subway.'

> "He wrote love stories, a thing I have always kept free from, holding the belief that the well-known and popular sentiment is not properly matter for publication, but something to be privately handled by the alienist and the florist."
>
> (from *The Plutonian Fire*)

HEART OF THE WEST (1907) presented tales of the Texas range. Henry published 10 collections and over 600 short stories during his life time. O. Hnery's last years were shadowed by alcoholism, ill health and financial problems. After his death from tuberculosis on June 5, 1910, in New York, appeared three more collections, SIXES AND SEVENS (1911), ROLLING STONES (1912) and WAIFS AND STRAYS (1917). Among Henry's best known works is 'The Ransom of Red Chief' (see Howard Hawks and Nunnally Johnson). In 1918 the O. Henry Memorial Awards were established to be given annually to the best magazine stories, the winners and leading contenders to be published in an annual volume.

The Ransom of Red Chief — published in the collection *Whirligigs* in 1910. The story tells about two kidnappers, who make off with the young son of a prominent man. They find out that the child is a real nuisance. In the end they agree to pay the boy's father to take him back. O. Henry's humorous, energetic style shows the influence of Mark Twain and Ambrose Bierce.

> "Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade. but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

For further reading : *O. Henry*, ed. by Eugene Current-Garcia (1965); *O. Henry, Short Story Writer* by Lucas Longo (1982); *O. Henry Biography* by Charles A. Smith (1992); *O. Henry; A Study of the Short Fiction* by Eugene Current-Garcia (1993); *O. Henry*, ed. by Harold Bloom (1999)

— *Note* : The colourful story of O.Henry's alleged bank fraud continues with an escepe to New Orleans, then to Honduras, where he met one Al Jennings. He rambled in South America and Mexico on the proceeds of Jenning's robbery, and THEN returned to stand trial when news reached him of his wife's illness.

— *Other masters of short story* : Guy de Maupassant, Anton Chekhov

— *See also* : Raymond Carver, Truman Capote

Selected Works

- CABBAGES AND KINGS, 1904
- THE FOUR MILLION, 1906
- THE TRIMMED LAMP, 1907
- HEART OF THE WEST, 1907
- THE WOICE OF THE CITY, 1908
- THE GENTLE GRAFTER, 1908

- ROADS OF DESTINY, 1909
- OPTIONS, 1909
- STRICTLY BUSINESS, 1910
- WHIRLIGIGS, 1910
- SIXES AND SEVENS, 1911
- ROLLING STONES, 1912
- WAIFS AND STRAYS, 1917
- THE COMPLETE WORK OF O. HENRY, 1937
- O. HENRY'S NEW YORK, 1940
- FOUR MILLION & OTHER STORIES, 1976
- COLLECTED STORIES OF O. HENRY, 1986
- THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF O. HENRY, 1994

72

Hippyism in Literary Theory : A Poetics of Impasse

R.P. SHARMA*

> Fool : "Can you make no use of nothing, Nuncle?"
> Lear : "Why no, boy; nothing can be made out of
> nothing"
>
> *King Lear* (I : IV : 129 - 130)

The concluding lines of W.B. Yeats' 'Among School Children' read as follows:

> "O Chestnut-tree, great-rooted blossomer,
> Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?
> O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,
> How can we know the dancer from the dance?"

Citations like the above illustrate the inherently uncanny or antithetical, semantic *presence* in language. Derrida and his followers speak of the 'irreducible doubleness', the differences 'within' rather than the differences 'between' texts/words (Atkins 1980). In his eloquent rejoinder to critics like Wayne Booth and M.H. Abrams, J. Hillis Miller (1977) convincingly exposes the utter hollowness of the supposed antonymy between 'host' and 'guest' as well as of their univocal character. He argues that these words are both antonyms and synonyms at a time. Besides, each of them is equivocal. Etymological twins as they are, each of them means both a 'friend' and an 'enemy' so that 'a guest is a guest as well as a host' and 'a host is a host as well as a guest' ! If it is so, what should a reader do to get the *final* meaning of his text?

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Interlocutors in the first citation seem to be battling through the semantic labyrinth of what they want to communicate. Between themselves, they are so hostile and friendly to each other: king and slave, body and shadow, wise and foolish, they are but they have exchanged their roles so that the master is slave and the slave, master. The degree of identity and difference between them is simply amazing: each of them has four letters (graphemes) and three sounds (phonemes). The Fool lambastes Lear so much and yet he cries his heart out to save his master. The syntactic ambiguity shared by them is enormous: both use multiple negatives. The one uses a negative interrogative while the other uses a negative affirmative which is also initially interrogative. Does the Fool's question demand an answer? Is Lear's answer convincing or satisfactory?

The second citation replaces the doubleness of twin-characters with a double-talk and double-think. Each couplet poses a question, a question that both anticipates and preempts the other. The questions are both identical and different, simultaneously. Both of them point to the eternal parallelism between the essence and the thing. Also, they divide the organic world between leafiness and humanness, between plant life and human life. The first is like the second in respect of growth and reproductivity but it is unlike the second in that while the first is speechless and uncritical, the second is eloquent and self critical. The twin-questions share a reciprocity by virtue of their capacity to debate the relationship between 'thingness' and 'thing' as also by virtue of their apparent affinity. One can easily consider them either 'rhetorical' or 'grammatical' although it is clear that the answers they might elicit would significantly differ from the first to the second choice of categorization. Seen as rhetorical questions, they need not be answered or they may be answered in the negative: the 'treeness' of the tree does not exist in any one part nor outside but radiates throughout the tree as the 'dance' is not identifiable in separation from the dancer, that is, the dance is the dancer. But as soon as these questions are seen as grammatical questions, the whole perspective changes and the problem is one of an endless debate. Is there a way to separate the dance from the dancer or the treeness from the tree or from its constituent parts? Is it necessary or possible to separate dance from a dancer or treeness from a tree? Selecting the grammatical dimension, we can either say that treeness is in every part of the tree as the dance is identifiable with every performance of the dancer or that treeness exists outside a tree as dance is independent of the dancer. We may say, in other words, either that treeness is the tree as dance is the dancer or that treeness is independent of a tree as dance is independent of a dancer. Our choice of whether we 'essentialize' or 'de-essentialize' concepts or essences like 'treeness' and 'dance' may, however, turn out to be a crucial choice.

Philosophies of being/existence and theories of meaning may be divided into those which believe in the objective reality or ultimate essentiality of the idea of a thing or the meaning of a word and those which treat an idea or a meaning as a mere construction. Such classifiable philosophies, doctrines, beliefs or theories belong to mutually exclusive fraternities: one fraternity essentializes reality/meaning while the other fraternity de-essentializes reality/meaning. So we have 'essentialism' (to use Karl Popper's term vide Mitchell 1979:69) and 'anti-essentialism'. Every theory of reality or meaning may therefore be shown to be either essentialist or anti-essentialist. Theories like relativism, agnosticism, scepticism, nihilism and anarchism, since they do not support essentialism and tend towards its opposite, are considered anti-essentialist in this paper. Relativism is the belief that knowledge and truth depend on the limited nature of the human mind. Agnosticism (Gk a- = not, gnosis = knowledge, -gno=know, comparable to Skr a =not-, jnana = knowledge — jna =know) is the belief that nothing is known or knownable. Scepticism (Gk skepsis=inquiry, skeptomai=inquire/examine) doubts everything, takes nothing on faith. Nihilism (L nihil=nothing) is the belief that nothing has existence, meaning or value as well as the belief that social and political organizations should be destroyed, even if nothing better is likely to take their place. Closely allied to this is anarchism (Gk an = without, arkhos=ruler+ismos — isma —

izo-=work/practice), the belief that society should have no government, laws, police, etc. but should be a free association of all its members, a free-for-all scene or body. As opposed to these doubting/negative/radical theories are theories like epistemology, ontology, theology, realism and idealism. Epistemology (Gk episteme=knowledge) is a doctrine of belief in knowability and knowledge. Close to such doctrine is the doctrine of belief in 'science' (L scientia — scire=know, comparable to Skr Veda=knowledge-vid=know) and its existence as systematic and formulated knowledge. A cognate doctrine — ontology (Gk onto-eimi=be, -logy-F logie-L logia-Gk leg=speak, *i.e.*, 'speaking about being', logia is indicative of the character of a branch of knowledge or of a person, Gk logos) is the department of metaphysics which is concerned with the 'essence of things' or 'being in the abstract'. 'Essence' is all that makes a thing what it is, absolute being, existence, entity, reality. It is the task of science, Plato would say, to discover and describe the true nature of things, 'nature' being their true essences. Essence is derived from the Latin 'essentia', 'essens', 'esse' = be (Gk ousia). An essence is a 'form' or 'idea' (Gk eidos-id=see, pl eide), an archetype, a pattern, a universal. Realism is the doctrine which holds that universals and general ideas have objective existence or are real (L realis — res=thing) or that it is possible to know things as they are. Idealism, in a sense, is akin to theology (Gk theos=god) i.e. belief in the existence or reality of God. It is no mere coincidence that many theologies are believing systems, systems which posit and glorify the truth of God who is the essence of everything.

Socratic philosophy is the earliest articulation of essentialism. Socrates considers ignorance the worst evil in life. His dialectic uses the dialogic method in such a way as to induce in the interlocutor a state of 'puzzlement' (Gk aporia) which is immediately accompanied by a confession/profession of ignorance/thoughtlessness. With such confession begins the true search for knowledge or wisdom (Gk sophia), the attainment of which is the highest goal, the *summun bonum*, of an intellectual pursuit.

A number of instances/things/particulars, argues Plato, display to the contemplating intelligence something underlying them : an identity, a unity or oneness-in-manyness which is the common look/stamp/character of those instances/things/particulars. This common look or idea (eidos) is unchanging and essential and, as such, truly existent. The idea is independent of its particularities or concrete manifestations. Combining ontology with epistemology, Plato argues that as only ideas exist, they are the only objects of knowledge. A definition or description is the explication of the structure of a universal in such a way as to reveal its essence or reality. Identification of the essentiality of the idea or universal as distinct from its particularity and equation of definition with science i.e. knowledge have been the twin contributions of Platonism to the entire tradition of Western metaphysics (Norman 1968 : 11-12). Like the Sophists, Socrates uses the method of *reductio ad absurdum* but, unlike them, he follows a dialectic based on logic rather than an eristic based on anti-logic to lead his interlocutor to seek out true wisdom, not to win an argument (*ibid.*, pp. 69, 71, 72). Both Socrates and Sophists have had their followers. But a majority of metaphysical theories have conformed to Socratic logic and essentialism to an extent that without any detriment to this part of my argument, I would like to examine the various facets and ends of the anti-essentialist eristic in the remaining part of the paper.

II

The Sophist is a fallacious reasoner, a quibbler. His eristic (Gk eristikos — erizo — eris=strife) is an anti-logic, a win-at-any-price type of argument which aims not at truth or illumination but at victory for the self and confusion, negative puzzles, defeatist scepticism or avoidable agnosticism for the interculator. A Sophist, for example, would argue that 'to say what is false' is to say something because to say what is not is to say something and to say something is to say what is. Since no one can say 'what is not' and say nothing, to say anything is to say what is true and as such to say what is false is to say 'what is true'. Thus all statements are true (*ibid.*, p. 26). In view of such arguments, Sophism or eristicism deserves to be seen as the earliest precursor of anti-essentialism in the West.

Jain metaphysics offers one of the earliest examples of the eristic perception of reality in the Orient. The Jain description of what is truly 'essential' or ultimately 'real' is based on the assumption that, as it is by nature 'indeterminate' (anekanta), it can be explicated only in terms of the 'seven stages of predication' (sapta-bhangi); it cannot be defined adequately in any single mode. The 'treeness' of the tree, for example may be described in terms of the 'seven stages of predication' as follows: (a) Maybe it exists, (b) Maybe it does not exist, (c) Maybe it exists and does not exist, (d) Maybe its existence is indescribable, (e) Maybe it exists and its existence is indescribable, (f) Maybe it does not exist and its non-existence is indescribable and (g) Maybe it exists, it does not exist and its existence and non-existence are indescribable. This doctrine of reality therefore emphasizes the *relativity* of each of the seven forms of predication. Reality, this doctrine reiterates, is in fact inscrutable as it is extremely complex and infinitely variable, never simple, fixed or static. (cf Hiriyanna 1949 : 68-69) This doctrine is known as the doctrine of 'standpoints' or 'maybe' (syadavada).

By insisting on the inviolability of the doctrine of maybe, the Jain theory of reality or existence takes an absolutist position in that it does not leave room for any other view of reality or existence. If our knowledge of reality is necessarily relative, then Jain *relativism* is itself relativistic. To accept this view of reality, on the one hand, would be tantamount to saying that since there is no final view of reality, any view of reality is ultimately bound to be a variety of scepticism. To deny the relativism of Jain relativism would, on the other hand, amount to admitting that this doctrine, at least for one, contains an *absolute* truth about what is ultimately real or essential and that in turn would render the Jain doctrine of maybe logically unacceptable. A believer in the Jain doctrine of reality would therefore find himself unfortunately placed between the two horns of a dilemma. The universality or eternity of 'maybe' renders it unviable as a tool of philosophical explication of reality or existence. Maybe is *maybe*, it never is and as such it cannot claim to give any definite insight into the meaning of reality or existence. Besides, if the maybe doctrine views all other doctrines as necessarily relativistic, it cannot, by any stretch of imagination, claim any allowance or concession for itself; it is as partial and relative as it alleges any other doctrine to be and, if it is so, Jain metaphysics loses its most precious territory and turns into a sort of quibbling or a crossword puzzle which does not take anyone anywhere.

As opposed to the Jain doctrine of maybe, the Buddhist doctrine of 'nothingness' or 'void' (shunyavada) turns out to be the most articulate and aggressive form of anti-essentialism in the history of philosophical thought. Buddhists refer to the constant changeability, indeterminability or indescribability of 'ultimate' or 'pure' reality (existence, essence or universal) as 'nothingness' (shunyata). Pure reality is 'nothing', 'void', 'utterly empty'. Devoid of any conceivable predication, including that of 'non-existence' (to say that 'it is non-existent' would be to say something about it and that would amount to somehow describing it), it 'neither is nor is not nor both is and is not'. (cf Chatterji and Datta 1960 : 144, Hiriyana 1949 : 82) The ultimate must be viewed, Nagarjuna, the founder of the Madhyamika School of Mahayana Buddhism, would insist, as a reality or existence beyond all conception, whether positive or negative, because it is absolutely incomprehensible and ineffable. It is just a bare 'point-instant' (kshana), a pure sensation which is beyond all imagination, perception, representation and thought-construction. It is not only that it has no attribute or name; it is simply unutterable. What is utterable is more or less a thought-construction. (Stcherbatsky 1962 : 107)

Sharply contrasted with pure reality is what Buddhists describe as phenomenal or empirical reality which is another name for 'efficiency'. A fire which burns is physically efficient because it calls up an image whose vividness may change in proportion to its nearness or remoteness but its reality or existence is beyond doubt because it verifiably exists in time and space. Such a fire is reducible to a 'here', a 'now', a 'this' . What is not reducible to a point in time or space is unreal, merely fictitious. Everything past is unreal, everything future is unreal, everything imagined, imaginable, non-efficient is unreal, is a mere thought-construction, a sheer word. It is as much a fiction of the mind as a flower in the sky, *fata morgana* in the desert or the son of a barren woman. A thought-construction, a verbal description, an objectivized/objectivizing image is a mere name, devoid of any corresponding reality. But it must also be pointed out that what is physically efficient is only phenomenal; it has nothing beyond it to merit the name of a universal existence or ultimate reality. The phenomenal world has nothing in it to transcend its phenomenality and therefore it makes no sense to talk about pure existence, reality or essence with reference to such a visible world. No element or object in this real world can transcend its chronic phenomenality in the sense of an idea or essence. Everything about it, every description, formulation, imagination or signification is a "language-game" because language cannot transcend itself. It is an endless ocean or an infinite space. As Rosmarie Waldrop has observed in a recent interview : "We cannot get out of language. Only God can, and He doesn't exist. So there's the problem" (cited in Perloff : 1992).

The Buddhist canon, however, should be criticized for its logic. It is open to the charge of bad logic in the sense that the shunya view is self-contradictory or self-defeating. That it cannot be taken as the final view of pure reality is quite easily apparent. If pure reality is so unutterable or incomprehensible as Buddhists would have as believe, then how can we comprehend or describe such incomprehensibility? To say that every formulation about everything outside the phenomenal or efficient world is just a thought — construction would easily beg the question : why shouldn't the point-instant or the nothingness of pure reality be itself considered a mere thought — construction? The ultimate limit of language, we must note, is language itself. We cannot get out of language; we cannot transcend language; we cannot say to unsay anything.

Friedrich Nietzsche represents a sort of anti-foundationalism which is unadulterated nihilism, except for his dogmatic insistence on the Will-to-power. The only truth, existence, essence, reality or knowledge is that each individual does everything to assert power over the other. There is no God, no knowledge, no morality, no genius, no order or love except the love of power. He says again and again "life simply is will to power". (cited in Roth 1995) In his view mediocrity and self-deception reign supreme everywhere and all references to virtue, ethics, religion, divinity, history, thought, equality, etc. are sheer concoctions. All existence is without meaning. There is no rational foundation for truth or metaphysics. The only truth or knowledge is nihilism. This is Nietzsche's creed, canon, doctrine or philosophy.

First used by the German philosopher Friedrich Jacobi, 'nihilism' came to be a blanket term for iconoclastic attacks on philosophy's faith in reason as the foundation of all knowledge. It became a sort of rationalism which would doubt everything. Nihilism in Nietzsche's vocabulary becomes that sort of scepticism which culminates in the doctrine that nothing exists, for "there is no rational foundation for belief in anything outside one's own mind" (ibid.). Nihilism (L nihil=nothing) is belief in nothing. The nihilistic denial of transcendental meanings, ideas or norms includes within itself the consistent negation of God, reason, ethical obligations and conscience. Whatever the nihilist does or thinks or wills is good, because there is no standard for goodness other than what the mind itself does, or thinks or wills. The nihilist is free from ethical or other obligations to others. He is free to decide what is right or wrong. He is free to reject history, tradition and authority. He is free to preach his own gospel. What he hates is hypocrisy. What he opposes is tyranny. What he exposes is scandal. The nihilist is free to follow his desires and impulses and to declare them good and necessary. He advocates atheism, anarchism and terrorism to demolish all that exists in the name of reason, faith or truth. The protagonist in *The Brothers Karamazov* rightfully declares : "If God does not exist, then everything is permitted" (cited in Gallagher 1995). A self-proclaimed apostle of true philosophy, Nietzsche holds that the history of thought from Socrates to his times has systematically moved towards nihilism. The entire enterprise of truth-seeking, he announces in *The Will to Power* (1887), is in fact nihilistic because it avoids the reality that there is no truth. In *Thus Spake Zarathustra* (1884) he prophesies that Western civilization will culminate in the "last men" who will live a life of pleasure, relieved of the burden of seeking truth and of any moral duties that a transcendental frame of right or wrong might require. An "Overman" will emerge out of the last men who will derive his power to create his own truth from his perception of the lack of independent or transcendental meaning/existence. Neitzsche believes that the triumph of meaninglessness is the triumph of nihilism and the final destruction of divine authority (cf O'connor 1973, Miller 1974). His proclamation of the death of God in *Thus Spake Zarathustra* finally codifies the triumph of his nihilism.

Some of Nietzsche's most disturbing generalizations are the following. Traditional philosophy is a philosophy of dangerous perhapses. Philosophers who speak of will to truth are stage-players and self-deluders. Stoics are tyrants and fanatics of conscience who put their faith in a certain nothing. Stoicism or living according to Nature is a fraud of words. Freedom of the will is essentially the emotion of supremacy; "I'm free' means 'I must command and he must obey'. Democracy is herd-instinct (*Beyond Good and Evil*). The hypothesis of a created world is a superstition. Nothing exists in the world except the Will to Power (*The Will to Power*). Christianity is a rebellion of everything that crawls on the ground against that which has height : the evangel of the "lowly" makes low. Christianity is a sickness and the Church is a madhouse. It has been the greatest misfortune of mankind so far (*The Anti-Christ*).

To understand Nietzsche's philosophy, it may be important to keep in mind certain bits of information about his life. Driven to a chronic, life-long, life-taking bachelorhood as a consequence of having been rejected by Cosima Wagner and Lou Salome, Nietzsche inevitably turned into an angel of anarchism and free sex and a prophet of doom and destruction. Having been twice rejected for military service due to his incurable *myopia* (perhaps more metaphysical than physical), he became, unwittingly though, the god-father of Nazism, Fascism, Existentialism and Hippyism. At twenty he contracted syphilis in a Leipzig brothel. Migraine and gastric upsets coupled with a feeling of constant pain came to be the daily experience of his middle career. At forty-five he had a bad fall and lost his consciousness. By the time he regained consciousness, he had lost his mental faculties. Tortured during his childhood, bullied throughout his youthful years and exploited in his last years, which were the years of his insanity, by his ruthless and money-minded sister, Nietzsche ultimately developed a split personality, a personality divided between the real Nietzsche and the Zarathustrian Nietzsche. Physicians attending on him traced his insanity to 'atypical general paralysis caused by a dormant tertiary syphilis' (Miller 1974). It is intriguing to learn from notes on his asylum years that he used to send off wild letters to friends and strangers signed "Dionysus-Crucified" (O'connor 1973). If we look back on this brilliant philosopher who becomes a University Professor of Philosophy in his early youth on the one hand, while on the other, who is a man who comes out of a brothel with a life-taking syphilis at twenty and goes into a mental asylum with a fatal loss of faculties at 45 and in his last 11 years in the asylum mixes up the angelic with the devilish in his being to turn into a hopeless schizophrenic, we can better appreciate his conviction that nothing exists outside his Dionysiac psyche, that belief in God can create sickness and that the only creed is nihilism.

Dostoeski's remark (quoted above) "If God did not exist, everything would be permitted" coupled with Nietzsche's open declaration "God is dead" ushered in the philosophy of existentialism, at least, for Jean Paul Sartre who could write in 1948 in his treatise *Existentialism and Humanism* that if God did not exist, man would be free from all excuses or justifications, both inside and outside, for what he thought or did and he would be "condemned to be free" (cited in White 1955 : 128). Just a few lines before this gripping phrase, Sartre writes : "when we speak of "abandonment" — a favourite word of Heidegger — we only mean to say that God does not exist .... God is a useless and costly hypothesis, so we will do without it" (*ibid*, p. 127).

Sartre is a subjectivist who does not believe in any transcendental existent like God, idea or essence. There is nothing like a universal, he would contend, in spite of Plato, Diderot, Voltaire, Kant and others. There is nothing like a universal or an essence which precedes a human being or what Heidegger calls 'the human reality' (*ibid*, p. 124). Sartre, on the contrary, propounds the view that existence precedes essence; a thing first comes into being and then it is related to its essence. As he puts it : "man first of all exists, encounters himself, surges up in the world and defines himself afterwards" (*ibid*, p. 124). Man is not definable as an essence because, Sartre argues, to begin with he is nothing. But when he is something, he is what he makes of himself. Thus, there is no human nature, because there is "no God to have a conception of it. Man simply is" (*ibid*, p. 124). He goes on to argue that since man is what he makes of himself, he is fully responsible for what he is or for what happens to him.

Existentialism distinguishes itself as a theory of the human reality by putting man in possession of himself as well as by placing the entire responsibility for his existence upon his own shoulders. This double emphasis brings in the charge of subjectivism against Sartre's philosophy. Rather than deny or refute the charge, Sartre only explains the meaning of subjectivism, as he understands it. Subjectivism means, he says, on the one hand, that the individual subject is free, and, on the other hand, that man cannot transcend his subjectivity (*ibid*, p. 125).

Sartre's concentration on human subjectivism is fully paralleled by Wittgenstein's concentration on language as the ultimate limit of thought and meaning. Wittgenstein is dead opposed to Plato's preoccupation with transcendental ideas and meaning as well as to the Cartesian doctrine of a purely spiritual soul, mysteriously joined with a wholly material body (cf. White 1955 : 227). His pragmatic interest in the description of language without any metaphysical presuppositions becomes a landmark in the history of linguistic scholarship. He comes to his reader both as a linguist and a philosopher *par excellence*. His adherence to an anti-essentialist, anti-metaphysical view of meaning remains a life-long system of belief. In his earliest (and perhaps the only one published in his lifetime) book, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* he says : 'The limits of my language means the limits of my world' (5.6). As early as 1916 in a notebook entry, he defines his 'world' : 'What has history to do with me? Mine is the first and only World' (*Notebooks* 882). As late as the *Philosophical Investigations*, he maintains: "the meaning of a word is its use in the language" (43) or simply "meaning is use" (561). It deserves to be noted that the *Investigations* clearly demonstrates the inability of words to have their meaning outside their particular "languages" (cf. Perloff 1992).

Wittgenstein's explicit distinction between 'knowing' and 'doing' is in line with the separation of *his* view of philosophy from the Platonic/Cartesian/traditional view of philosophy. Philosophy for him is an 'activity' primarily concerned with the description of meaning in the actual use of language. Language, he contends, cannot express moral judgements or values because these are functions of the subjective attitude, aesthetic taste or emotional response to the facts of the world. Value, that is, the judgement of the good and evil or of right and wrong is neither a part of the world nor a truth about the world. Language that pretends to express moral judgements or value must be *meaningless*. He therefore believes that ethics cannot be expressed because it is "transcendent" (1988 : 6.421). Ethics is vital to philosophy and as there can be "no adequate reductive philosophical theory of forms of life", he turns, in his later writings, to regard philosophy as a means to understand and describe the meaninglessness of discourse (Roth 1995). The business of philosophy, he argues, is "to arrive at a correct understanding of meaning, not to formulate and defend substantive commitments to particulars doctrines of morally justified action or the good" (*ibid*). A view of language (such as the one held by St. Augustine) that seeks to look beyond language to know what it allegedly *signifies* is, in his opinion, a 'primitive' view of language (1972 : 8). The problem of linguistic meaning is a philosophical problem which can be solved by looking into the working of language. A philosophical problem is solved not by giving new information but by arranging what is already known because philosophy is "a battle against the bewitchment of our intelligence by means of language" (*ibid*, 109). No philosopher, says Wittgenstein, can ever get or grasp the 'essence' of a thing by using words like "knowledge", "being", "I", "proposition", "name", etc. In our day-to-day use of language we bring words back from "their metaphysical to their everyday use" (*ibid,* 116).

Using language is an activity or a form of life as playing a game is. Wittgenstein uses the term "language-game" to emphasize this fact. Whenever we use language, we play a game. Life is a continuous sequence of language-games which have "family resemblances" with other games (*ibid,* 8, 23, 67, 68). We cannot and should not impose false interpretations on what words do. Doing philosophy is not playing tricks. To say that a word looks out of the window to acquire its meaning is to play a trick with the word. A word never has a meaning "independent of its use". (*ibid,* 194). 'Redness' is not independent of 'red-objects' (273). Wittgenstein believes that thinking can never be an incorporeal process; it cannot be detached from speech because thinking is always in language (329, 339-43). Therefore, he concludes, there is no meaning or thought beyond or outside language.

One of the salient features of Wittgensteinian unphilosophical philosophy is manifested in the self-scepticism of his efforts to communicate meaning. He makes no claim to educate anyone. "My propositions", he writes at the end of the *Tractus*, "are elucidatory in this way : he who understands me finally recognizes them as senseless, when he has climbed out through them, on them, over them" (6.54). He advises the reader to throw away the ladder, after he has climbed up on it because it is so difficult, if not impossible, to delimit or define the boundary between sense and non-sense. In his scheme of things, sometimes a stretch of language that should have no sense just happens to acquire some sense simply by contiguity and yet the dividing line between sense and non-sense remains. In a characteristic passage in the *Investigations*, he writes : "When I say that the orders "Bring me sugar" and "Bring me milk" make sense, but not the combination "Milk me sugar", that does not mean that the utterance of this combination has no effect. And if its effect is that the other person stares at me and gapes, I don't on that account call it the order to stare and gape, even if that was precisely the effect I wanted to produce" (498).

Wittgenstein's interest in testing the boundary between sense and non-sense incidentally reminds me of what a certain socio-political phenomenon that took shape in the second half of our century desperately tried to achieve both in academia and bohemia. Popularly known as the "beat generation" (which includes heps, hips, hipsters, psychedelics, hippies and yippies), such asocial socializers and apolitical anarchists proclaim their "weariness" with hypocritically transcendental values and age-old conventions. Having no love for the past or no hope for the future, they glorify the present — the "now" — of their psychedelic "trips" and metaphysical "orgasms" and unholy beatific "visions". No one can deny that the beatniks have given, through their anti-essentialism and non-conformism, ideas and practices, the intelligentsia so much to think about (cf. Hoult 1977 : 38). Exhausted, emptied, decentred and well-meaning, the beatnik is one who has stripped his/her mind of all non-essentials and who is thirsty for limitless pleasure and peace. *Anomie* is his/her Weltanschauung. "Alternating between lassitude and frenetic excitement", E.H. Powell points out, "the beat life is both a "drag" and a "kick". The beatnik lives "the paradox of an acquiescent rebellion" (1962). A little later in the same essay, Powell says : "The beatnik is neither a reactionary nor a revolutionary; he is simply the anarchist in waiting. Existing society is a sham, a "shuck"; his reaction to it is a kind of passive resistance. He "opts out"; he plays it cool; he disaffiliates."

A non-conformist group of youth living in the North Beach area of San Francisco organized itself in or around 1958 into a community which would have unkempt hair, ragged beard, shabby and unclean clothes and would indulge in indiscriminate sexuality (both homo- and hetero-), jazz music and drugs as part of its distinctive programme of action. This rebellious community came to be known, through newspaper stories, as 'heps', 'hips' or 'hipsters'. Jazz music became the loud music of protest. Indiscriminate sexuality was intended to openly reject conventional notions and forms of marriage. Unkempt hair, ragged beard and untidy clothes were the tools of indictment, the indictment of traditional and transcendental values of civilization. The group's opposition to and mockery of moral values and social conventions coupled with their total denial of inhibitions in thought and behaviour were pronouncely existentialist or Nietzschean. Naturally, they had a quick impact on bohemian groups in neighbouring cities and towns. But something went wrong somewhere and the group suddenly lost its appeal to an extent that in less than a decade of its history it became a non-entity.

The hipsters had hardly faded into oblivion when a new group emerged in the Haight-Asbury area of San Francisco, as if from the ashes of the phoenix. This new bohemian group came to be known as 'hippies' in or around 1966. The hippies resembled the hipsters in appearance, habits and attitudes but they were far better organized than the hipsters. A close-knit community of young men and women under 25, the hippies had long, dishevelled hair, sloppy jackets, leather jeans, kurta, pyjama, beads, flower garlands, etc. and would go hitch-hiking, bare-footed, from place to place in large groups, staying in cheap hotels or free lodgings, often sleeping on the floor, having indiscriminate sex and taking LSD, Marijuana, heroin and other drugs. They lived in 'large families' or 'communes', based on mutual love and respect. Their number swelled to more than 20,000 in less than a year in Haight-Asbury alone. Disenchanted children of plenty and prosperity, these meta-rational, determined rebels wedded themselves to a total rejection of civilized values and norms, to voluntary poverty and to the renunciation of all forms of rivalry and reward. In a short span of time, their influence and following spread to several parts of the non-communist and non-Islamic world. Their emphasis on free sex, nudity, obscenity, drugging, filthiness, poverty and systemlessness were intended to provoke and shock the civilized society so that it could look inward and drastically change its standards and priorities. They had taken their cue from Nietzsche's denunciation of all forms of militarism, violence, cant, power politics, moneytheism, ostentation, suppression and hypocrisy and his glorification of the self and its pursuits of pleasure. But it soon came to be noticed that the hippie ideals of love, peace and reciprocity had failed and that they had turned out to be escapists, hypocrites, perverts and drug-dodgers. In less than three decades the 'hippie culture' has already become a museum piece and a pejorative term. The once-dischanted have already returned to the beaten track of value-based, traditional civilization, twice-disenchanted. The Nietzschean creed has not sustained the hippie movement even for half a century. Nietzsche ended up in a lunatic asylum for one-fifth of his life (being the last eleven years of his life). His hep followers have ended up in the materialistic asylum of civilised society in one-fifth of a century. Anti-establishment rebels have widely enough gone back to the benefits of the establishment. Utopia has mixed up with ideology.

The "beat" phenomenon (whether hep or hippie) of the fifties and the sixties could be seen as a historical evolution, both as a socio-political formation and a philosophical development. Recurrent group manifestations of widespread and shared feelings of frustration and anger have been noticed for at least a century now. The "populist revolt" of the 1890's, "the youthful restlessness" of the early years of the twentieth century, the "lost generation" of the 1940's and the "silent generation" of the early 1950's manifested themselves first in the hep movement and then in the hippie rebellion (cf. Hoult 1977 : 37, Powell 1962). The beat phenomenon is further complicated by the uneasy combine of a generational clash and a transvaluation of socio-economic classes. Generation and class wrestled with each other to foment the double polarization of traditional exclusivities. Rapid changes in social, political, cultural, economic and philosophical dimensions and massive vertical mobility over the previous decades led to an unprecedented heightening of generational awareness, so sharply splitting off the youth from the older generation that the beat manifesto came to be an-under-twenty-five manifesto. The beat rebellion in respect of socio-economic polarities sought to falsify traditional exclusivities, without directly attacking capitalist values, by proletarianizing the bourgeoisie in order to form an egalitarian community which would not position one constituent against another. The great popularity of the beat rebellion owed its existence to its declared programme of this double polarization which formed the community of the young proletariat. Such a socio-economic-political formation and a cultural philosophy had never taken shape in history. The beat generation could therefore legitimately claim that it was fully equipped and determined to make history and that it deserved the honest attention and uninhibited support of all right-thinking people throughout the world. It was not for nothing that this generation so soon acquired so much widespread support and media coverage.

The beat movement stands for love, peace and joy. It fascinates people who are "mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time" (Jack Kerouak in *On the Road,* p. 8 cited in Powell 1962). The beatnik is obsessed by a craving for "experience" — a series of discrete sensations — that is, "kicks" (*ibid*). Bored and exhausted, he needs constant excitement to obtain which he makes himself the victim of forces beyond his control. He is a "martyr without a cause" (*ibid*). He disaffiliates from a mass society to affiliate with the new community of love and justice. Hostile to civilization, he worships primitivism, instinct, energy and blood. Disaffected with the rationalist discourse, he opts for irrationalist philosophies. He is like a psychopath who requires violent jolts to push him out of his lethargy. A counter image for the "square", he is "a parody on the organization man" (*ibid*). Isolated and anomic, he lives a philosophy of disaffiliation and disaffection. He lives in a disjointed world where "all things are equally sacred, equally profane" (*ibid*). Disillusioned and disorganized, he is in flight from the old world but finds himself thrown into a junkyard, caught up in an endless pursuit of sheer nihilism and futility. In the end, he is terrified by his utter isolation where he can only confess : "I am totally alone : nowhere is there a pulse, a life around me, and beyond me there is nothing but nothingness .... In this world of discontinuity the ego is not even the centre of a destroyed world; it merely is like some projection on the empty screen of a cinema ..." (Max Picard cited in Powell 1962).

III

As we turn from socio-political formations like the various beat groups to the academia we find that the beat philosophy as a radical doctrine of anti-foundationalism has invaded almost all the noticeable post-war developments in literary theory as in several compartments of the human sciences. These anti-foundationalist developments display a common set of features. The age-old line of demarcation between literary studies and other studies had never before been blurred so severely as it has been in our half of the century. This half has experienced a 'crossing-over' from literary theory to other disciplines like philosophy, linguistics, psychology (or psychoanalysis), politics, anthropology, history and the like as well as a crossing-over from these disciplines to literary theory in an unprecedented way, even though it is too early to say whether it has been in favour of literary theory. All these recent criss-cross movements or interdisciplinary critical-theoretical debates have tended towards nihilism or at least to scepticism.

A 'movement' means a number of different things: a military evolution, the moving parts of a piece of machinery, a way of thinking or acting towards something new or away from something that exists, an act of emptying the bowels or the amount of waste matter produced during such emptying, etc. but it is noticeable that all these senses imply a change, a change from statis, stationariness or status quo to a dynamism, to a set of radical actions, to a process of upsetting an existing order. It may be this fundamental sense of 'movement' as 'radical change' that is responsible for the ever-increasing abundance of technical terms in literary critical debates with Latin prefixes like de-, dis- and post- and Greek/Latin suffixes like -ize, -ise and -ity e.g. demystification, decontextualization, defamiliarization, selfization, otherization, valorization, textuality, post-structuralism, etc. Apart from conveying a sense of disaffection with the existing order, a formation like any one of the above authenticates the contemporary academic need for urgency, learning, nihilism and activism at once that a critical theoretical exercise or practice undertakes to perform or achieve. De- is 'down', 'away'; dis- is 'apart', 'asunder', 'not'; post- is 'after', 'behind'; -ize/-ise is 'act like' or 'speak as'; -ity is a feature or quality that applies to the generality of an object or thing as well as to make a brief account of that generality. Textuality, for example, is that feature or quality of a text that applies to all texts. Greek and Latin roots validate the learned nature of the formations. 'Postism' looks around, after and beyond and is not confined to the unstable present or to a regressing or regressive past while the de-/dis- forms liberate the enterprise from the shackles of the inhibiting or obsessive 'centre' (or meaning). As a centrifugal movement has to have extraordinary power to get out of the gravitational pull of the long-centred centre, it is required or obliged to 'act' fast and forcefully (taking the cue from Latin -izare and Greek -izo). Since any search for meaning is destined to be a fruitless chase for an elusive black cat in a dark room which is not there, it can only try to search for 'nothing'. The search is still worth undertaking because it is only after the search that the searcher realizes that there was in fact nothing to search for. It is the discovery of nothingness that becomes the eureka experience of the searcher today. Incidentally, 'poste' in French means 'a television set'. One may therefore replace 'post' with 'television' (or 'tele' for short) to make terms like 'tele-modernism' and 'tele-structuralism' in order to highlight the ultramodernity of the intellectual movements in the television age.

Three important movements have characterized the main spirit of intellectual pursuits in the second half of the twentieth century. These movements are generally identified as *post-modernism, post-structuralism* and *deconstructionism*. Semantically, they intersect one another so that they may be viewed as concentric circles. Without going into precise distinctions, post-modernism may be described as a general movement that includes post-structuralism which in turn includes deconstructionism. Postmodernism acquired currency originally as a technical term in architecture but soon began to find circulation as a key term in aesthetics, culture studies, literary theory, political science, economics, geography, sociology, philosophy, pedagogics, media and feminist studies. As a decisive break with the tradition, Postmodernism could be identified with the US Supreme Court ruling on copyright laws regarding video taping in 1984 or with the publication of the Parisian *La Presse* as the first commercial newspaper in 1836 (Ray 1990). Faced with these two cut-off points separated from each other by a century and a half, one does not find it easy to make up one's mind about fixing a particular date as the formal beginning of postmodernism, particularly when one could easily trace postmodernist tendencies in the writings of Nietzsche and Heidegger. One could, however, agree with Arnold Toynbee, at least for the sake of academic convenience, to reckon the age of postmodernism as beginning in 1946. The Second World War happened to be the most disastrous event in human history that caused a perennial cleavage between a fragile past and a hazy future with a fevered present, gnawing at all sensitive minds. 1946 came to be the beginning of an era persistently marked by anomie, uncertainty, diffidence, lack of faith and a devastating split in human sensibility. Postmodernist devices and concepts like belligerence, subversiveness, self-reflexivity, self-scepticism, parodies of traditional values, paratext, intertext, subtexts, paradoxicality, ambiguity, decentrism, slippage, transvaluation of conventional hierarchies, polemics and anti-foundationalism are better appreciated with reference to the post-war psychology that characterized almost all walks of life and almost every branch of the human sciences in the aftermath of the international catastrophe.

Postmodernism distinguishes itself from modernism in several radical ways. Modernism defines a work as an object and tries to seek and demonstrate its 'correct' understanding or meaning. Postmodernism separates a 'text' from a 'work', concentrates on textuality and makes use of devices like 'remotivation' (recuperation, recontextualization, remixing, refunctioning, reterritorialization, etc. being some of the cognate terms) to explore and exhibit the limitless possibilities of alternative readings. The modernist art object is redefined in postmodernism as a *site* to demonstrate that *meaning* is a derivative of accumulated impositions and publicity. Modernism divides the paratext from the text; Postmodernism views them as a continuum. Modernism moves from orality to literacy in order to glorify the book; postmodernism shifts from the book to the electronic media (to the TV as the main source for the storage, retrieval and communication of information) in order to show that conceptualization depends more on audio-visual mnemonics than on printed matter. Modernism displays its greatest love for 'high seriousness'; postmodernism returns to what is known as 'camp sensibility' so as to enjoy all that was earlier repressed or censured. Modernism conscientiously adheres to (Platonic) 'segregation' of forms so that works produced in different genres are clearly separable from one another; postmodernism valorizes (Barthesian) 'miscegenation' so that hybrid, crossgeneric, unclassifiable texts are suitably 'situated' as evidence of a culture's instinct for novelty and change. Modernism defines science or knowledge (episteme) as an 'epiphany', 'discovery', 'explosion' or 'illumination'; postmodernism identifies knowledge with a culture's *doxa* (its received ideas, opinions and stories) and the meaning of a text with the commentary, gossip and criticism surrounding it (Ray 1990). Modernism articulates anthropocentrism, humanism, subject-object dualism, aesthetic elitism and philosophies of consciousness; postmodernism critiques all these positions to demonstrate that each of them could easily be turned into a counter-discourse : 'man' could be seen as a being in the world like any other being, subject and object could be seen as coming into being through a texture which does not construct a knowing subject and a knowable object, the aesthetic could be so foregrounded that it is accessible to one and all, and the philosophy of consciousness could better be turned into a discourse of self-consciousness so as to get a clearer view of the interdependence of being and things in the world. Modernism believes in originality, unity, progress and speculation; postmodernism points to *implication* (that everything has always already been done or said), fragmentation, reversal and scepticism. Modernism is an endorsement of Enlightenment philosophy which traces the 'foundation' of knowledge in transcendent sources like reason, truth and God. Knowledge as a reflection of reason or truth is a metanarrative formulated by Enlightenment. Postmodernism denies the existence of transcendent foundations by pointing out that all knowledge is produced through discourse. As the world today is dominated by informatics, consumerism and global economics, on the one hand, and by anxiety, irrationalism and helplessness, on the other, there seems to be no reason to have faith in any construct like essential human nature, centred consciousness, subject-centred philosophy, grand or metanarratives or transcendent foundations. Postmodernism therefore signals the onset of anti-foundationalism, the collapse of metanarratives and the demise of modernism. It takes care to point out that the totalities of Enlightenment universalism are the slogans of totalitarianism and the will-to-truth is a disguise for the will-to-power. Postmodernism represents a shift from the subject/self to the object/other, from metaphysics to aesthetics and "from the conceptual absolutes of philosophy to the contingencies and ironies of literature as a form of non-conceptual embodied representation which can avoid the violent totalisations of abstract thought" (Waugh 1992 : 7). Postmodernism is, above all, both sceptical and self-sceptical. It exposes the inherent contradictions of modernism as well as accepts its own self-contradictions. The 'post' (or 'Poste') of postmodernism develops out of a structure of thought which knows that it is neither absolute nor invulnerable.

Contemporaneous with the rise and growth of modernism in general, certain developments in literary theory together constituted what may be called 'literary modernism'. Whether we look at modernism as a historical condition, an intellectual development, a philosophy or a perspective of frightening facts of contemporary life, it is inevitable to find in it a consequential configuration of an experience of alienation and a metaphor of alienation. Literary modernism, through its vocabulary and metaphors, enthusiastically celebrates *belle letters* and obsessively indulges in a romance of alienation. It views the solitary writer not as an actor, nor as action, but as a scene of action, as a medium or technique of writing. The writer is not a participant in the act of writing; he is merely an employee of writing or a captive of language which writes itself through him. Literary modernism treats a literary artefact as a discrete object whose origins are as "irrelevant as its destination" (Brodkey 1987). The 'autonomous' literary text becomes the homologue of the alienated artist. Formalism in general and New Criticism in particular concentrate on the mechanics of writing so that both writer and writing alike are "subsumed in the production of Literature just as worker and working are made invisible in, say, the production of Automobiles" (*ibid*). Literary modernism denies authorship to the writer and intentionality or affectiveness to the text. It describes a scene of writing in which the writer is a victim of both the word and the world or an unwilling captive who is obliged to mediate the sacred word in a profane world or a saintly sinner whose "knowledge promises redemption even as it threatens annihilation" (*ibid*).

In many ways homologous with the contemporaneous modernist critique of orthodoxies in traditional theorisings about social organization, religion, morality, art, the human self and the like, Russian Formalism, the Prague Linguistic Circle, the Anglo-American New Criticism and, above all, Saussurian linguistics (which together constitute literary modernism) achieve a deliberate and radical break with orthodoxies in literary theory by interrogating epistemological and ontological certainties regarding the nature of the relation between the author, the text and the reader and by focusing upon the definition and autonomy of the text itself. A major part of the attack on critical orthodoxy is concerned with their consensual undermining of the traditional belief in there being a 'natural' and 'sensible' way to study literature as well as by their deliberate emphasis that the "orders of the world are not 'natural' but construed" (Rice and Waugh 1992 : x). Each of these developments seeks to question and undermine the founding assumptions of traditional poetics. The founding assumptions of the humanist ideology presuppose that the world is a 'man-centred' theatre of action and progress, that man is the source and sanction of meaning and history, that experience is prior to expression in language, that literature is a collective product of uniquely gifted individuals, that language is a mere tool of expressing thought and experience which transcend linguistic formulation and that there is a necessary link between transparent words and exotic ideas. By addressing and interrogating these assumptions, modernist critical theory exposes the sheer hollowness and groundlessness of the age-old literary critical orthodoxy. Pointing the way to the destabilization of the status quo, literary modernism clearly shows that what had been thought natural is in fact a construct, a product of the system of language (Brooks 1990). The American philosopher, Richard Rorty, makes a very useful distinction between the spatiotemporal world and the description of this world (cited in Waugh 1992 : 172). He says that the spatiotemporal world exists independently of the human mind but no description of this world is ever independent of the human mind. The world is but truth is not. Trust cannot be out there because truth is made rather than discovered just as language is made rather than found. Truth, Rorty argues, is a properly of language, a product of language which is made by man and therefore truth cannot exist outside language nor can it transcend language. It is a linguistic entity. It exists in words and sentences. Like truth or conscience, the literary text is a product of language, a linguistic entity and therefore it has to be seen and analysed as a linguistic object.

Vehemently opposed to extrinsic considerations like socializing and mystifying literature, Russian Formalists concentrate on the formal and literary devices of literary works in order to show that literature is a special mode of discourse in which language is the point of focus. They do not accept the Romantic glorification of the creative genius nor do they agree that literature could be subordinated to extraneous disciplines like sociology, history or philosophy. Boris Eichenbaum, Viktor Shklovsky, Yuri Tynyanov and Roman Jakobson were some of the key figures of Russian Formalism which started in the 1920s in Moscow but (with Jakobson shifting to Czechoslovakia and joining in with Rene Wellek and Jan Mukarovsky in the late twenties) it was linked with the Prague Linguistic Circle which assimilated its main tenets. Acting as a bridge between Moscow and Prague, Jakobson gave a broad shape and better direction to Slavic Formalism as a whole and it was Slavic Formalism that could fraternize with Anglo-American New Criticism, on the one hand, and with Saussurian linguistics, on the other, to develop a reasoned and objectively verifiable form of literary theory.

Both the Formalists and the New Critics look upon a literary work as a self-contained entity in which form and content inhere in each other. Both of them agree that form generates meaning by manipulating all the available linguistic possibilities and ambiguities so that the literary artefact is clearly separable from non-literary constructions. Both of them undermine authorship, intentionality and extra-literary perspectives of literary critical evaluation. But Formalists and New Critics also differ from one another in significant ways. To the Formalist, literature is a semiotic phenomenon, a system of signs in which the writer is concerned with the manipulation of linguistic and literary devices rather than with the representation of reality while to the New Critic, his deep interest in form and meaning notwithstanding, literature is bound up with the simulation of reality. Unlike the New Critic's excessive emphasis on ambiguity, paradox, irony, metaphor and the like as peculiar to poetry, Formalist criticism treats them as *just* literary devices which are necessary to all forms of literary composition, not only or uniquely to poetry. Unlike the New Critic, the Formalist emphasizes a differential definition of literature and the scientific method of literary studies. Formalism moves away from the New Critical humanistic preoccupation with literature. The main thrust of the Formalist movement is its concentration on 'literariness' and on discovering the system that could describe a literary work as clearly distinct from a non-literary work. Slavic Formalism formulates concepts like 'deviation', 'defamiliarization', 'foregrounding' and 'stylization' to define a poetics which is close to stylistics and an integral part of semiotics. It is the Formalist's preoccupation with a semiotic poetics that accounts for its gradual severance from aesthetic isolationism as well as for its timely anticipation of structuralist criticism.

With Slavic Formalism gradually branching off towards stylistics via Saussurian linguistics, New Criticism is left behind to be judged by its relationship with surrounding literary critical perspectives. New Criticism is sometimes called *formalist* criticism for its convergence with Slavic Formalism, particularly for its unusual emphasis on the formal organization of poems to the neglect of matters of content, response and belief. Nevertheless, the problem of belief, response, content and context in literature dogs New Criticism throughout its career and is never settled satisfactorily. The New Critics' religious beliefs, political views and tactical overtures to the outside world contradict their avowed concern with literature only as literature and, as Murray Krieger points out, they cannot answer a fundamental question: "do works of art refer to a world outside themselves, or are they self-referring and self-generating, living an independent life of their own?" (cited in Rylance 1990). The New Critics fail to answer this question because they maintain these two opposed positions at the same time and it is this failure that impels the contemporary literary theorist to dump them on to the heterogeneous and mutually distrusting schools of critics who constitute the critical orthodoxy in the first half of the twentieth century with an impressive plurality of practices. The New Criticism is thus found to be sharing with historical/biographical criticism, moral-aesthetic criticism, psychoanalytic criticism and myth criticism, "a broadly mimetic view of literature where literature in some way or other, reflects and delivers up 'truths' about life and the human condition" (Rice and Waugh 1992 : 2). Even if we grant that the mimetic view is not foregrounded in the New Criticism, it cannot be denied that it is noticeable almost everywhere. The mimetic perspective views language as a transparent medium which can transcribe reality in an aesthetic form and reality as a self-contained and coherent entity which can transcend linguistic formulation at will. This view is also committed to a thorough going humanism and an empiricist-idealist epistemology. As Catherine Belsey points out : "...common sense urges that 'man' is the origin and source of meaning, action and of history (*humanism*). Our concepts and our knowledge are held to be the product of experience (*empiricism*), and this experience is preceded and interpreted by the mind, reason or thought, the properly of a transcendent human nature whose essence is the attribute of each individual (*idealism*)" (cited in Rice and Waugh 1992 : 3). The mimetic view of literature makes its theoretical position vulnerable by postulating concepts like the unique individual, the priority of thought or experience to expression, the presence of transcendent reality or meaning and the perception of language as the tool of expression or the dress of thought.

In his well known encyclopaedia article on the theories of poetry, M.H. Abrams (1965) argues that it is only in 'objective' theorization of literature that the 'text', to the exclusion of components like the world, the writer and the reader, becomes the central focus of the critical discourse and that the critic concerns himself with drawing a boundary around the 'artefact' in order to concentrate on the artefact itself (Fowler 1950). But when we examine these "objective theories" a little closely, we find that despite their announced rejection of the extraneous components as irrelevant to the consideration of the 'poem' (object or artefact), they do use concepts and assumptions to 'understand' or explain specific poems which display a serious misunderstanding of the purpose of a textual theory of literature and of the nature and function of language. It is for this reason that recent attacks on the New Critical orthodoxy so prominently centre on language and textuality. They use insights taken from the language theory of the Swiss linguist, Ferdinand de Saussure, to point out that language is not a tool of expressing pre-existent reality or pre-linguistic thought nor is language a transparent medium. Language is a constitutive part of reality, thought or experience. Besides Saussure's theory of language, a whole host of alternative theories of literature like feminist poetics, structuralist

Marxism, Reader Response theory, structuralist criticism and post-structuralist textualism have clearly demonstrated that the mimetic perspective of literature is both outdated and untenable.

Given its chronic dualism between poem-as-poem and poem-as-means, textual concentration and extratextual leanings, socio-political neutralism and neo-Christian revivalism, artistic autonomy and socio-political commitment, line-by-line reading and in-between-the-lines interpretation, meaning and truth, self-referential slogan and mimetic overtures, intrinsic criticism and extrinsic considerations etc., it was inevitable that New Criticism both heralded and gave way to structural criticism (cf. Philips 1980, Norris 1990, Rylance 1990 & Bennett 1994). Structuralist theory marked a break with as well as a continuation of New Criticism. One element of continuity from New Criticism to Structuralist theory is the deflation of the author and the inflation of the text while one element of discontinuity from the one to the other is the latter's exclusive concentration on language and the inflation of the reader. R.P. Blackmur's prediction that the future of poetry lay in linguistics (Philips 1980) is confirmed by Jakobson's well known schematization of the functions of language which distinguishes the 'poetic function' as 'the set toward the message as such, focus on the message for its own sake'. Jakobson defines a poem (that is, a work of art) as a 'verbal structure' and poetics (that is the study of poetry) as a discipline which tries to find out and analyse the *differentia specifica* of verbal structures as opposed to other structures and argues that since poetics 'deals with problems of verbal structure', it may be regarded as 'an integral part of linguistics' because linguistics is the 'global science of verbal structure' (1960). Jakobson's suggestion that poetics should be an integral part of linguistics stretches the New Critical inflation of textuality so far that it becomes a different kind of proposition. Since Blackmur cannot go that far with Jakobson, the latter's poetics marks a departure from the former's criticism. New Critics refer to the language of the 'verbal icon' in a traditional, laymanish sense while structuralists deal with the language of the 'verbal structure' in a technical, exclusive sense. The exclusive concern with the text, the rejection of history, the denial of truth value, judgement and privileged or transcendent positions, and the apotheosization of the reader characterize the structuralist reversal or subversion of New Critical textualism. The structuralist crowning of the reader is a matter of consensus among the practitioners of the theory. The reader, they argue, continually *reconstructs* the text. Umberto Eco, for example, speaks of "producing texts by reading them" (Philips 1980). Roland Barthes puts this view more eloquently : "the object of structuralism is not man endowed with meanings, but man fabricating meanings" (Philips 1980). He even goes to the extent of putting it in the form of a provocative epigram : "in the text, only the reader speaks" (Fowler 1990). Reception theory and Reader Response criticism propose to reset the balance lost in the New Critical glorification of the ontology of the text, of the poem' "itself", by giving the reader a central and dynamic role in the construction of the text. By crowning the reader, structuralist theory replaces the New Critic's interpretive elitism with the contemporary reader's egalitarianism by showing that in reading there are only cardinals and there is no pope.

IV

Structuralism, whether a movement, an ideology, a general tendency of thought, a technique or a method, is derived from the single work of a single language philosopher. The philosopher was Ferdinand de Saussure who taught at the University of Geneva between 1907 and 1911. His colleagues and students compiled their notes of his lectures after his death and the work was called *Cours de linguistique generale (Course in General Linguistics)* and was published in Paris in 1916. The *Course* became a turning-point in linguistic scholarship and established a new paradigm in linguistic thought. This new paradigm came to be known as 'Structuralism' in linguistics but in course of time entered several disciplines like anthropology, history, philosophy, psychoanalysis and literary theory. Originally intended to be a general study of the system of signs, *semiology* or *semiotics*, structuralism *specifically* dealt with language so that even today a distinction is made between semiotics and structuralism as the respective names of a discipline which is 'semiology' if it deals with signs in general and 'structuralism' if it deals with signs in language. Comparable to *Das Kapitol* and *The Interpretation of*

Dreams in its influence on later thought, the *Course in General Linguistics* has been found to be a unique work : it was posthumous, attributed rather than authored and solitary. Saussure did not write or dictate the manuscript; he did not intend to be its author and he is not credited with any other work in linguistics. Perhaps no other book on language theory in this century, whether Bloomfield's *Language*, Chomsky's *Syntactic Structures* or Derrida's *Of Grammatology*, has exercised such a profound and far-reaching influence on the entire texture of thinking about language. Saussure's theory, above all, prepared the ground for a radical epistemology and it was this power that enabled structuralism to permeate and revolutionalize so many disciplines, even though it took so long to transcend the boundaries of linguistic scholarship. It is no wonder that it took almost half a century to enter, magnetize and sciencitize the domain of literary theory through the zealous efforts of advocates like Roland Barthes, Umberto Eco, Gerard Gennette, Tzvetan Todorov and A.J. Greimas.

Saussure's theory seeks to discover and articulate the *conditions* of meaning rather than produce a critique of meaning *per se*. It views meaning as a *differential* function or relation at a given point of time and posits some basic concepts like 'langue', 'people', 'synchrony', 'diachrony', 'arbitrariness', 'difference' and 'value' in order to formulate an objective description of the system of systems, that is, language. Saussure argues that language is a system of signs and the 'sign' is the basic unit of meaning which comprises a visual or acoustic 'image' and a mental 'image' (*a signifier* and a *signified*). The distinction between the signifier and the signified, however, must be taken as a mental abstraction or analytical separation for purposes of description and not as a thought-construction because it is not possible to have the thought of a word image as opposed to the thought of a concept or vice versa. Saussure further points out that the sign is *arbitrary* both as signifier and as signified, that is, there is no natural, necessary or logical connection between them : any sequence of sounds or written shapes could be used to signify 'cat' as 'billi' in Hindi or 'marjara' in Sanskrit. This means that the relationship between the signifier 'cat' and the signified 'cat' in English is conventional and language-specific. Besides, it is crucial from the point of view of theory to take note of the fact that languages 'cut up' the phenomenal world differently, that is, that different languages use different signifieds. In English, for example, the signified 'sheep' is different from 'mutton' while in French 'mouton' includes both. This means French 'mouton' differs from English 'sheep' or 'mutton' in semantic *value*. The concept of value can be demonstrated by pointing out phonemic or phonological difference between languages as also by showing syntactic or grammatical differences between them. Languages use different sets of phonemes/ allophones as also they combine them differently. 'pal' and 'phal' in Hindi demonstrate a phonemic contrast between the two initial sounds whereas 'pal' and phal' in English refer to the same phoneme in both initial positions. Further, the consonant cluster in English 'texts' is not possible in Hindi. As regards grammar, it must be noted that each language has its own grammar. Syntactic structures and grammatical categories differ from language to language. English, for example, has 'singular' and 'plural' while Sanskrit has 'singular', 'dual' and 'plural'. Any number of examples can be cited from any two languages to show that their value systems are remarkably different. But even these examples clearly show that languages differ from one another in phonology, grammar and semantics with reference to their signifieds and their attendant values. The relationship between the signifier and the signified is arbitrary and it is this arbitrariness that does not reduce language to a mere naming process. There is nothing 'natural' about the way a language cuts up the world because there is nothing like a pre-existing idea or thought. All distinctions and values are relative and language-specific and that is why languages do not have exact equivalents from one to the other. In fact our world is constructed for us by our language and there is no reality or meaning outside the language.

Saussure distinguishes specific utterances in language (*parole*) from the system that underlies those utterances (*langue*). Since individual utterances are varied and infinite, linguistics must study the system of language, the system of forms, rules, conventions, codes and social contracts that make individual utterances possible and meaningful. Saussure adds a further distinction between the structure of language at a given moment (synchrony) and the changes in the forms and conventions of language over time (diachrony) but he goes on to say, as signs do not have any fixed core of meaning, the sign, in order to 'mean', must form part of the system which is complete at any given moment of time. Saussure therefore recommends that linguistics must ideally confine itself to the study of the langue (which generates all meaningful utterances by virtue of its forms and conventions) in its synchronic aspect.

Saussure's postulation of the notion of value leads to his perception of language as a differential system. Explaining value from the points of view of the signified, the signifier and the complete sign, he makes a generalization of the system of language in general which turns out to be his most profound and prophetic statement about the nature of language. A concept, for example, he says, is a differential entity, defined not by its positive content but negatively by its relation with other concepts in the language. A concept in a language *is* what other concepts in the language *are not*. Similarly, a sound image is a differential entity. It is in a language because it is different from other sound images in the language. In other words, a sound image in a language *is* what other sound images in the language *are not*. Finally, the sign as a totality or unity is again a differential entity which is defined not by its positive content but negatively by its relation with the other signs of the language. The most precise characteristic of a sign in a language is being what the other signs in the language *are not*. Saussure therefore concludes that "in language there are only differences *without positive terms*" (Rice and Waugh 1992 : 14).

Saussure's notion of linguistic differentiation and negation deserves to be compared with certain concepts in ancient Indian philosophy. It is not clear from the *Course in General Linguistics* or from easily available expositions of his concepts that his perception of language as an essentially differential system definable in negative terms was in any way determined by the related concepts in Indian philosophy. His work clearly indicates that he had some knowledge of Sanskrit linguistics but the indication is not enough to lead one to the conclusion that Saussure was familiar with the related Indian concepts and that he did not acknowledge his sources. Whether Saussure was not familiar with the Upanishadic theory of negation or with the Buddhist doctrine of exclusion or denial could at best be a matter of opinion but there seems to be no doubt that there is an interesting coincidence between Saussurian differentiation and the Indian theories of negation and denial. In the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishada* the definition of the Self (Brahman or Atman) takes the form of a refrain : "not this, not this" (neti, neti). The *Upanishada* says again and again : "The Self is not seized, not bound, not attached. It is unseizable, unbound, unattached. It is not this. It is not that. It is indefinable. It is indescribable" (Hume 1949 : 2.3.6, 3.9.26, 4.2.4,. 4.5.15). The Buddhist doctrine of exclusion or denial (Apoha-Vada, 'Apoha' literally means removing, excluding, denying) is based on definition by negation. According to this doctrine, the meaning of a word is a conceptual image whose essence is the negation of all its counter-correlates. This doctrine refutes the Nyaya-Mimansa view that the meaning of a word refers to an essence or universal underlying the objects of a certain category, otherwise each object in that category will have a different name. The Buddhist argues, on the contrary, that meaning does not refer to anything common (samanya) between two things, the meaning of a thing is, in fact, the exclusion or denial of everything that is not this thing. The meaning of 'cow', for example, is the negation of all 'non-cows' (Roy & Gidwani 1983 : 104-5, Seturaman 1989 : 582). It is thus clear that both the Upanishada and Buddhist philosophy define meaning as differentiation by negation, by a system of binary opposition like the one between 'tree' and 'not-tree' and invite comparison to the Saussurian definition of meaning in language.

Saussure's theory of language gave rise to 'linguistic structuralism' as a matter of natural growth of a discipline but the development of what is known as 'literary structuralism' (or 'structuralist criticism') had to be achieved by stretching expertise in one branch of knowledge to another branch of knowledge or by using a theory in one discipline as a mode or method in another discipline. Structuralism had to be developed both as a method of analysis and as an epistemology in literary studies and it required some versatile intermediaries to evolve contemporary literary theory in a way and to an extent that it could absorb revolutionary changes in linguistic scholarship for its own benefit and as a matter of its inevitable movement from one era to another era. It was due to the zealous efforts of scholars like Levi-Strauss, Roman Jakobson and Rene Wellek, among others, that the necessary impetus for the development of literary structuralism was provided in time. Saussure's theory of language is used by these scholars as the basis of a paradigm or theoretical model to understand and analyse literature and the literary text. With such changes in perspective the ground is prepared for a clear transition from formalistic criticism to structuralist criticism and the possibility of a 'science' of literature is in sight. The science of literature develops a 'metalanguage' to talk about the language of literature. Structuralism seeks, through its metalanguage, to discover the 'system' of literature so as to explain the mode of existence of literature and the text as well as to 'explain' individual works in terms of the system of literature as a whole. The science of literature, formulated by structuralism, thus claims to seek general principles in individual works as well as to explain individual works with reference to general principles. Structuralist criticism evolves a 'poetics' which investigates the conditions of meaning in literary texts and the structures of form that organize literary texts and make a range of meanings possible in those texts. It is by investigating and identifying forms, structures and meanings and their interdependence that structuralist poetics articulates a general 'grammar' of literature and justifies its preference for *langue to parole*, for system to instance or for signifier to signified. Structualist poetics also demonstrates the triple pertinence of the linguistic model to the study of literature by pointing to the verbal material, the semiological organization and the linguistic content of literature. From Jakobson's 'set toward the message' to Barthes' apotheosization of the 'text', structualist poetics consistently highlights the uniqueness of literature as a use of language and hence its increasing aestheticization of the literary text. The advent of structuralism is thus legitimately viewed as a remarkable breakthrough both in linguistics and literary theory. Ernest Cassirer, in a famous lecture given before his death in 1945, hailed the advent of structural linguistics as a victory of the "friends of Ideas" over the "supporters of matter" (cited in Timpanaro 1981). Similarly, David Lodge, in a famous address given in 1979, applauded the scientific tradition of structualist poetics as a "knowledge explosion" (Lodge 1992).

Roman Jakobson travelled through Russian formalism, Prague linguistics and European stylistics to arrive at literary structuralism. In his well known presentation at the Bloomington symposium on style and language in 1958, he provided a theoretical justification for structuralist critical practice by defining literariness or the poetic function of language as "the projection of the principle of equivalence from the axis of selection to the axis of combination" (1960). Jakobson describes the binarism between metaphor and metonymy. Metaphor is generated by a process of similarity between things otherwise different while metonymy (or synecdoche) is generated by a process of association between part and whole or thing and attribute. Metaphor highlights similarity underlying different components by selecting one of the components while metonymy achieves an association between contiguous elements by reducing the distance between them through deletion. If a sentence 'Ships sail the sea' is transformed into a sentence like 'Keels plough the deep', the connection between metaphoric and metonymic processes become clear. As a 'plough' moves through the earth, a 'ship' moves through the sea. As 'plough' is equivalent to 'sail', 'plough' is selected. Now, a 'keel' is a part of a ship and 'deep' is an attribute of the sea. 'Keels of ships' is condensed into 'keels' and 'deep seas' is condensed into 'the deep'. A part is equivalent to a whole as an attribute is equivalent to a thing. Metonymy operates through deletion and condensation to increase combination or contiguity as metaphor operates through selection to foreground similarity underlying differences and thus together "they epitomize the two ways by which any discourse connects one topic with another : either because they are similar or because they are contiguous" (Lodge 1992). Jakobson would therefore argue that the self-focusing of literary language is achieved through a network of patterns to conceal paradigmatic equivalences in syntagmatic equivalences.

By way of reviewing Jakobson's contributions to contemporary theorizings about literature and the literary text, it is significant to note that he deserves to be considered as one of the foremost text-oriented literary scholars of our century and yet his reputation as a literary scholar must not blind a discerning reader to the severe limitations of his 'theoretical' position. Jakobson's endemic emphases on the poetics of 'literariness', 'defamiliarization', 'foregrounding', 'parallelism', 'poetic function', 'equivalence' and the like over more than half a century have been influential constructs in literary studies. But it must be noted that despite his proclaimed concern for scientificity in theorizings about literature, his 'conceptions' display obvious loopholes. Rene Wellek, a one-time friend and fellow-member of the Prague Linguistic Circle, considers Jakobson's differentiation of the 'lyric' and the 'epic' in terms of grammatical structures "scarcely promising of objective results" and "open indeed to question" (Wellek 1963 : 228). I.A. Richards proposes an alternative list of the six 'factors and functions' of language by way of commenting on Jakobson's well known paper presented at the Bloomington symposium and poses a question at the end of his rejoinder : "Can we find a better example of verbal art in the POETIC function helping us more unexpectedly?" (Richards 1974 : 16). Again, finding his meticulous stylistic analysis of Shakespeare's sonnet 129 rather inadequate and misleading, Richards finally exhorts Jakobson to "read better, more discerningly and justly" (*ibid*, p. 49). C.J. Van Rees points out that the Russian formalists and the Prague structuralists, from the beginning, "called for the focus of attention to be placed on the specific literary nature of literary texts. They attempted to develop a theory of literariness that dealt with this specific characteristic of texts; *i.e.* to take stock of the properties peculiar to the linguistic material, in particular of literary techniques" (Rees 1984). Rees, however, refuses to accord the views on literariness the status of a 'theory' of literature (he calls such views 'conceptions' of literature) even though he grants that in the twentieth century "those conceptions have dominated the textually oriented field of inquiry" (*ibid*). Jakobson, the literary scholar, must be separated from Jakobson, the linguist, and as the linguist is an outsider to linguistics proper, Jakobson must be judged only as a literary scholar with his native prejudices and persuasions. Sebastiano Timpanaro therefore derides Jakobson's flirtations with linguistics : "Like Trubetzkoy, Jakobson's historical interests are too great for him to reduce linguistics to search for a few "invariant elements" (1981). Timpanaro hastens to add that an 'upgrading', not a 'negation', of diachrony had been "one of the foremost leitmotifs" of the Prague school.

Not too long ago, an eminent structuralist, Gerard Genette, introduced his readers to a new genre of discourse that could cut across traditional generic boundaries and called it *mimology* (mimologics or mimologism). In 'Mimologics : A Voyage to Cratylusland' (1976), Genette explores the traditional debate between mimeticism or Cratylism and Hermogenism or conventionalism and discovers that even in the latter mimological "reveries" reign. The nature of language is such that the signifier can never be released from the tyranny of the signified. The wish to make words imitate things ("the sound must seem an echo of the sense"), Genette contends, proves stronger than rational or scientific methodology. The repressed desire of words to look, sound or smell like things returns again and again with the consequence that even though the Hermogenists should have won by now, the Cratylists still prevail in spite of a Saussure or a Bachelard.

Examining formalist poetics in terms of this assumption, Genette explicitly points out that Jakobson's Hermogenism is ultimately grounded in mimological reveries or desires. Jakobson repeatedly emphasizes the 'poeticity' of literary language and the 'opacity' of the verbal forms in the poem and yet poetic mimologism is apparent in his poetics. On the one hand, Jakobson seeks to free the sign from the object by concentrating on the autotelism of the sign while, on the other hand, his examples illustrating the poetic function of language betray the natural affinity of the sign with the object. In 'Linguistics and Poetics' Jakobson defends the priority of 'Joan' in a phrase like 'Joan and Margery' on purely formal grounds but he fails to do the same with regard to phrases like "Horrible Harry", "Ignoble Ingrid" and "I like Ike". The latter examples display the unavoidable referentiality of the linguistic sign. Similarly, the priority of 'the president' in a phrase like 'the president and the secretary of the state' derives from or reflects the priority in official standing. Whether Jakobson speaks of the poetic function, of parallelism, or of equivalence, mimetic valorization, Genette believes "penetrates all the elements" of his poetics. Besides, Genette contends that Jakobson's position on the crucial components of his poetics does not change at all, whether one reads a 1919 essay or a 1966 essay on any one of the topics that interest him. The autonomy of the poetic word and the reduction of the communicative function in poetry to a minimum, for example, are articulated in an essay in 1919 ('La nouvelle poesie russe'), confirmed in 'What is Poetry' in 1934, reiterated in 'Linguistics and Poetics' in 1958 and in 'Grammatical Parallelism and its Russian Aspect' in 1966. Apart from repeatedly returning to an orthodoxy of formalistic presuppositions, Jakobson does not quite succeed in rendering his distinctions clear. His principle of equivalence, like his view of the separation between metaphor and metonymy is ambiguous. There is, above all, in Jakobson a perpetual dissemination of the theme word within the poetic word. As Genette puts it : "Beyond all the episodic antagonisms and across many displacements of emphasis and balance, we encounter a triple valorization of the analogical relation : between signifiers (homophonies, paronomasias, etc.), between signifieds (metaphors), between signifier and signified (mimetic motivation)". Modern poetics, as formulated by Jakobson and his cohorts, is a recent avatar of the mimetic principle, of a relation of reflective analogy, of a relation of imitation in the guise of a poetics of conventionalism. Genette therefore finally resorts to a parody : 'scratch the formalist and you find the symbolist' or 'scratch Hermogenes and you (re)discover Cratylus'.

Claude Levi-Strauss happens to be one of the earliest social scientists to have successfully used the Saussurian model to examine the different systems of habits, customs and rituals underlying different cultures. Convinced of a homology between cultural systems and the system of language, he took upon himself the task of creating a structuralist anthropology that could discover and articulate a grammar of cultural systems. The publication of *Structural Anthropology* in 1958 marked a radical break with traditional studies in the discipline and provided an impetus for scientific critiques of the universe of the relevant themes and perspectives both in and out of anthropology. Levi-Strauss suddenly came to be regarded as a pioneer for those researchers who wanted to construct an objectively verifiable theory of literature. Both Levi-Strauss and his literary admirers shared the view that literary criticism, cultural studies and linguistics could benefit from each other by applying the tools and insights used in any one of them because each of them was concerned with discovering and describing the system or systems underlying a particular set of respective phenomena.

Levi-Strauss inaugurates anti-empirical, ultra-theoretical and rigorously mathematicizing anthropological structuralism that is inspired by linguistics and infatuated with literature. He indicts previous anthropologists for having failed to maintain "the necessary distance from the object of their research, for having stopped at the empirical given, the level of "lived experience", and for having thought that abstraction was precisely "abstraction" from the data of experience and not the construction of a priori theoretical models" (Timpanaro 1981). He denies all subjectivity but seeks to arrive at an identity of interpreter and interpreted. His contribution to the study of kinship systems and his protest against Eurocentrism and a linear conception of progress are universally acknowledged. He puts a heavy premium on the scientific role of structural linguistics in relation to the human sciences but he is liable to the charge that he uses science in a loose or "journalistic" sense. Timpanaro argues that the non-linguistic structuralists' use of structural linguistics as "an avant-garde science" is in fact a reference to a non-scientific Saussurianism (1981). Levi-Strauss' connection with Jakobson and Trubetzkoy was "a matter of genuine collaboration" as many of their ideas had passed into structural anthropology and together they had raised structuralism to the level of "general philosophy". Timpanaro says that Levi-Strauss not only misrepresents Saussure;

he is guilty of distorting even Jakobson and Trubetzkoy as well (1981).

Levi-Strauss is consistently torn between scientism and spiritualism. He cannot make up his mind about whether he is a scientist or a spiritualist, a metaphysician or a mystic. He says he could be called "a scientist or a theologian" (cited in Timpanaro 1981). Another example of a habitual self-contradiction is evident in his divided loyalties between linguistics and anthropology. The eventual split between the two disciplines is brought out so clearly in the following remark he makes at a conference of linguists and anthropologists : "So you may see that the motivations of anthropologists, insofar as I am able to interpret them correctly, are rather contradictory to the motivations of the linguists. The linguists try to join the anthropologists in order to make their study more concrete, while the anthropologists are trying to rejoin the linguists precisely because the linguists appear to show them a way to get out of the confusion resulting from too much familiarity with concrete and empirical data" (cited in Timpanaro 1981).

In an immensely readable paper in *The Southern Review*, Russell Fraser offers a convincing account of the inherent incompatibility between the nature of poetry and the nature of the structuralist model, whether linguistic, anthropological or literary. Structuralism is a science of the *langue* while poetry is a body of *paroles*. Structuralism is deductive, reductive, generalizing, systematizing, underlying and one while poetry is inspiring, expanding, particularizing, erratic, concretizing, foregrounding, pluralizing and many. Structuralism *abides* while poetry *flows*. Structuralism looks for fixities while poetry feasts on fluxes. The one and the many are mutually exclusive for "the many" change and pass while "the one" remains. The art of Levi-Strauss, for example, is "perspectival" while Shakespeare's art is "anti-perspectival" (Fraser 1983). Levi-Strauss, a die-hard scientist, philosopher and theorist, evades the "tyranny of particular things" while in Shakespeare's vision of the world there is "place and means for every man alive" (*ibid*). Shakespeare adores 'particular people' who need particular flowers while Levi-Strauss idolizes 'generic people' because they love generic flowers.

Structural Anthropology rationalizes and undercuts words to make them "ecumenical" while *A Midsummer Night's Dream* glorifies freckled words because in their "freckles live their savors". The structuralist is "a good-natured man" who *resolves differences* and, getting rid of rough edges and contours, "turns us all into well-rounded men" (ibid). Fraser cannot agree with the structuralist creed because he knows that it is only in our "differences that our identity" resides. He therefore adds : "My lexicon says that resolution is bad, where complication (but not obfuscation) is good. The residue of complication is the awareness of ambiguity, which mirrors our human condition" (Fraser 1983). Ambiguity we live, clarity we cherish.

Literary structuralism evolved out of the long-growing urge for clarity and precision in the study and explication of literature. Academic developments like Russian formalism, Prague linguistics, European stylistics and Anglo-American New Criticism accelerated the process of codifying the variety of insights offered by these developments into a coherent system of thoughts about literature on the lines of the Saussurian model. The need for theory-construction began to be felt by literary scholars of different persuasions. The publication of Wellek and Warren's *Theory of Literature* in the 1940s came to be regarded as one of the earliest and most significant representations of a literary critical programme motivated by a general swing towards eclectic theorizing about the description, interpretation and/or evaluation of literature within a text-sensitive paradigm. Looking through this handbook today, an inquisitive reader would like to find out whether it is a contribution to literary *theory* in 'continuity' with Aristotle's *Poetics*, as the authors claim in the preface to the first edition of their work (1949 : 7) or a 'set of normative views on the nature and function of literature' or a mere 'conception of literature' and not a 'theory of literature', as C.J. Van Rees contends in his paper on this handbook (1984).

Certain questions need to be asked to properly assess the theoretical status of *Theory of Literature* : Do description, interpretation and evaluation constitute the totality of a theory of literature? Are description, interpretation and evaluation necessarily connected in a theory of literature? What is a theory of literature?

Is it possible or pragmatic to apply a theory of literature to the study and exposition of literary texts? Is a theory of literature a scientific construct? Do the authors of this handbook postulate a valid theory of literature in this work? It is true that *Theory of Literature* exercised a profound influence on the study and exposition of 'literariness' for quite a long time but its immense popularity is no evidence of its theoretical worth. It is possible that this handbook remained so popular for so long either because better handbooks were not available or because students and teachers of literature took its theoretical position simply on faith. The academic consensus on using certain tools and concepts for the exchange of ideas about literary texts does not seem to have ever been based on a critical awareness among those who deal with literature. *Theory of Literature* is certainly a critique of contemporary views on the objectively verifiable or scientific study of literature but the moot question here is : How objective or scientific were these views? And if these views were not scientific, the scientificity of their critique, howsoever comprehensive or eloquent, becomes problematic or suspect.

In their Preface, Rene Wellek and Austin Warren claim that they have sought to unite literary theory and evaluation of literature with research and the 'dynamics' of literature, in contrast to the 'statics' of theory and criticism (p. 7). They also emphasize that "the true study of literature" should be "at once 'literary' and 'systematic' (1963 : 16). They repeatedly argue that description, interpretation and evaluation are the three ingredients of a theory of literature (cf 156-157). Literary theory, for them, is a construct that includes literary criticism, literary history, and the principles, categories, criteria and the like of the study of literature (p. 39). The study of literature for them is centrally literary or 'ergocentric' (p. 74). The use of the phrase 'a science of literature' (p. 52) clearly points to their belief in the *scientific* nature of their *theory*.

Examined with reference to the questions posed above, it is clear that Wellek and Warren use 'theory' not in the sense of a coherent set of verifiable categories, principles and criteria which can be used to describe and explain all the ingredients of a particular phenomenon in a *testable* manner but in the sense of an intuitive understanding of what is good and general. Rees is perfectly right in his view that *Theory of Literature* is not based on a *theory* of literature but on a certain sort of 'conception of literature' (1984). Besides, Rees contends that Wellek and Warren are guilty of inconsistencies, contradictions and lack of clarity. They seem to use 'science' in an unscientific sense and 'theory' in an untheoretical sense. As Wellek is responsible for thirteen out of nineteen chapters of the book, Rees undertakes to examine its content with reference to other works of Wellek alone. One of the basic contentions of Rees is that Wellek adhered to his theoretical position stated in this book throughout his career as a critic and historian of literature. Referring to his works published from 1936 to 1982, Rees points out that Wellek not only adheres to the view in 1982 that he had articulated in 1936 but he also exhibits a peculiar lack of "self-criticism" even with regard to his inconsistencies and contradictions.

There is a clear distinction made between description, interpretation and evaluation (1963 : 156-57) and then there is the statement : "Literary description and evaluation are inseparable" (1970 : 339) or the statement : "Analysis, interpretation and evaluation are interconnected stages of a single procedure" (1982 : 157). 'Literary theory' is defined as "a set of principles, categories and criteria" and 'literary criticism' is defined as "the study of concrete works of art" (1963 : 39) and yet there is an assertion : "Criticism aims at a theory of literature, at a formulation of criteria, and standards of description, classification, interpretation and finally judgement" (1965 : 466). *Theory of Literature* claims an autonomous status for the literary work but its delimitation of the domain of "the literary study of literary works of art" is based on 'a priori view of the essence of literature' (Rees 1984). It advocates a normative conception of literature with recourse to key notions like "structure", "value" and "norm" in combination with predicates like "aesthetic" and "literary" without specifying their meaning. The competent reader is repeatedly urged to have an experience of a literary work with reference to certain norms and aesthetically valuable qualities but the reader is seldom enlightened on what these norms and values are. Explaining the relativity of an individual work of art to a scale of values or norms, Wellek admits "a logical circle" in the following statement : "the historical process has to be judged by values, while the scale of values is itself derived from history" (Wellek 1963 : 257). The reader is urged to use his "own experienced and imagined world" to understand and talk about a literary work. Now if the reader has to so improvise to understand and talk about a literary work, why should he turn to or depend on this handbook? Since the conception of literature presented in *Theory of Literature* is not objectively *testable*, it does not acquire the status of a *theory of literature*, even though it is used and shared by the vast majority of literary readers and critics. Rees is rightly of the opinion that text-oriented scholars and critics fail to account for "the institutionally determined nature" of their conceptions of literature because they take the "scientific character" of what they believe in and practise "for granted" (1984).

Vladimir Propp's study of the Russian fairy tale proves a turning point in the development of literary structuralism. With his study begins the structuralist treatment of narrative literature, from a short tale to a long fiction or from an ancient myth to a modern novel. His work connects formalism to structuralism with the result that together they create a universal grammar of the narrative form or an abiding poetics of fiction. The identification of the universal mythic form and material becomes a landmark in the study of fictional or narrative literature. Myth is a unique component of the linguistic phenomena. Myth, unlike poetry, is a structure that transcends both time and place. It is both eternal and cross-cultural. If poetry is one extreme point of linguistic expression, myth is the other extreme. Poetry and myth represent the end-points of the spectrum of linguistic expression. Unlike poetry, myth preserves its original effect even in worst translations and in the remotest language, culture or age (cf. Levi-Strauss and C.S. Lewis cited in Scholes 1974 : 61). It is the phoenix-instinct of myth that has, over several decades now, stimulated structuralist critics to study and describe narrative literature.

Propp distinguishes between 'constant' and 'variable' elements in a collection of a hundred Russian fairy tales and arrives at the conclusion that even though characters are variable, their functions are constant and limited. A more revealing finding in his study of these tales is that they may vary in the number of functions they have (the total number of functions is thirty-one) but each one of them follows the same order of functions. It is therefore legitimate for Propp to generalize that all the fairy tales have the same structure. Propp also distinguishes seven "spheres of action" in line with the character roles in the fairy tales. As no tale has all functions, it is not necessary that a role is confined to a single character; one role may be played by several characters, while one character may play several roles but the total number of roles does not exceed seven in this type of narrative.

It is easy to criticize Propp for his failure to accord aesthetic considerations to the study of the Russian fairy tales but one cannot deny that he has provided (by distinguishing plot-functions and character-roles and their interconnections) an objective frame of reference for the study and analysis of one important ingredient of narrative literature. His work rightly becomes a source of inspiration for structuralists like A.J. Greimas and Tzvetan Todorov.

Greimas, like Jakobson, is known for his valorization of binarism which is used for classifying and ordering heterogeneous material in order to explore similarities or differences between two things or sets. Greimas postulates a binary opposition between 'actants' and 'functions'. Actants are classifiable in three sets of options : Subject and Object, Sender and Receiver, Helper and Opponent. Likewise, functions are classifiable in three opposed pairs : Performative (tests, struggles), Contractual (establishment and breaking of contracts), Disjunctional (departures and returns). All concepts are defined by a binary opposition (Life : Death :: Non-Life : Non-Death) so that "all narrative can be seen as the transformation into actants and actions of a thematic four-term homology" (Lodge 1992). All narrative consists of the transfer of an object or value from one actant to another.

Greimas' inventory of actants and functions is interesting but is it satisfying as a tool of fiction criticism? The basic number of actants in a narrative sequence is two. Similarly, the basic actions are disjunction and conjunction : separation and union, struggle and reconciliation. With oppositions like these, Greimas claims to offer 'a grammar of narrative as a whole' (Scholes 1974 : 103). It is possible that this kind of approach is helpful in analysing simple or formulaic narratives but it cannot account for the complexity of great works of fiction. Is it not too obvious to be academically attractive?

Torodov's study of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which concentrates on the grammar of the narrative and pays no attention to its philosophy or sociology, is an important step forward in the 'science' of narrative (theory of narrative or narratology). Comparable to Propp's study of the Russian fairy tales, Todorov's *Decameron* presupposes the existence of a universal grammar "not only because it informs all the languages of the universe, but because it coincides with the structure of the universe itself" (cited in Scholes 1974 : 111). Languages and narratives certainly share certain structural features but Todorov's claim for the universal grammar of narrative is open to question, for it has to be demonstrated rather than taken on faith.

Todorov distinguishes three aspects of a work of fiction or a narrative text (recit) and tries to describe them in terms of semantics, syntax and rhetoric. These three aspects refer to the content, grammatical structure and the stylistic component of a narrative text, respectively. But his study of *Decameron* "deals with syntax mainly, semantics slightly, and ignores the verbal aspect of the text" (Scholes 1974 : 112). This study shows both the difficulties and possibilities of evolving structural formats for the study of more 'literary' narrative texts. His identification of structural units like 'story', 'sequence', 'proposition' and 'parts of speech like the proper noun (character), the verb (action) and the adjective (attribute)' is intended to formulate an abbreviated grammar of narrative. Together with the grammar of narrative as postulated in his study of *Decameron*, Todorov's theory of reading, as postulated in his *poetique de la prose* (particularly in the essay "Comment Lire?"), deserves to be seen as a concrete step forward in the evolution of the poetics of fiction in structuralist terms. On the basis of his units of narrative structure (such as story, sequence, proposition and parts of speech) and his isolation of primary categories (like proper name, verb and adjective which respectively represent character, action and attribute), he claims that "the structures remain the same whatever the level of abstraction" (cited in Culler 1975 : 215). By connecting narrative structure with linguistic structure, he postulates his grammar of narrative. His theory of reading is the other component of his metalanguage, intended to offer a comprehensive framework to study and analyse narrative texts in general.

A literary text may be *read* in any number of ways and without defining any particular way as *the* way. Todorov develops his theory of reading with such plurality of readings in mind. He refers to three traditional forms of reading as 'projection', 'commentary' and 'poetics'. Moving through and beyond the text, moving in the text and moving in and around the text are the three approaches to the text which Todorov calls 'projection', 'commentary' and 'poetics', respectively. Projection sees a work as an entity relatable to authorial intention, to its effect on the reader or to its connectibility with the extra-literary phenomenon. Comment is another term for explication or close reading while poetics is a way or method of reading a text to connect it with the underlying systems of structure or to find in it an illustration of some universal(s). As poetic reading is liable to be misconstrued as a form of projectionist reading, Todorov uses 'reading' in a technical sense so that its projectionist liability is taken care of. Reading sees a text as a system but concerns itself with the text as an end in itself. It accepts the autonomy as well as the particularity of the text and hence it must be distinguished from projection, commentary and poetics. Todorov also seeks to distinguish reading from cognate processes like 'interpretation' and 'description' as he elaborates his concept of reading by concentrating on process like 'superstition' and 'figuration'. With tools and concepts like these, Todorov offers a fascinating project of reading and evaluating texts but two points must be made by way of evaluating his contribution to narrative criticism. The first point is that some of his distinctions like the ones between projection and poetics and between superstition and figuration are not sufficiently clear while the second point is that he does not pay sufficient attention to the semantic aspect of the texts he studies. He constructs a grammar of narrative on the basis of his study of a corpus of texts but he does not quite succeed in demonstrating why his "description should be preferable to others" (Culler 1975 : 217).

As an integral part of structuralist poetics, the problem of reading bothers many a theorist. Umberto Eco deals with the problem of reading as his major concern in literary theory. He separates the semiotics of reading from semiotics in general to emphasize (i) that a study of literature is complementary to but distant from a study of sign systems and communication processes in general and (ii) that a study of literature is a derivative of semiotics in general, even though literature is a unique tool of cultural enrichment. To begin with, Eco notes that a theory of meaning has to separate processes from structures so as to recognize that semiotics is connected with 'signification', on the one hand, and with 'communication', on the other, the former entailing a theory of codes while the latter entailing a theory of sign production. Eco's distinction between 'signification' and 'communication' is obviously comparable to distinctions like system and instance, competence and performance, langue and parole, etc. Like the first term in each of these pairs, signification has precedence over communication and is independent of communication. Sign production is an illustration, a concretization or a consequence of the code which is already engrained in the culture. Every act of communication presupposes a system of signification as its necessary condition.

The priority of signification to communication, however, is not maintained for long. Eco's definition of the process of sign production undoes his basic assumption. Meaning, he argues, is a correlation of an expression unit with a content but is definable in terms of another correlation which, in turn, is definable in terms of a further correlation. This process takes the form of a vicious circle and continues *ad infinitum*. Eco's term for this endless ongoing process is 'unlimited semiosis'. The correlation of expression and content is a temporarily encoded relationship rather than a stable structure. Each interpretant is linked to other interpretants in the semantic system which turns meaning into an ongoing process of code reorganization without any ultimate referent or closure. Such a paradoxical process of unlimited semiosis is the "only guarantee for the foundation of a semiotic system capable of checking itself entirely by its own means" (cited in Ray 1984 : 125).

Having posited the notion of unlimited semiosis, Eco realizes that it is not possible for a reader to describe the entire semantic field of a given text. Contrary to his expectations, sign production takes precedence over the code and imposes a closure on critical practice. Eco is thus obliged to reverse his theoretical position by turning to what a concentration on the text may offer him. He finds it better and more efficient to discover the code through the subcode of the text. He subordinates the description of the code to the study of individual meaning. Literary texts, Eco believes, enrich the code through what he calls 'extra-coding' which consists of 'overcoding' and 'undercoding'. Overcoding covers new situations by applying pre-existent conventions or assigns additional values to "macroscopic strings" of minimal coded expressions such as iconographic representations. Undercoding represents "an operation by means of which in the absence of pre-established rules, certain macroscopic portions of certain texts are provisionally assumed to be pertinent units of a code formation" (cited in Lewis 1979). The literary work thus becomes a kind of hypercode which brings together within itself a host of subcodes, some of which are more prominent than others (Lewis 1979). By shifting to literary texts, Eco resorts to a valorization of the process of communication at the expense of the system of signification. His theory of reading and his conceptualization of the Model Reader have to be seen in terms of his reformulated concentration on communication or sign production. The reader plays a crucial role in the entire process of reading the text which is "nothing else but the semantic-pragmatic production of its own Model Reader" (cited in Ray 1984 : 134). But even his reformulation has its problems. The text as subcode is the product of its reading while the reading is nothing more than the event of the development of that subcode. The circularity is intriguing.

A down-to-earth, useful, moderate and "low structuralist" critic that he is, Gerard Genette combines common sense and scholarship, intelligence and learning, hermeneutic love of unity and structuralist zeal for laws, and Continental flourish with Anglo-American pragmatism. He avoids hyperbole and high profile theorizing. He writes dialogically, citing others, crediting, qualifying, disagreeing, responding and extending what is available. He anchors his discussions in specific texts in order to identify and describe larger narrative structures. He uses rhetoric to explain the ambiguities of the texts he studies. His work is taxonomy and poetics at a time. He discusses Proust to discuss the poetics of fiction, to locate "Proust's achievement within the entire narrative tradition" (Scholes 1974 : 163). He finds it impossible to treat an individual text without a literary theory, just as he finds it impossible to "have a theory without basing it upon specific texts" (*ibid*, p. 163). His work is representative of "low structuralism" *par excellence* (*ibid*, pp. 15-8). He shares his insights and generalizations with perceptive readers of texts. His emphasis on the role of the reader is achieved by locating meanings that are so akin to the latter's experience. He is more interested in the reader's experience of the text than in the cultural codes alluded to by the text.

Genette is well known for his 'levels' and 'aspects' of narrative discourse. He separates three distinct levels of narrative discourse. These three levels are : the 'story' (*histoire*) which is recounted, the 'account' itself (*recit*) and the 'way' in which the account is presented (*the narration*). The story is an abstraction while the recit is the words on the page. The recit becomes a narrative discourse only by telling a story; it would not be a narrative without telling a story as it would not be a discourse unless it is told by someone. Cognate with story, recit and narration are three aspects of narrative discourse : 'tense', 'mood' and 'voice'. Tense refers to the temporal relations between story and recit. Mood refers to questions of distance and perspective, scene and narrative. Voice refers to the relation of the narrator to the audience and is comparable to what I.A. Richards calls 'tone' (Richards 1956 : 182).

Genette's separation of three levels and three aspects of narrative discourse seems to be obvious and simplistic but his definition of 'narrative discourse' in terms of these levels and aspects deserves to be considered a positive contribution to the development of structuralist narratology. C.J. Van Rees, however, considers Genette's theory of narrative discourse a merely "instrumentalist" view of narrative literature for the simple reason that Genette's generalizations are "normative, untestable and unsystematic" (Rees 1981). In Rees' opinion, Genette's development and application of his terminological system "just exemplify a type of institutionalized discourse about literary texts. Genette follows rules and norms which, in the social institution of 'literary theory', are imposed on anyone who wants to speak about literature" (*ibid*). In a later paper too, Rees comes to the same conclusion. He is clearly of the view that both narratologists in general and Genette in particular come up with general statements on narrative texts which are based on a number of "uninvestigated" and "questionable presuppositions" with the inevitable consequence that narratology is thwarted in its development by "a lack of clearness regarding the nature of the phenomena it purports to account for" (Rees 1985).

Roland Barthes is a literary structuralist with a difference. He is an extraordinarily complex, elusive, ingenious, speculative, versatile and paradoxical critic and a star performer. He is a remarkably resourceful interpreter and a brilliant reader. He is a linguist, a semiologist, a mythologist, a rhetorician, a sociologist, a classicist, a leftist, a critic of culture and a man of letters. He writes on such diverse topics as architecture, furniture, food, cookery, wrestling, fashion, striptease, myths, signs, culture and literature. A true representative of what is known as "high structuralism", Barthes sets himself apart from the whole clan of literary structuralists by doing and undoing the same thing and by refusing to be identified with any particular approach or thought-structure. He is an "essentially unsystematic writer who loves system, a structuralist who dislikes structure, a literary man who despises "literature". He loves to take up the outrageous position on any question and defend it until it becomes plausible, or-better still-attack the other views until they seem inferior" (Scholes 1974 : 148).

His kinship with Levi-Strauss is evident from his earliest book, *Mythologies*, originally published in 1957. By discussing a variety of topics like wrestling, cookery, striptease, the Citroen, etc., Barthes seeks to demonstrate how society invests these products or activities with meanings for the purpose of cultural self-preservation. The meaning — investing mechanism is so subtle that in a short time the products, activities or objects, which are just matters of culture, come to acquire a *natural* meaning and begin to exist outside and above their original investment. In the final chapter of the book, 'Myth today', Barthes analyses the process of mythical representation in terms of signifiers and signifieds and shows how a myth becomes a second-order system of relations which takes its signs from a pre-existent language in order to become the signifiers of another code of meaning. Barthes analyses the structures of myth-making by inverting the code "to show the obliquities of meaning and motive" (Norris 1978). The same de-mythologising technique of analysing the relationship between the signifier and the signified is used in works like *Elements of Semiology* (1964) and *Writing Degree Zero* (1967).

In his early works, Barthes is seen writing like a typical structuralist, concerned with analysing structures of meaning in terms of signifiers and signifieds. He takes his examples from fields like fashion and food to demonstrate how the langue-parole duality is at work in all these. To describe an analogy between fashion and literature, for example, he says in *Critical Essays* (1964 : 156) "both are what I should call homeostatic systems : that is to say, systems whose function is not to communicate an objective, external meaning which exists prior to the system but only to create a functional equilibrium, a movement of signification.... If you like, they signify 'nothing'; their essence is in the process of signification, not in what they signify" (cited in Culler 1975 : 32). Barthes sees fashion as a social system based on convention. No particular fashion is independent of the system of fashions. In line with the linguistic model which requires him to collect his data from a single synchronic state of the system, Barthes takes up the captions from a year's issues of a fashion magazine to analyse the system of fashion and to show its relationship with the system of fashion as a whole. He distinguishes between what he calls the 'vestimentary mode' and the 'rhetorical system' to describe how the fashion industry achieves its arbitrary decision to define what is fashionable and what is not in a particular year. Barthes' analysis of the food system is equally interesting. Here again he investigates the pervasiveness of codes and coding in human experience. He analyses the codification of food which is the actualization (parole) of the *langue* of the restaurant which is, in turn, a sub-language of the French culture. The system of food is responsible for the paradigmatic arrangement of various foods and the syntagmatic order of foods to be eaten, one after the other. A typical restaurant menu contains both selection and combination. The customer can select items of his choice from a long list of items and has to eat them in a given order. His 'performance' of eating derives from his 'competence' to select and combine what he wants to eat at a particular point of time. The menu offers him all possible choices but only one possible order. The grammar of choice and eating is part of the arbitrary langue and conventions of the systems of food. Barthes offers similar demonstrations in respect of furniture, architecture etc. to show that man organizes all his experiences along linguistic lines.

Even when turning to literature in *S/Z* (1970), Barthes sticks to his concept of code. He does not believe in *pure* contexts. All contexts, he contends, are already coded and organized by language. He makes fun of the 'realistic' view of some *ultimate* context. The realist, in fact, simply transcribes a code and 'reality', in fact, is derived from a pre-existing code. Barthes' two-hundred-page study of Baizac's thirty-page story, *Sarrasine*, is a remarkable example of his "reading" of a classic text. His expansive interpretation of this short fictional text not only runs counter to the conventional, reductive and highly selective interpretations of works of fiction; it also highlights the semantic plurality of the text. Dividing the text into 561 meaning-units or "lexies", he connects each unit to some code. His 93 numbered digressions are "brilliant exercises in poetic theory" (Scholes 1974 : 152). Besides, he recognizes 5 master codes in the text : the proairetic code or code of actions, the hermeneutic code or code of puzzles, the cultural codes, the connotative codes and the symbolic field.

Barthes' analysis of Balzac's text may be criticized for its arbitrariness, idiosyncrasies, interpretive speculations and arithmeticizations but it remains an extraordinary piece of structuralist criticism by virtue of its having brought the semantic dimension of narrative into the domain of structuralist poetics of fiction. Barthes' critiques of systems of food and fashion are also open to the charge of arbitrariness and subjectivism. His critiques are fascinating pieces of ingenious interpretations rather than systematic and theory-based analyses (cf Culler 1975 : 38). Philip Tody finds in Barthes the strain of a persecution-mania which seems to be endemic on the French literary left and criticizes him for his out-of-the-way notions and for his bag of tricks that he uses to destroy existing beliefs without being able to put any in their place (Norris 1978). Thody's Barthes is the most 'inventive' and 'original' of living critics, a writer of 'dazzling intelligence', a theorist of great 'elegance' and a critic of 'original' but 'wayward' gifts (*ibid*). Barthes is, above all, perhaps the only literary theorist of eminence who, at the right moment, transcends the constraints of structuralist essentialism to share and support the anti-essentialism of post-structuralist poetics.

V

Jacques Derrida's paper 'Structure, Sign and Play in the Discourse of the Human Sciences' presented at the "International Colloquium on Critical Languages and the Science of Man" (attended, among others, by stalwarts like Todorov, Lacan and Barthes) at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland, USA in October 1966 is universally acknowledged as the Magna Carta of post-structuralism in literary theory. 1966 happened to be a year of the century's most radical breakthrough in Anglo-American literary theory : it witnessed the convergence of such mutually connecting and distancing developments as structuralism and post-structuralism as well as the coincidence of their simultaneous arrival across the Atlantic, the publication of Lacan's *Ecrits* and Foucault's *Order of Things* and, above all, the devastating resurgence of the erstwhile 'beat' movement in the form of belligerent hippyism. For the student of literary critical history and thought, the problem of separating the strands of the unexpected intellectual explosion was immediately complicated not only by the heterogeneous yet connected or connectible developments like these but also by his failure to cope with the demands of the post-structuralist separation between the past and the future of literary theory. Foucault's interrogations of 'history' and 'power', Lacan's 'subject' and 'desire', and Derrida's 'difference' and 'freeplay' furnished the questing hippy (who "slipped" between life and art) with a doctrinal cover by endorsing his loud-mouthed subversion of extant values and perceptions as well as by requiring the student of literature and literary theory to join the hippy adventurer to better appreciate the real secrets and the highest aim of his traditional pursuits. The post-structuralist conjoining or yoking of the theory of literature with 'hep' philosophy complicated the problem of perspectivizing literary discourse to an extent that the baffled student of literature and literary theory and/or literary critical practice was suddenly faced with an imminent obfuscation of his inherited perceptions of literariness.

Post-structuralism presupposes structuralism even though it is not quite clear whether post-structuralism should be viewed as a development or subversion of structuralism. Irrespective of whether it is viewed as an extension or annulment of structuralism, post-structuralism is found to be a critique of structuralism and, as such, a doctrine of interrogation and destabilization. As a self-reflective and self-sceptical system of thought or method of inquiry, post-structuralism is primarily and ultimately concerned with perceiving and projecting a poetics of interrogation, vacuum and deadlock. It is its essential and all-encompassing scepticism or nihilism that accounts for the culmination of post-structuralism into 'deconstruction' (a technical term that Derrida first employed in 'Structure, Sign and Play' in 1966) which stands for destructuring, decentring, dismantling, decomposing, dislocating or, even, destroying the meaning(s) of the text or the 'metaphysics of presence'.

Post-structuralism is not only Derrida's : there are claimants like Lacan, Kristeva, Foucault and others, but 'deconstruction' is, by all means, only Derridean. Deconstruction may be defined as the Derridean brand of post-structuralism, whether we take it as a theory of literature, as a mode of analysis or as a method of textual reading that detextualizes the text it *reads*. There may be any number of eavesdroppers but deconstruction is certainly the monopoly of Derrida and his Yale followers like Paul de Man, Geofrey Hartman, Harold Bloom and J. Hillis Miller. It would not distort literary theoretical history if deconstructionism were seen as a synonym for Derrideanism which is hippyism in literary theory. Derrideanism is in literary theory what hippyism is in socio-political theory and hence the fraternity between the two. Derrida's greatest contribution to contemporary literary theory is and must be regarded as a timely collation of hippy nihilism and the poetics of impasse achieved by means of its matchlessly persuasive construction of a *hyper-reality* that combines a socio-political rebellion with a literary theoretical radicalism that detaches all of language from referentiality. It deserves to be placed on record that only a Derrida can perform such miracles. With a view to documenting the literary theoretical implications of the Derridean miracle(s), terms like post-structuralism, deconstructionism, hippyism and Derrideanism are used as synonyms in the remaining part of this paper.

As a critique of structuralism which derives mainly from Saussurian linguistics, Derridean post-structuralism seeks to offer a radical reading of critical orthodoxies, including Saussure's view of the nature and behaviour of language. Critical orthodoxies like the intimate relationship between word and meaning, the precedence of the spoken word over the written word and the rigid separation between literary and non-literary uses of language have for long been there. In Platonic philosophy, as in Sanskrit poetics, the intimacy between the word and its meaning is taken for granted and language is valorized for its power to provide knowledge through its authentic representation of the world. In Sanskrit poetics, literariness is said to emanate from the union or 'togetherness' of word and meaning : shabdarthau sahitau kavyam. The word 'sahitya' (literature) literally means 'togetherness', that is, the togetherness of word and meaning. This view of literature, like Plato's view of literature, is committed to a rigid separation between literature and other uses of language. Besides, both traditions of thought glorify the spoken word. In Platonic philosophy the written word is derided (or

Derrided) as 'bastardly' and 'twice-removed' from reality while the Sanskrit word for the scripture 'shruti', points to the primacy of the spoken word which deserves to be 'listened to when spoken'.

Derrida does not distinguish between uses of language as in philosophy and literature, for example, because he sees both of them as language-using systems in which language is equally indeterminate. He does not find any reason to believe in the anterior or underlying presence, essence, reality, truth or foundation of language, thought or experience. He does not subscribe to the primacy of the spoken word. He has a hard look at the Western 'metaphysics of presence' and comes to realize that most of traditional priorities have just been taken-for-granted conceptions about the nature and behaviour of language. His radical reading of Saussure is rightly acclaimed as a feat of linguistic scholarship. His reading of Saussure leads him to the Platonic roots of many misconceptions about language. It is therefore important for the argument of this paper to briefly recount Saussure's story of language.

Saussure defines a 'sign' as the minimal unit of language and language as a system of signs. Signs are of different types but three are generally considered in relation to language (Culler 1975 : 16). These three types are : the icon, the index, and the sign proper. Every sign consists of a 'signifier' and a 'signified' but the relation between the two differs from type to type. Icons involve actual resemblance between signifier and signified and, as such, have the minimum amount of conventional or cultural determination. Even if it is true that some primitive peoples do not recognize themselves or others in photographs, it is legitimate to claim that a portrait signifies the person portrayed therein not by convention or cultural association but by actual resemblance between the two. Indices, on the contrary, do not offer a simple or simplistic connection between the signifier and the signified, even though they are believed to involve a *casual* connection between the two. The connection between fire and smoke, between cloud and rain or between Rolls-Royce and affluence is not simple or causal as it may seem to be. The connection between an index and an object or a value is conventionalized by society. Conventionalization of the relation between the two is also subject to change with the new configurations of knowledge or with the perceptions of a society. Unlike icons, indices do not hold their meanings or significations universally. They may change from time to time within the same society or from society to society. They may be mythic, causal or just conventional and arbitrary. The semiologist is therefore interested in "the reading of indices within a system of conventions, whether it be that of a science, of a popular culture, or of literature" (Culler 1975 : 17). Unlike icons and indices, the sign proper (or just the sign) is wholly based on culture and convention. The relation between the signifier and the signified of a sign is simply *arbitrary*. There is no inevitable, intrinsic, natural, necessary or logical link between them. The relation between word and meaning is unmotivated and contingent. However, a distinction has to be made between the signifier and the signified. The signifier is easily definable as a form which has or may have a meaning but the signified is quite elusive. What is the signified or meaning of a signifier or word? The signified cannot be identified directly. Everytime one tries to grasp or identify a signified, one is obliged to resort to an 'interpretant' in the form of another signified and this leads to what Genette calls 'unlimited semiosis'. The signified is thus found to circumscribe an empty "space that can be filled in various ways" (*ibid* p. 19). The philosophy of 'logocentrism' and the 'metaphysics of presence', Derrida perceptively points out, had failed to identify the perpetual emptiness of the signified due to their unflinching faith in the logos, the vaka or the ultimate signifier. Saussure's 'value' points to the emptiness of the signified but it is only Derrida who successfully articulates the full extent of such emptiness. By questioning the traditional ways of knowing (epistemology) and ways of being and acting (ontology), Derrida challenges not only the structuralist language paradigm and a whole range of hierarchies dependent on the metaphysics of presence : of speech over writing, the author over his text, of the phallus over the feminine, of nature over culture, essence over appearance, and God over all but also a political challenge to the claims of reason and enlightened progress (1992 : 20).

The two central tenets of Saussure's theory of language are : the relation between the signifier and the signified is purely *arbitrary* and the value of a signifier or signified can be determined only by the *difference* between that signifier/signified and all other signifiers/signifieds. Responding to the arbitrariness of the relationship between the two components of a linguistic sign, Derrida argues that there can be no natural hierarchy between the signifier and the signified if the correlation between them is arbitrary. But the fact that such correlations do exist means that there must be a prior inscription or institutionalization in language. Derrida therefore concludes that writing is the prerequisite of speech which is "already and of itself of a writing" (cited in Ray 1984 : 145). As regards Saussure's argument that "in language there are only differences without positive terms" (Rice and Waugh 1992 : 14), Derrida remarks that as linguistic value is a function of differentiation, not full identity, one cannot locate the origin of meaning anywhere within language : "the signified concept is never present in itself, in a presence that would refer only to itself. Every concept is by right and necessarily inscribed in a chain or system within which it refers to the other, to all other concepts through a systematic play of difference" (cited in Ray 1984 : 146). To describe this sort of incessant freeplay, Derrida coins a portmanteau word, 'differance', which combines both 'difference' and 'deferral'. Differance is not a concept but the possibility of a conceptuality.... It disqualifies the truth of its own originality because it displaces meaning as a stable structure or full origin with a play of differentiation and deferral : "having no beginning, no end, and no presence.... It is not the "source" of meaning precisely because it deconstructs the idea of source; it cannot be understood, because it closes the door on closure" (*ibid* p. 146). Differance, Derrida further says, is "the non-full, non-simple "origin", the structured and differing origin of differences. Consequently, the name of origin no longer pertains to it" (cited in Ray 1984 : 146). Difference is intended to enact the paradox of meaning by first conceptualizing it and then by questioning the conceptualization. Differance highlights the self-differance, the identity crisis, the constant slippage, and the instability of meaning which is both present and absent at a time or neither present nor absent at any time. Saussure had argued that in spite of its arbitrariness and non-availability of positive terms, the linguistic sign becomes a totality, a fixity or a presence, once the process of 'cutting up' the world by language is completed. By taking the logic of Saussure's delimitation of meaning by differentiation to its extreme, Derrida shows that meaning is not a presence but a persuasive possibility, an inevitable postponement, or a fascinating fiction. Signifiers do not carry with them their signifieds. Deconstruction questions Saussure's assumption of a 'present' meaning and contends instead that any attempt to define the meaning of a word "inevitably ends up in a circularity of signifiers, with the signifiers sliding over the continuum of the field of the signified" (Derrida 1992).

Another target of Derrida's attack on the humanist ideology relates to the perspectives of structuralism, to the very concept of structure itself. Structuralism claims to explain texts by unveiling their underlying structures which amounts to presupposing that every surface or manifest form has a latent core or centre. This belief in the hidden centre drives structuralism into the trap of an essentialism that has plagued Western metaphysics since Plato. Derrida says that two aspects of a structure must be examined to unravel the basic essentialism of the structuralist theory of language. The first aspect is that of a relationship of the parts to a whole. This is the structuralist view of a unifying structure, whether a literary text or any other form. According to the dictionary definition, a *structure* is "the co-existence in a whole of distinct parts having a definite manner of arrangement". Roman Jakobson and Levi-Strause' study of Baudelaire's poem 'Les Chats' or Jakobson's analysis of Shakespeare's sonnet 129 seeks to name every part of the text in question to demonstrate how each of these poems is structured around a unifying centre. Now, Derrida points to the second aspect of a structure according to which a structure is "a collection of parts which are related not only one-to-one in molecular fashion, but which form and derive from a single, common whole" (Connor 1990). A structure, in other words, is an entity that is organized around a centre. The concept of the centre leads to an examination of a structure in terms of the relationship between a circle and its centre. How are they related?

A circle must have a centre as a centre must be surrounded by a circle. But in spite of such interdependence, the centre and the circle are incommensurable. A centre cannot exist outside a circle but it cannot be said to be 'in' the circle either, since a centre has no mass or extension. The centre structures the circle but is itself defiant to structuration. The centre is a paradox : it is both within and outside the circle at a time. As Derrida puts it in his famous Baltimore paper : "The centre is at the centre of the totality, and yet, since the centre does not belong to the totality (is not part of the totality), the totality *has its centre elsewhere*. The centre is not the centre" (1992). Since structuralism tends towards a centring principle as do organicist critics and other essentialists, Derrida finds the whole tradition of belief in the omnipresent but absent centre fundamentally contradictory and theoretically untenable. He charges the entire tradition of Western thought from Plato to Saussure with a conceptual violence which in vain tries to contain or repress the play of pure relationships between signs. Structuralism distinguishes itself from previous essentialisms by discovering that a sign derives its meaning and function only from its relationships to other signs which show the decentred condition of all structures and yet fails to make "the break with centred thinking" (Connor 1990). Allegiance to centred thinking makes structuralism a part of the metaphysics of presence. Derrida therefore seeks to separate structure from centre to concentrate on structures of pure relationship although he admits that a structure without a centre is hardly thinkable, indeed may represent the unthinkable itself. The shift from structuralism to post-structuralism is a shift from centred to centreless thinking. Unlike logocentrism which vainly seeks to fix some original or central meaning in a text, deconstructive readings "track down within a text the aporia or they reveal how texts can be seen to deconstruct themselves" (Baldwick 1990 : 52). Deconstruction challenges and subverts the metaphysics of presence, including the theoretical position of structuralism but, more importantly, it distinguishes itself even from post-structuralism : while post-structuralism proclaims "absolute centrelessness against the repressive creed of the centre, deconstruction attempts to think its way through and perhaps out of the very structure of centre and margin" (Connor 1990). Not to allow the margin to become a new centre, deconstruction deconstructs itself, undermines itself, contradicts itself, subverts itself, transcends itself.

As hard-core post-structuralism, deconstruction manifests its extraordinary radicalism in two distinct but related ways. In the first place, it both critiques and supersedes structuralism. If structuralism is a theory of 'difference', deconstruction is a poetics of 'differance'. Deconstruction is and should be read as an elaboration of the magic core of 'differance' which has rightly been the most popular and controversial part of literary theory for the last three decades. Secondly, deconstruction has so effectively levelled out *differences* among the members of the Derridean chorus that they look like Siamese siblings and for the average reader it is almost impossible to separate the one from the other among them. There is Derrida, "the eschatological harbinger" or "the prophet of doom" (Derrida's self-description 1983) and there are the apocalyptic Derrideans. To the average, uninitiated reader, Derrida offers the *text* while the Derrideans come out with their hermeneutic exegeses. Both the prophet and the followers stand on the edge of a metaphysical precipice with the only difference that while the prophet knows what he is doing or saying, the followers are simply celebrating the dark prophecy of "the formless, mute, infant and terrifying form of monstrosity" which engulfs them. Had they chosen to retain the right to *differ* with the dark prophet, they would have hoped to see the light but as they have chorally agreed to *defer* their *difference*, they are bound to dance their doom and obliged to write foot-notes to the master's text of *differance*.

That Derrida is a difficult philosopher is universally recognized. Derrida himself seems to know that he is a difficult philosopher mainly because the difficulty of his philosophy or metaphysics is a consequence of the difficulty of the very nature of language itself. As soon as we try to see for ourselves or to say anything to others, we begin to realize how *difficult* it is 'to see for ourselves' or 'to say anything to others'. Derrida seems to know how difficult it is to see for himself or to say anything to others but what he does not sometimes seem to know is that his failure to describe things is not a description of things. The difficulty *with* Derrida is often seen as the difficulty *of* Derrida, of his metaphysics. Derrida's difficulty is Nietzsche's difficulty. Both of them, Richard Rorty tells us, are equally guilty of 'self-referential inconsistency', that is, they claim to know what they themselves claim cannot be known. Derrida's definition of the "real" as "not really real" or Nietzsche's definition of "truths" as "useful lies" is self-contradictory (Waugh 1992 : 174). Derrida should know that to say that truth cannot be known is no discovery about truth. Derrida's awareness of the 'irreducible doubleness' inherent in the very nature of language is no definition of 'doubleness'. Derrida is quite aware of the difficulty of 'how to avoid speaking' but he is not so keenly aware of the difficulty of 'how to speak'. It is not only that "language has started without us, in us and before us" so that the past of language is "always already past, hence without a past present"; (cited in Taylor 1990); it must also be noted, as Charles Sanders Pierce has so insightfully pointed out, language is always already "incomplete" so that we need signs to interpret or explain signs *ad infinitum* (Culler 1975 : 19). 'How to speak' therefore is as difficult as 'how to avoid speaking' and taken together these 'hows' take us back to the pavilion, to the irreducible doubleness inherent in the very nature of language. All of us, Derrida included, are therefore obliged to eternally wallow in the mud called language, no matter how self-conscious we are of our linguistic limitations or how hard we try to get out of our prisonhouse of ubiquitous ambiguities in language. Derrida's sort of metaphysics is the latest reminder of our linguistic destiny. We know and Derrida must know that no Derrida can transcend Derrida.

Derrida's metaphysics, like his poetics, is a territory of an unavoidable or inevitable paradox, an intellectual climate of endless dualism, or a destiny of gnawing impasse. In the last paragraph of 'Structure, Sign and Play's he clearly (provided 'clarity' is ever attributable to his method of enquiry) admits that he can neither work within nor get out of the Western metaphysical tradition. Placed between the two horns of the dilemma, he beats his wings to anyhow overcome the eternal dualism of metaphysics in order to get into the no man's land of the third possibility. His *differance* is a desperate solution but if we examine his solution critically, we come to the conclusion that there is no getting away from one's destiny : 'there is a divinity that shapes our end'. The divinity is a dilemma and the end is an impasse. And it is because of the divine dilemma that Derrida cannot but ultimately create a "species of the nonspecies, in the formless, mute, infant, and terrifying form of monstrosity" (1992). The 'nonspecies species' is a remotely possible alternative to the extant dualism of metaphysics but it never seems to actually come into being. That is why Derrida's concepts and explanations are chronically paradoxical.

Mark C. Taylor (1990) considers Derrida's 'denegation' in the title of his essay 'How to Avoid Speaking : Denegations', a "duplicitous" term. 'Denegation' is a French translation of the German 'Verneinung'. It seeks to convey the irresolvable duplicity of Verneinung in which "affirmation" and negation are conjoined without being united or synthesized. Verneinung is an affirmation that is a negation and a negation that is an affirmation. To de-negate is to un-negate. Un-negation is itself a form of negation. More precisely, "denegation is an un-negation that affirms rather than negates negation. The affirmation of negation by way of denegation subverts the dialectical affirmation of negation by way of the negation of negation". Taylor is of the view that Derrida's deconstruction is a derivative of the Hebraic theological tradition and so to understand deconstruction it is necessary to note that it is another term for "negative theology" in which the 'negative' is non-dialectical. Derrida chooses 'deconstruction' to claim his metaphysical and/or theological independence from Platonic dialectic. He constructs his deconstruction on a negative which is neither both negation and affirmation nor either negation or affirmation. Like negative theology, both deconstruction and denegation are intended to emphasize the strangeness of the neither/nor unthought/thought. Commenting on Derrida's view of the impossibility of translation as described in the essay 'How to Avoid Speaking : Denegations', Taylor writes : ".... Derrida is himself a translator whose writings...are untranslatable. To translate Derrida is...to try...to translate his untranslatable translations of the untranslatable". Whether it is translation, language, time, history, literature, meaning or God, Derrida cannot avoid using paradoxes to explain what he likes to explain. Each of his crucial terms or concepts is a paradox which both says and unsays, affirms and negates, differs and defers at the same time. His 'differance' both differs and defers. His 'trace' is both present and absent. His 'supplement' both fills a gap and makes an addition, simultaneously. He "says" the "unsayable" by "unsaying" all "saying" and every "said" which is always already "said" and "unsaid".

In spite of his disavowal in the essay referred to above, Derrida's deconstruction is bound up with the *via negativa* (the negative way or negative theology). Speaking theologically, deconstruction may be seen as a method of enquiry that negates both *theos* and *logos* in a way that is non-dialectically non-negative. Deconstruction is not theology, not negative theology, not non-negative theology; it is rather a non-negative negative atheology (cf Taylor 1990), the non-dialectical *khora*, *i.e.*, the non-space space, the threshold, the non-originary originary always already antecedent to the *arche* and always already beyond the *telos*, the 'third' eye of Shiva that visualizes a space beyond all space which is both a space and a non-space or an interspace. Deconstruction is a non-theological theory of the non-dialectical dialectical 'third', a non-doctrinal doctrine of Derrida's documented vision of emancipation from the 'metaphysics of presence'. Like the *khora*, Derrida's 'third' is "irreducibly interstitial" that remarks the "margin of the neither/nor" (Taylor 1990).

Derrida's 'third' is the species of a non-species, the 'mute' and 'formless monstrosity' waiting to be born that he describes so terrifyingly is 'Structure, Sign and Play'. The third is immediately recognizable as the 'unnamable' in this essay as elsewhere in his writings and is interchangeable with any of his key terms like 'trace', 'supplement', 'hymen', 'difference' and 'tympan'. Struggling to find a position outside the Western philosophical tradition, Derrida glimpses a birth or a site that cannot be named. To get out of the dialectic of presence and absence, sense and nonsense, God and Satan, speech and writing, within and beyond, centre and circumference and, above all, of literature and philosophy, he constructs a 'copulative' (perhaps in both grammatical and sexual senses simultaneously) conjunction to chart out an interspace which is outside of the either/or, neither/nor binarism in language. His 'unnamable' enjoys a grammatical mobility between and across a noun and an adjective. His frequent returns to the 'unnamable' in *Of Grammatology, Speech and Phenomena, Margins, Disseminations, Positions* and other works (cf. Begam 1992) displays his lifelong 'slippage' between inevitable alternatives. As the master trope of linguistic dislocation, 'differance' contains the gist of Derrida's collapse of philosophy and literature by conjoining the incommensurable trajectories of meaning and categorization. *Differance* highlights the polarity between the intransitive 'differing' that turns to the self and the transitive 'deferring' that refers to the other and then between the self-reference of differing and the reference to the other by differing from the other. *Differance* collapses same and other as well as separates self and other at a time. To think *differance* is to think of the entire movement of identity and difference, of same and other, that "characterizes all the significant dualisms of Western philosophy" (Begam 1992) as well as to visualize the possibility, however remote, of getting out of these dualisms. *Differance* is the 'third' term of Western philosophy. Richard Begam (1992) cites the following passage from Samuel Beckett's *The Unnamable* to say that Derrida's *differance*, like his 'unnamable', is the same as Beckett's 'tympanum' :

"I'll have said it, I'll have said it inside me, then in the same breath outside me, perhaps that's what I feel, an outside and an inside and me in the middle, perhaps that's what I am, the thing that divides the world in two, on the one side the outside, on the other the inside, that can be as thin as foil, I'm neither one side nor the other, I'm in the middle, I'm the partition, I've two surfaces and no thickness, perhaps that's what I feel, myself vibrating, I'm the tympanum, on the one hand the mind, on the other the world, I don't belong to either...".

Derrida's differance tympanizes the interspace which is both inside and outside as well as neither inside nor outside in order to point out how difficult it is to transcend the limits of one's own discourse. As Derrida puts it : "beyond the philosophical text there is not a blank, virgin, empty margin, but another text, a weave of differences of forces without any present centre of reference" (Begam 1992). Derrida's differance is an "unthought", a condition which is "a new play of opposition, of articulation, of difference" (cited in Begam 1992), a term which may have been coined to articulate all the nuances of Becktett's "unnamable". Derrida himself says that he "feels "very close" to Beckett : ...he writes — in my language, in a language which is his up to a point, mine up to a point (for both of us it is a 'differently' foreign language)"... (Begam 1992).

In *Positions* (1972) Derrida speaks of two phases of the act of deconstruction : (i) reversal of the opposite terms and (ii) formulation of a 'new' term to transcend the extant opposition (McDonald 1982). According to the programme of structural reversal, the binary terms are so inverted that the subordinate term like 'writing' and 'woman' become dominant and dominant terms like 'speech' and 'man' become subordinate but the binarism between these terms remains. The second phase of the deconstructive programme therefore seeks to forge a "new" concept or term that is intended to transcend the extant opposition between concepts/terms in order to provide a viable alternative to the dialectics of philosophy. The second phase is far more radical than the first phase of the subversion that deconstruction claims to achieve but it is consistently pointed out that the forging of a way out of traditional opposition cannot be realized unless the opposition is first challenged and reversed. To challenge and reverse the terms of the opposition, the deconstructionist takes resort to an etymological excavation of these terms. Etymological excavations are generally fascinating (and mostly useful) for acquiring an insight into the labyrinths that language habitually creates with the intention of *essentializing eternal truths*. By excavating the etymology of definitional concepts the deconstructionist demonstrates that the 'truths' inscribed in them are neither divine nor eternal. Such truths derive from linguistic constructions manipulated by vested interested for identifiable purpose like inflating the dominant and deflating the subordinate.

Perhaps no binary opposition in language ever equates the two sides of the opposition. Opposition is in fact subordination and domination so that one side is privileged over the other side. The first term of the opposition is generally found to be the superior term even though there is no reason why it should be so. A successful etymology (which is always surreptitious and self-righteous) insures the "phallogocentric mastery" (a Derridean term) of the subordinate so as to become in course of time a taken-for-granted justification for the system of domination and subordination. 'Hysteria' is a feminine ailment because, Freud would say, it is derived from the Greek 'hysteron' which means 'uterus'. A woman, the self-righteous might decree, must never be 'spiny' in relation to a man because she was made of the rib "taken from man" (Genesis 2 : 23) or a woman must bear 'sons' because the book says : "man is born of woman" (Job 14 : 13). A phallocentric system determines the sexual difference of woman by manipulating the etymology of words relating to her body in opposition to the words relating to a man's spirit. The V-word that distinguishes woman from man is surrounded or circumscribed by V-words like 'vagabond', 'vagary', 'vagrant' and 'vague' which mean 'caprice', 'freak', 'indistinct or ill-defined meaning/character', 'orifice', etc. on account of their etymology. 'Orifice' (L oris=mouth + ficere/facere=make) means 'mouth of a cavity', 'aperture', that is, 'opening' or 'space', 'perforating', 'piercing', etc. As opposed to *womanish* words, *manly* words, the P-word supported by a host of P-words, refer to 'piercing', 'perforating', 'wading', 'swimming', 'tailing', 'pointing', 'enlightening', 'purifying', etc. Look at words like 'pencil', 'penetralia', 'penetrate', penitus', 'penguin', 'peninsula', 'phalarope', and 'phallus' from the etymological point of view. Above all, look at the hieroglyphic significance of the V-shape and the P-shape and note that the very etymology of the P-word desecrates the virginity of the V-word and amounts to subordination through desecration. Etymology thus may be found to *erect* an anti-woman sociology, metaphysics, ethics and theology.

In an *interview* with Christie V. McDonald (1982) Derrida talks about the difficulties in changing the representation of woman (from spouse to mother, from man's rib to woman's womb, from conception to concept) by deconstructing the "deformation of logic" in the "prescriptive order" of Phallogocentrism. The determination of sexual difference, he says is designed ("in truth, for truth") to erase sexual difference of femininity in order to establish the metaphysical foundation of "male firstness". The paradox of femininity, as McDonald points out, is contained in the paradox of the "hymen" which has opposite meanings : (1) "a membranous fold of tissue partly or completely occluding the vaginal external orifice" (from the Greek for membrane) and (2) "marriage" (from Greek mythology; the god of marriage) : "In the first sense the hymen is that which protects virginity, and is in front of the uterus. That is, it lies between the inside and the outside of the woman, between desire and its fulfilment. So that...(male) desire dreams of violently piercing or breaking the hymen...; if that happens, there is no hymen". The opposition between the two meanings of the hymen contains the opposition between the protection and the destruction of the hymen, between virginity and consummation, between purity and marriage. Since marriage (L maritus *i.e.* husband) is the sole prerogative of the male, the hymen is incompatible with itself. The very etymology of the hymen is destructive of the hymen. The sexual differentiation of woman in terms of her hymeneal positionality is intended to erase the sexual difference of woman. Derrida would therefore argue that femininity to be really free, must first deny the male/female or inside/outside opposition and then arrive at the neutral a-sexuality of Heidegger's *Dasein* which opens the road to "the question of being". The "new" concept of woman must bring about a transformation of deformation of logic or space in terms of polarities. The neutrality of the *Dasein* must deny "phallocentric" or "gynocentric" mastery of the other and turn to the "irreducibly dissymmetrical" which goes beyond the "coded marks" of sexuality.

Derrida's perception of the new concept of woman is relatable to his view of the ultimate point of the second phase of deconstruction. The ultimate point of deconstruction tends to visualize the 'invisible and unthought" : grounding of the abysmal ground of reasoning. In his report on the creation of an

International College of Philosophy submitted to the French government in 1982, Derrida suggested that the proposed college "would not only be a College of Philosophy but also a place where philosophy itself would be questioned" (Derrida 1983). The investigation of philosophy "itself" may be compared with Heidegger's "principle of reason that says nothing about reason itself", with the "reason for reasonableness" of C.S. Peirce who says : "the only thing that is really desirable without a reason for being so is to render ideas and things reasonable. One cannot well demand a reason for reasonableness itself" (*ibid*). The end-point of Derridean metaphysics is the ongoing investigation of the reason for reasonableness so that metaphysics ceases to be a body of accumulated knowledge and turns instead into a method of endless enquiry.

Derrida's *differance* is often seen as an advancement of Heidegger's onticontological *difference* as Derrida's metaphysics is seen as a critique of Heidegger's critique of Western metaphysics. Now the question is : Does Derridean metaphysics or Heideggerian-Derridean metaphysics mark the *telos*, terminus or end of metaphysics? In other words : Is Derrida less metaphysical than Heidegger in the sense that the former better shows the inadequacy of the system than the latter does? Both Heidegger and Derrida consider Western philosophy as "bound to metaphysics", both thinkers ask if it is possible to "overcome" metaphysics and both admit that it is not "simply" possible to overcome metaphysics (Ruthrof 1988). Derrida clearly admits that even though Heidegger more easily backslides into a metaphysical position than he does, it is not simply possible to overcome that "kind of thinking at this point in history" and that both 'difference' and 'differance' ultimately remain metaphysical terms (*ibid*). They look backward in order to look forward in a new way. As Heidegger puts it : "Whatever and however we may try to think, we think within the sphere of tradition. Tradition prevails when it frees us from thinking back to a thinking forward, which is no longer a planning. Only when we turn thoughtfully toward what has already been thought, will we be turned to use for what must still be thought" (cited in Ruthrof 1988). Derrida tries his best to construct a meta-metaphysics through an anti-metaphysical procedure and yet is thrown back into a discarded vocabulary and system of thought which have so long been the province of metaphysics. He fails to make the future independent of the past, which he seeks to unmake, and his failure connects him to his past.

It has already been noted that ancient Greeks distinguished between two methods of argumentative strategies : dialectic and eristic. In recent times, Kenneth Burke made a similar distinction between *Courtship* and *Kill* (Dasenbrock 1994). The courtship strategy seeks consensus and goodwill while the kill strategy looks for a victory over the other, by any means. Like the eristic methods, the kill strategy is a win-at-any price sort of method of argument. Derrida and Derrideans use the kill method of argument so that they have an easy victory over the other. Like the ancient sophists, deconstructionists try to, and sometimes do, bully their opponents into silence or discomfiture. But as the sophists could not carry the day for long, our deconstructions could not have the upper hand for long. They have been and are being challenged by important academics and their fascination has already started withering away. 'Reflections on the Derrida affair' have divided Cambridge scholars into Derrideans and anti-Derrideans while a number of academics across the Atlantic have taken deconstructionists to task for their anti-literary conspiracy by deconstructing their premises one by one. Besides, these academics and critics have begun to smell a rat in the entire movement. Deconstructionism is not only a literary critical or metaphysical movement; it is much more. It is not secular or apolitical. It is politics with deeper motives and sky-high aims. One has to look into and look through to find out what deconstructionists really try to achieve. It cannot be a mere coincidence that many of those who swear in the name of the post-structuralist revolution have so much to hide about their private lives. To take just a few names : Heidegger and Paul de Man are now found to have been involved in Nazism; Louis Althusser has come to be known through his posthumously published autobiography as a man who strangled his wife while James Miller's biography of Foucault reveals his obsessive involvement with drugs and extreme forms of gay sexuality

(Dasenbrock 1994). It is just a chance that all of them are dead. But luckily, Derrida is still around (we must wish him a long life) and even a cursory look at his migration from Algeriers to Paris may give us some insight into the kind of 'threshold' or 'negative' philosophy that he preaches.

The two major emphases of deconstructionism are : privileging of writing over speech and pointing to the 'third' beyond traditional dualism/dialectic in philosophy. Words like 'dialogue' (L/GK dialogos f GK dialegomai = converse), 'logos' (GK logos=speech), 'geeta' (Skr song/sung) and 'shruti' (Skr heard) accord primary to speech. Opposed to this, words like 'bible' (L biblia=a collection of letters), 'grammar' (GK gramma=letter+tekhne = art *i.e.* art or realm of letters), 'literature' (L litteratura=collection of letters), 'pentateuch' (GK penta=five +teukhous=book), 'qoran' (Arab recitation f qara'a = recite or read), 'scripture' (L scriptura=writing) and 'torah' (Heb torah=(written) instruction) emphasize the written word. The first emphasis of Derridean philosophy relates to a shift from metaphysics to the philosophy of language or to the privileging of writing over speech. Derrida's sort of philosophy is what Richard Rorty calls a philosophy of "writing" (Coward 1990 : 17) which concentrates on techniques of paradox and style rather than on rational dialogue and search for transcendental signifieds. Derrida's 'writing' approach to philosophy is rooted neither in the Greek nor in the Christian tradition of logocentrism but in the graphocentric philosophy of Judaism. Derrida highlights the Jewish rabbinic emphasis on metaphor as a logical statement, on diversity/multiplicity of meaning and on the interdependence of the universal and the specific by rejecting the logocentric unity of meaning and sanctity of essence. Derrida also shares the Jewish glorification of the text. That is why he maintains that there is no external referent : "There is nothing outside the text" (cited in Coward 1990 : 13). Derrida's textualism derives from his rabbinic graphocentrism.

Derrida belongs to the philosophical heritage which begins with Hegel and concludes with Blanchot via the line of philosophers like Husserl, Saussure, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Wittgenstein, Heidegger, Sartre, Levinas and Bataille but he takes his cue largely from Heidegger who foretells the end of all philosophy and exhorts philosophers to try to think the unthinkable by concentrating on the philosophical unthought. Heidegger defines the unthought as "the *difference* between Being and beings" or as "difference as difference". Levinas takes the Heideggerian difference further by emphasizing the 'other' while Blanchot relates it to the irreducible 'absence' in the midst of all 'presence'. Since presence is impossible, Blanchot argues, the space of time becomes the time of space. As there is no spatial or temporal continuity or identity (as in logos theory), there is only spatial and temporal disjunction or difference which prevents any experience of unity or presence. Derrida does not regard the Heideggerian difference as sufficiently different from metaphysical presence and so attempts to think the unthinkable by concentrating on difference as difference and other as other (Coward 190 : 21). Such concentration on the other is relatable to the Jewish perception of the divine Other-Yahweh, an archetype of the constitution of the other by difference rather than by identity.

Derrida's concern with negative theology in 'How to Avoid Speaking : Denegations' seems to be an apology for the divine other as visualized in the Hebraic theological tradition. As he says : 'what do I understand by negative theology and its phantoms in a tradition of thought that is neither Greek nor Christian?... what of Jewish and Islamic thought in this regard? By example, and in everything that I will say, a certain void, place of an internal desert, will perhaps allow this question to resonate" (cited in Taylor 1990). This place of internal desert is the place of the unthought thought or the suppressed/repressed *third* of Western philosophy. This third is the threshold in the site of passage. Philosophy has so far been here or there but never on the threshold. Derrida's differance or his *other* is the threshold which is "Being itself", "a sacred place" (*ibid*). Derrida points to the threshold by explaining the etymology of the word 'temple' (L *templum* which is *tempus* i.e. time which comes from *temno* that means "cut" while *temnos* means that which is "cut off"). The time/place of the *templum*, he says, is the time/place of a threshold that "cannot be crossed or erased", something like "an invisible sieve that serves as a filter that allows the eyes to see" (*ibid*). The threshold or the third is the unspoken/unthought of Western philosophy. Isn't it the unspoken third of the "Jewish, Islamic, or other traditions"? It is here that Derrida tells us what he does not tell us : "I have never been able to speak of what my birth, as one says, should have made closest to me : the Jew, the Arab" (cited in Taylor 1990). The third is the Jewish/ Islamic other of Western philosophy that Derrida chooses to write about in this work, his 'quasi-autobiography'. The perception of the third, the wholly other, or the threshold is Derrida's perception of his displaced, dislocated identity. With such perception is writing privileged over speech.

The other emphasis of Derridean philosophy is his obsessive concentration on 'marginality'. Born in a Jewish family in predominantly Islamic Algiers in 1930, Derrida had early experiences of extreme isolation, vague hostility and constant fear in his non-native 'native' surroundings (Coward 1990 : 18). He was born both at a wrong place and a wrong time. As he began to grow, he may have begun to realize the intersecting complications of his predicament. Algeria was then a French colony (1842 — 1962). Derrida's perceptive mind may have noticed the inherent complications of the Algierian geography and politics. Growing up in Algiers, he may have noted an infinite void spread out in the form of the vast Mediterranean as well as the locational marginality of his suppressed/repressed place of birth which was a 'threshold' to Arabia, Africa and Europe, all at once. Derrida's migration to Paris in later years may have further complicated his perception of the 'meaning' of human existence in relation to nationality, politics, race and religion. Bewildered by so many contradictions for so long, Derrida's search for unity, centrality and cohesiveness in life got so frustrated that he could not see any good order or benign presence anywhere. Derrida seems to have been born with a sense of displacement and identity crisis. His place of birth was a theatre of irreducible doubleness in several dimensions : being on the margin of a land mass, it was the site of a passage to Europe, Africa and the Arab world; it was flanked by a fraternizing population on the east but a menacing sea on the west; as it was both Arab and African at a time, it was neither wholly Arab nor wholly African even one by one; it was part of the French empire without being part of the French identity in nationality, language, race and religion; it had a glorious past, a beleaguered present and an uncertain future. Young Derrida found himself 'displaced' in his native surroundings which were already displaced. He seems to have felt dislocated in a location which was itself dislocated. He seems to have had an early experience of a marginalized culture but the marginalizing culture was already marginalized by the ruling culture. Migration to Paris appears to have aggravated Derrida's native sense of dislocation, dispossession and marginality. In Algiers he felt like an 'expatriate'. But in Paris he was an 'expatriate' in the technical sense of the term. His 'nationality' thus became for him an endless process of *expatriation* and the earth appeared to be "a sterile promontory" or "a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors" (*Hamlet* II : II : 307-11). His formative and youthful years were the years of deprivation and holocaust for his community on a scale unprecedented in history. Young Derrida may have cried his heart out like the Shakespearean Prince of Denmark :

> "The time is out of joints. O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right" (I : V : 188-89).

Derrida therefore elected, with a vengeance, to 'set' things right by displacing the well placed and placing the displaced. He had to undo a great deal to do a little. His philosophy of deconstruction was the best strategy to undo and do. He created a vision of an infinite void or an ever-widening emptiness that could scare those who had so long scared the invisible 'third'.

His sense of belonging to a persecuted, marginalized and dispossessed culture and his loss of faith in the holding power of dominant cultures seem to have conditioned his formulation of the philosophy of *deconstruction* so that he could apotheosize Hebrew philosophy by interrogating and debunking the traditional superiority of the metaphysics of presence. His perception of emptiness and void in the Western tradition of philosophy, however, has not often been shared by advocates of logocentrism.

The sense of infinite void or emptiness that haunts Derrida throughout turns his poetics into a "poetics of failure" (Joseph Riddles's phrase cited in Murray Krieger 1989). The uncreating, failing word of the "Dunciad's" apocalyptic end, bemoans Krieger, "has come again, this time heralded and theoretically shepherded" (*ibid*). A preacher of "nescience", Derrida is "an absolutist without absolutes", the serious philosopher of the "absurd" or the "Zen master of Western philosophy" (Abrams 1989). Derrida's Cambridge critics accuse him of 'blatant falsehoods' and 'inflated trivialities' (Baldwin 1993). Brian Hebblethwaite denounces Derrida's work as "a particularly degenerate strand in...modern philosophy" (Lash 1993). He equates Derrida's work with 'drivel'. Similarly, Nicolas Denyer comments : "If there is nothing outside the text and no difference between signs and what they signify, then there are no real things" (Prendergast 1993). Derrida's Cambridge admirers like Baldwin, Lash and Prendergast try to defend him against such attacks but the sting remains.

Authorial control of the text had been questioned and reduced since the days of the Russian Formalists but only in 1968 the 'death of the author' was formally announced by Roland Barthes and immediately celebrated by his cohorts on both sides of the Atlantic. Derrida's 'differance' drove the last nail into the author's coffin and it became fashionable to *deauthorize* texts for *proper* literary critical analyses. Derrida would not allow any author to have any say in determining the meaning of his (?) text or to lay any claim to its copyright. In 1977 Derrida published an English version of his discussion of J.L. Austin's work under the title "Signature Event Context". Since Austin was already dead, John Searle was asked by the editors of *Glyph* to respond to Derrida's essay. John Searle published "Reiterating the Differences : A Reply to Derrida" and the two essays were placed together in the first issue of *Glyph*. Derrida then wrote *Limited Inc* to respond to Searle's arguments, bit by bit. One of the most devastating features of Derrida's response is the denial of any copyright to Searle for his 'Reply'. He refers to the generalised depersonalized author of the 'Reply' as 'Sarl' to emphasize that the author has no claim to the copyright of the text. He quotes the 'Reply' word by word in *Limited Inc* to demonstrate that any piece of writing can be reappropriated and recontextualized in a way chosen by the analyst. Derrida's thesis is that writing does not belong to the so-called writer either metaphorically or literally. To say that a piece of writing is *authored* by someone is tantamount to supporting a repressive system.

In 1981 Derrida had a similar exchange with Gadamer. Gadamer read a paper, 'Text and Interpretation' in Paris which was an excellent summary of his hermeneutics. In his paper Gadamer speaks of 'good will' as a necessary condition for hermeneutic understanding to take place between the writer and the reader or between readers. Derrida asks a few questions about the meaning of "good will" : 'Three Questions to Hans-Georg Gadamer'. Gadamer responds to Derrida in a spirit of good will : 'Reply to Jacques Derrida'. In this exchange two important points emerge from Derrida's point of view : Derrida considers Gadamer a defender of authorial presence and reads "good will" as "will to power". But in his reply Gadamer points out how Derrida refuses to *understand* him. Gadamer does not see much reason for Derrida's disappointment with his paper nor does he understand why Derrida agrees only with himself. He finds in Derrida's arguments a 'kill' strategy but Derrida's need, in Gadamer's view, for such a strategy is itself proof that he does not want to lose his identity as the author of writing. Does it mean, Gadamer would like to know, that Derrida owns his text as any body else does? And if he *owns* his text, does he not control its meaning and context?

Two subsequent events in Derrida's writing career proved Gadamer right and Derrida wrong. The first event related to Derrida publishing an apology in 1988 for Paul de Man's wartime journalism. The main aim of this apology, 'Like the Sound of the Sea Deep within a Shell : Paul de Man's War', was to persuade his readers to note that Paul de Man never collaborated with or supported Nazism. Seven readers responded to this apology : Jean-Marie Apostolides, Marjorie Perloff, W. Wolfgang Holdheim, Jon Weiner, John Brenkman, Jules David Law and Jonathan Culler. Six of these rejected Derrida's defence of de Man. Only Culler agreed with him. Derrida was furious. He immediately published a rejoinder : 'Biodegradables : Seven Diary

Fragments' (1989). It is astonishing that Derrida does not mention any one of those who do not agree with him. Any one who is familiar with *Limited Inc* will find Derrida making a complete *volte face* in 'Biodegradables'. For reasons which should have defied his own logic, Derrida expected the respondents to read the apology in good faith and with good will but when they rejected his apology, he accused them of having acted in bad faith and so he treated them as mere garbage. The title of the rejoinder is so clearly self-explanatory of his attitude to people who refuse to accept his defence of de Man's indefensible involvement in Nazi war propaganda and politics. Derrida suddenly adopted the stance that Searle and Gadamer had in their exchange with him only a few years ago. He praises Culler who has read him in good faith and acknowledged his authorial presence in the apology but he complains that the other 'respondents'(?) do not "seem to have even read, that they cannot have read, and thus they pretend *dishonestly and in bad faith* (I am weighing my words carefully) to know nothing about. It would be necessary to invent a new category here. "Bad faith" or "denegration" are insufficient. We're talking about something that falls between the "I-cannot-read" and "I-do-not-want-to-read" (cited in Dasenbrock 1994). Derrida here stands for the classical model of authorial presence and the traditional laws of copyright, no matter what he may have said or written in relation to other authors. Derrida's anger with his opponents is not based on a good-faith reading of their writing. He does not seem to allow the reader to do what he or she likes to do with *his* text. He will not allow any one to read him the way he has been reading others. He has subverted, displaced and deconstructed other authors but he cannot tolerate being subverted, displaced or deconstructed. In 'Biodegradables' Derrida is, willy-nilly, a recanting revolutionary. 'How to Avoid Speaking' and 'Biodegradables' project the real face of deconstruction which is intended from its inception to re-establish the pristine glory of the Hebrew metaphysics and to establish Derrida (alone) as the sole *owner* of his texts. All references to 'trace', 'supplement', 'freeplay', 'aporia', 'differance', 'acentrality', 'slippage', 'absence', 'marginality' and 'impersonalism' are now revealed to be mere roadside requirements of the long detour that deconstruction has had to make to reach the goal in the cleverest possible way.

This is further confirmed by the second event that relates to Derrida's unabashed insistence on his right to own a text published in a collection just a couple of years ago. Richard Wolin published *The Heidegger Controversy : A Critical Reader* in 1993. The *Reader* included an interview with Derrida conducted by Didier Eribon. In a letter to the editor of *The New York Review of Books* in March 1993, Derrida threatened to take legal action against Wolin for having reprinted his interview with Eribon without his permission. In his letter Derrida repeatedly refers to the interview as "my text" or "a long text of mine" and does not refer to Eribon's role. His letter to the editor shows his anger as well as his plaintive cry. He asks : "Did he think I was dead?" Derrida's theoretical "apostasy", his attitudinal "volte-face" and his pleas for being treated as a living author expose the sheer hollowness of his philosophy of deconstruction (Dasenbrock 1994). Derrida's insistence on his legal right as an author to own his work renders the basic claims of deconstructionism ridiculous. He is simply not prepared to accept the consequences of his theory.

By the time Barthes published *S/Z*, he had whole-heartedly converted to the post-structuralist creed. It is here that his criticism becomes fully subversive of the critical tradition to which it belongs. The 'codes' interact with one another to create a limitless "plurality" of meaning. There is nothing like 'fixed' or stable meaning in a text. Like the break in the natural order of sexual exchange, there are shifts and disruptions of meaning in *Sarrasine*. The text becomes "a tissue of deceptive voices" (Norris 1978). Belief in a fixed or final meaning is only a matter of "readerly" expectation but never one of the actual experience of reading the text. The text engages the reader by its infinite plurality. The text defies every reading. As Barthes puts it : "Everything signifies continually and multiple times, but without any mandate for a final unity, for a supreme structure" (cited in Ray 1984 : 174). The meaning of a text, says Barthes, cannot be anything other than its plurality, its "infinite, circular 'transcribability' " (*ibid* p. 178). In *The Pleasure of the Text*, Barthes shifts the axis of reading from knowledge to pleasure to avail of which the enraptured reader loses his identity and turns dismisses as "the comfort of consensus" I too am very glad to live without, because I don't wish to privilege any vocabularies, my own included" (in Horstmann 1983). Bloom has therefore chosen to be a controversial critic.

Bloom's revisionism is intended to destroy the *illusions* created by the tradition of literary scholarship. One of such illusions is the belief in how a poet influences another poet. Bloom blows up such beliefs and illusions by declaring that the history of poetry is "an endless, defensive civil war" or an arena for "rivalry, misinterpretation, repression and misprison". Every "late-comer" poet has to pass through a nightmare created by a "precursor" poet. The "late-comer" poet or the "ephebe" is therefore obliged to rise against his dead precursors and to deconstruct their literary historical super-ego. The late-comer's survival depends on an antithetical and revisionist attitude towards the precursor and on the demolition of the precursor's work. A poem, Bloom argues, is an act of self-defence and a will-to-power over whatever precedes it. A poem is in fact an "inter-poem" that comes to life within an intratextual and intertextual field of conflict. A poet is an "over-man" who practises violence and revisionism on his precursors. Bloom therefore holds a brief for "strong" poets and "strong" critics and readers.

"Strength" and "revisionism" are central terms in Bloom's critical vocabulary which constructs a sort of psychopoetics of "misreading" and "misprison". Antithetical revisionism is a means of analysing the "anxiety of influence" suffered by later poets in relation to their forebears. Bloom's critical method, his extravagant claims to the contrary notwithstanding, has been found to be merely 'reductionist' or 'algebraic' and hence questionable (Rosenfeld 1977). If Bloom does not care for others, others do not care for him and dismiss his provocative statements and claims as logically absurd and theoretically untenable (cf Horstmann 1983).

John Hills Miller is a late-comer or, say a convert, to Derrideanism. He writes like a convert. His hyperbolic emphases and his aggressive eloquence are as persuasive as self-contradictory. An ardent follower of Derrida since 1970, Miller writes to paraphrase and justify Derrideanism. His critical career shows a clear shift of allegiance from Geneva to Paris, from Poulet to Derrida or from 'consciousness' to 'writing'. He is spellbound by the phenomenological maxim that writing depends on the consciousness of the subject. Then comes the cyclonic deconstructionist to reveal that consciousness is, in fact, contingent upon writing. Miller immediately defects from 'consciousness' to deconstruction and begins to follow deconstructionism to its last ramifications. In a critical itinerary like this, we are required to read and unread Miller. We read to understand him and we unread to discover him. We read him and we are impressed. We unread him and we are disappointed. Miller's theoretical position is so persuasive and so contradictory at once that it does not take much time for any discerning reader to discover that, like his guru, he is what M.H. Abrams calls "a double dealer in language" (Abrams 1989).

With the pet rhetorical flourish of deconstructionism, Miller wants to subject Western metaphysics to a 'unitary displacement' whence it will emerge 'demolished beyond hope of repair' (cited Beaugrande 1983). Miller contends that Western metaphysics is rooted in the 'monological' mode of thought that constructs a 'principle of identity', according to which any entity is identified to itself and can be no other entity at the same time. Opposed to the monological mode of thought is the 'dialogical' mode of thought which allows an entity to be both itself and not itself but something else. Deconstruction operates in the dialogical mode and, as such, launches an open assault on Western metaphysics to destroy its critical monism. Miller justifies the dialogical mode because it allows for a greater degree of interpretive freedom. Reading texts closely and deconstructively, Miller begins to realize that the meaning of the text is perpetually elusive and unstable. As the text does not bear out a single-natured, fixed or monological semantic identity, Miller goes in for a pluralistic approach.

As he goes on his search for identifiable meaning(s), Miller comes to realize that the same text may contain or accommodate 'incompatible', 'irreconcilable' or 'contradictory' (Booth 1977) meanings. Since the text displays an incessant play of a variety of meanings, its semantic identity is found to be 'indeterminable', 'undecipherable', 'unreadable' and 'undecidable'. Any reading, Miller claims, can be shown to be a 'misreading' on evidence drawn from the text itself. It is not only that the critic 'misreads' the text; the fact is that the text has already misread itself. What deconstruction seeks to demonstrate is that, as the text misreads itself, it encourages the reader to read to misread it. The text can therefore never be mastered and this discovery accounts for the 'illogic' of the logic of deconstruction which disarticulates itself while trying to disarticulate the mastery of the text (Miller 1992). Critics of Miller's *deconstructive* deconstruction find his logic (or illogic) self-defeating. When Miller proclaims that in reading a text there can be no 'closure', he "performs an obvious closure. To promote 'undecidability' is itself a decision; to obvert determinacy is a determinate enterprise; and so forth" (Beaugrande 1983). Miller is obliged finally to concede that deconstruction fails to 'dismantle' Western metaphysics and instead dismantles itself" (*ibid*).

The only native European among the Yale deconstructionists, Paul de Man is fully steeped in the European philosophical tradition. He is linked with Martin Heidegger, on the one hand, and Jacques Derrida, on the other, in at least two ways. He draws heavily from Heidegger's work on ontology as well as he shares Heidegger's involvement in Nazism. He shares Derrida's political status as an expatriate as much as he borrows from Derrida's theory of deconstruction. His critical career thus charts an itinerary of an intriguing passage from collaborationist journalism to deconstructionist writings on "literature". Perhaps no other deconstructionist embodies Hegel's "unhappy consciousness" as de Man does and his work is often seen, at least partly, as "a defensive reaction to his experience with the larger, scarier realm of political actions and consequences" (Conroy 1991). In his early writings, he declares "contradiction" to be "the mind's law" while in his later writings he refers to the same as "rhetoric's Law" (*ibid*). In both cases, he articulates Hegel's "unhappy consciousness" but the question is : Whose consciousness is the unhappy consciousness? Is it Romantic, Hegelian, Heideggerrian or de Manian? "Poetry", he says, "becomes a mask, a constant dissimulating through which we attempt to hide from ourselves" (*ibid*). Is it not likely that, to evade his own experience of history, he needed a realm which could help him hide from himself? De Man's never-wavering love for the Romantics and his obsessive concentration on literature in his later years may be viewed as his yearning for a space "where he could reside uncompromised by the things of everyday human life and history. Perhaps, for all its anguish and failure, the literary drama nourished his unhappy consciousness in a way that the great world (which was in fact not distant from de Man but far too much with him) never could. Perhaps the literary "as such" was finally his salvific fiction; and too late one begins to see just what it would have had to save him from" (Conroy 1991).

De Man is better known for his works like *Blindness and Insight* (1971) and *Allegories of Reading* (1979). He replaces New Critical "irony" and "paradox" with instances of "aporia" and the moments of "insight" with the moments of "blindness". He is concerned with the subversive nature of the rhetoric of literary texts and with how a text both asserts and denies its own rhetorical mode. He nullifies the traditional superiority of metaphor to metonymy and the traditional belief in the extralinguistic referent or meaning of a text. He defines the poetic as "pure intention" but he dismisses the 'intentionality' of a poetic text. In the preface to *Allegories of Reading* he says that most of his work was written before "deconstruction" became a controversial term but he does not wish to avoid it or to "erase" its rigour (cf Gearhart 1983). A writer of paradoxes, de Man's "dialectic of meaning culminates in a vertiginous apotheosis of irony" (Ray 1984 : 186). "Irony" for him is the suspension of one's meaning between two identities. He argues that stable meaning is impossible but he does not support the impossibility of stability of meaning as a theoretical position. De Man is an ironic reader who contradicts himself at every step. He believes, for example, but he does not believe in his belief because he knows that whatever he believes in cannot be the full story : "there is always something further, something more, to be understood in understanding" (Ray 1984 : 188).

Like Barthes, Hartman or Miller, de Man undergoes a transformation of his theoretical position in his later writings. His early work was strongly influenced by phenomenology while his later work is openly deconstructionist. Like a typical deconstructionist, de Man insists that every text is an "allegory" of its own "misreading". He performs his gesture of "desimplification" in terms drawn from rhetoric. He does not believe in any original moment or structure that would ground truth or meaning : "a deconstruction always has for its target to reveal the existence of hidden articulations and fragmentations within assumedly monadic totalities" (cited in Ray 1984 : 191). His rhetoric is the suspension of binarisms and his deconstruction finally deconstructs itself.

Writing as a leading member of the Prague Linguistic circle in 1929, Roman Jakobson coined the term 'structuralism' (Schleifer 1987). Announcing the 'death' of structuralism in his historic Baltimore address in 1966, Jacques Derrida coined the term 'deconstruction' (Derrida 1992). Terms like 'construction' and 'deconstruction' are best used in the building trades. Derived from the Latin 'constructus', 'construction' means 'piled' or 'put together' while 'deconstruction' naturally means 'undoing', 'demolishing' or 'dismantling' a structure. Levi-Strauss' distinction between 'bricoleur' and engineer would further support the building-unbuiding connotation of 'construction' and 'deconstruction'. Jakobson's perception of the 'structural whole' leads to a metaphysics of 'affirmation' while Derrida's emphasis on the denial of the structural whole leads to a metaphysics of 'negation'. Extant literary theory from Plato to NATO stands divided between affirmation and negation. There is no sign yet of an escape-route out of this metaphysical duel and the uncommitted student of literary theory does not know how to contain this polarity within his ken. Despite the structualist's denial that a literary text is not a conglomeration of parts mechanically put together or the deconstructionist's claim that literature is the future of philosophy, structuralism and deconstruction seem to treat a literary text as a mechanical conglomeration of parts, cobbled together by a 'workman' rather than by an inspired artist (Lurie 1990). The deconstructionist's *analysis* (or *undoing*) seems to reduce a literary text to a heap of debris or 'a pile of rubble', no matter what the deconstructive 'judge and executioner' may have to say (*ibid*). The 'de-' of 'deconstruction' is a negation or an undoing and, as such, deconstruction has got to be taken as a philosophy of denial or demolition.

Derrida and Derrideans have been trying to wriggle out of the destructive nuances of the nomenclature of their theory for quite some time now. Derrida says that when he used the term, 'deconstruction', it was just a word in a chain of words like 'trace' and 'differance' but somehow it has acquired a bothersome connotation over the years. To quote his words, "this word that I wrote once or twice.... all of a sudden leaped outside of the text and others took it up and used it in such a way that afterwards, faced with this result, I had to justify myself, explain, try to play with it" (Gearhart 1983). In the preface to the *Allegories of Reading* Paul de Man points out that he uses 'deconstruction' (a term borrowed from Derrida) "in a technical rather than a polemical sense" because "no other word states so economically the impossibility to evaluate positively or negatively the inescapable valuation it implies" (Gearhart 1983). "Deconstruction", Derrida explains, "does not consist in passing from one concept to another concept, but in overturning and displacing a conceptual order" (cited in Schleifer 1987). In Derridean terms, deconstruction "explodes" or "exceeds" the logic of linguistic science, overturns the logocentric "hierarchy", or reverses binary oppositions. Derrida denies that deconstruction is destructive. When Lucien Goldmann, in the discussion following the presentation of 'Structure, Sign and Play' charges that Derrida's work is *destructive*, Derrida categorically denies the charge : "deconstruction is simply a question of...being alert to the implications, to the historical sedimentations of the language we use and that is not destruction" (Ruegg 1979). Barbara Johnson compares 'de-construction' to 'analysis', that is 'undoing' but denies that it is 'destruction' : "The de-construction of a text does not proceed by random doubt or arbitrary subversion, but by the careful teasing out of warring forces of signification within the text itself. If anything is destroyed in a deconstructive reading, it is not the text, but the claim to unequivocal domination of one mode of signifying over another"

(Mapp 1990). Derrida speaks of 'dismantling', 'disruption', 'subversion' with reference to the theory and practice of 'deconstruction' but defines it as "the delimiting of ontology" and suggests that it should be seen as "a working over of the structuralist project" or as a "genealogical restoration rather than a demolition" (Mapp 1990). Nigel Mapp points out that deconstruction names what it is that "renders meaning impossible" and that it elicits through close reading "the necessary and universal impossibility of totalizing metaphysical schemes" (*ibid*).

Clarifications and disavowals like those noted above, however, do not convince the generality of literary theorists outside the deconstructive fraternity of their love of literature. Constructive theorists and critics continue to associate deconstruction with destruction, at least, in the sense that it is subversive of the fundamental assumptions of established literary critical positions. Overturning of traditional theoretical positions and priorities amounts to a destruction of the tradition of literary scholarship. Protagonists of deconstructionism may find "Saint Derrida the Uncriticisable" "more interesting to read than Shakespeare" and may espouse "the confused and threatened position of a militant theorist" through their committed "political journalism" (Leavis 1994), but they will never persuade the literary community to share their encomiums on Derrideanism. Derrideans may try to *overturn* the age-old opposition between Hellenism and Hebraism in order to privilege the latter over the former but they will never succeed in 'dehellenizing" literary theory and criticism (Atkins 1980). Deconstructionists may move heaven and earth to demonstrate their *secularization* of literary theory but they will never prove their apolitical (a)theology. Derrida and his subversive supporters are consistently and legitimately *derided* (or Derrided) for their theologico-political anarchism. The British Marxist, Terry Eagleton, revealingly traces the origin of deconstruction to the failed revolutionism of the 1960s, particularly the failure of the student uprising of 1968 in Paris. When the sympathizers of the student uprising failed to "break the structures of state power", Eagleton points out, they "found it possible instead to subvert the structures of language" (cited in Shaw 1986). Deconstructionism thus deserves to be viewed as a philosophical camouflage for a failed nihilism in contemporary politics.

In his paper on the relationship between deconstruction and Marxism, Eagleton (1981) brings out some of the most disturbing implications of the theory propounded by Derrida. A "masochistic" movement that it is, deconstruction does not require anyone else to "outleft" or "outmanouvre" it. In "dismembering" a text, it dismembers itself. Derrida is 'simply the dwarf who will entangle the giant in his own ungainly strength and bring him toppling to the earth. The deconstructionist never lieth because he nothing affirmeth". The tug of war between metaphysics and deconstruction will never cease because the former is determined to live on for ever, "bloody and unbowed" while the latter is perpetually hell-bent, like an ever-living death, to "assault" again and again. "The nonsense of "I killed myself", Eagleton remarks, "is the nonsense of deconstruction. If the metaphysical enemy is everywhere and nowhere, so to is deconstruction, which is to say that it can never die and has always died already, can never die because it has always died already and has always died already because it can never die". Deconstructionist assaults on metaphysics and/or literary criticism are as "futile" as they are "inevitable" (Atkins 1980).

A sort of "self-indulgent textual dandyism", deconstruction is often dismissed by conservative critics as a mere hullabaloo that contains little and signifies nothing. Deconstruction, Frank Lentricchia contends, "is a "critical" philosophy, but only in the slimmest sense of the word — it may tell us how we deceive ourselves, but it has no positive content, no alternative textual work to offer to intellectuals. It has nothing to say. Maybe that makes it the best sign of all of where the American humanist intellectual stands today : feeling vaguely out of it, desiring change, but crushed, shifted, and enervated by the fear that the robust, active will may not succeed" (cited in Cain 1984). William E. Cain does not quite agree with either the protagonists or the antagonists of Derrida's metaphysics. He agrees with the view that Derrida is an "extraordinarily inventive and original thinker" but he does not agree with the view that Derrida is "beyond criticism" or that Derrida's writings are "a collection of sacred texts" (1984). Maria Ruegg (1979), however, has something more interesting to say about Derridean deconstructionism. Having said that Derrida's deconstruction of Western philosophy is not destructive, she concentrates on the concluding sentence of 'Structure, Sign and Play'. Derrida, she says, compares his work to a process of "childbearing" but he refuses to recognize the child and turns his eyes away from the as yet "unnameable" offspring of deconstruction because it can only be conceived in a "terrifying form of monstrosity". Derrida continues to talk about childbearing in subsequent works but the "child" progressively becomes less and less conceivable until finally, in *Glas*, nothing is "conceived" but a fetish. Derrida's distinction between "dissemination" and "reproduction" seems to account for this sort of nonconception. The "disseminating" style of Derrida's *ecriture* would not "reproduce" anything at all : "Like the holiday farmer of Plato's *Phaedrus*, Derrida claims, the writer would haphazardly "disseminate" his deconstructive semes; and in terms of the metaphor, seeds scattered in such a way — arbitrarily, without cultivation — can produce, at best, an occasional flower. But the flowers are sterile : they can bear no fruit". Maria Ruegg goes on to point out that (Derrida's privileging of literature over philosophy notwithstanding) Derrida's notion of literature, like Plato's, ultimately reduces literature to a form of creature that can neither conceive nor reproduce "reality". Conceived *by* philosophy and *for* philosophy, literature, in Derrida's frame of reference, is philosophy's *other* : Literature is "all that philosophy is not : origin of origins itself without origin, it is non-deconstructable, its style is unique and invitable, disseminating and non-reproducible". Derrida's metaphysics comes full circle. It subordinates literature to philosophy in an anti-Platonic way.

Deconstructionism is eristic, anti-essentialist, sceptical, nihilistic, subversive and anarchist. The oriental subtext of deconstructive metaphysics is a mixture of Jain theory of "maybe" and the Buddhist doctrine of "nothingness" while its occidental subtext is a melange of sophism, nihilism, scepticism, anarchism and hippyism. A part of the academic establishment now, deconstruction has been the most controversial movement in the history of literary theory. It has raised certain fundamental questions on how to define 'literariness'. It may have an important role to play as a procedure of interrogating taken-for-granted definitions and assumptions in literary theory. But its power to interrogate does not necessarily make it a viable theory of reading, reading literary texts. I would like to conclude this (except for interpolating "decontructionist") review with the following citation from I.A. Richards' *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1960 : 6) : "A few conjectures, a supply of admonitions, many acute isolated observations, some brilliant guesses, much oratory and applied poetry, inexhaustible confusion, a sufficiency of dogma, no small stock of prejudices, whimsies and crotchets, a profusion of mysticism, a little genuine speculation, sundry stray inspirations, pregnant hints and random apercus : of such as these, it may be said without exaggeration, is extant" deconstructionist "critical theory composed". The *failed* deconstructionist would finally sign his name like "Dionysus-crucified" or sadly admit "I'm beat, man."

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73

Hooker — "Of The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity"

G.B. SAJJAN*

England, at the accession of Queen Elizabeth, was a country much exhausted by foreign wars and internal strife. The religious policies of her predecessors — Henry, Edward and Mary — had cost the country much suffering and divided it against itself. Elizabeth's settlement of 1559, which was a wise move of temporizing as well as a compromise dictated by circumstances and the queen's own political sagacity, won the country some ten years' respite from dangerous religious controversy and enabled it to enter upon an era of progress in all departments of life. But though it saved the country from civil strife, it did not altogether end religious controversy leading to dissension. It satisfied neither the Roman Catholics nor the Puritans. The latter, who had regarded the established Church polity (Government) in England only as a temporary measure, were aggrieved with its continuance. And they expressed their grievances in a pamphlet entitled 'Admonition to Parliament', (the work of John Field and Thomas Wilcox) which set forth the character of a Reformed Church as completely different from the then Church of England.

Religious controversy raged till it reached its culmination in the Martin Marprelate controversy (which began in 1588 and went on for nearly 5 years). Of course, there was much to be said for the Puritan demands for Church reform. The clergy's conduct and capacity were not above question; the bishops lived in a style hardly befitting religious dignitaries. Church living was a matter of patronage.

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The Anglican Church enlisted in its defence some men of letters who naturally feared the Puritans as enemies of secular literature. The most glorious of these defenders of Anglicanism was Richard Hooker. The first four books of his monumental work, *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* were published in 1594, and Hooker continued to work on the successive books until his death in 1600, though the last of these, the 7th and 8th, were published posthumously some 50 years later.

Though engaged in one of the fiercest controversies of a controversial age, Hooker rises superior to partisan interests. He entered the lists as a representative of humanistic Christianity and of the love of intellectual freedom.

He approaches the discussion not in the spirit of a partisan, but with a strong desire to deal with fairness and moderation and to think well of his opponents. He speaks of Calvin in the most complimentary terms. Thoroughly English in temperament, Hooker accepts no system of Government, either in Church or state, as unalterable, and is prepared to discuss all forms on their merits. His contention is always for liberty. After stating the subject of each book of his proposed work, Hooker goes on, in the Preface, to point out the dangers of the Puritan movement. And the dignity of language and the singular moderation of approach are characteristic of Hooker.

The argument of the book could be summed up as follows :

To the Puritans who maintained that Holy Scripture must be the guide of every action of a Christian's life, Hooker replied that man receives God's teaching from two sources — revelation in the *Bible*, and Reason, which is the gift of God. When these two are in conflict, it is reason which must be followed. Law is another name for Reason. Every law of God is a law of reason, and every law of reason is a law of God. Laws bind the whole of God's creation, moral and physical, nay, even God himself, and the faculty by which we ascertain these laws and recognize their authority is Reason.

As for the *Bible*, it is only a part, though the most gracious part, of God. It is an additional but not the only light. Hooker deems that man should be guided by all the instruments of knowledge at once and together. Papistry appeals to the authority of the Church against reason; Puritanism is essentially an appeal to the authority of the *Bible* against the Church and against reason also. The Church of England offers the necessary reconciliation.

As for Government, the *Bible* does not lay down any definite laws either for ecclesiastical or for civil government. Episcopal government seems to be most in consonance with Scripture; however, a Church denying itself that form of government does not cease to be a true Church.

Hooker's work has a three-fold interest; theological, philosophical and literary. *Of the Laws* was, in form, an apology for the Elizabethan settlement of the difficult question raised by the Reformation. It was, in other words, a defence of the Anglican side against the Puritan.

But in his grappling with his opponents, Hooker pins them down on their philosophical mistake as much as on their religious mistake. The Puritan appeal to the *Bible* as the only guide, and their insistence on the right to private judgement and on a personal religion were based on a radical misconception of the moral nature of man, his means of knowledge and his manner of action. They appealed from the authority of the Church to the authority of the *Bible*. Hooker's way of arresting the movement of the religious mind of England in this false direction was by presenting a magnificent conception of the world, both the physical and the moral world of man, as a system of laws — laws which are an expression of the divine reason, and the doctrine of concurrence and cooperation of all possible sources of knowledge for man's direction.

The dignity of Hooker's language and the moderation of his tone are notable in the context of an age that was known for its literary scurrility. The literary value of the book is two-fold — both historical and intrinsic. As regards the first, Hooker showed that it was possible to write of theology in English in a way which should raise at once the level of thought in the learned and be of interest to the public. It first revealed to the nation what English prose could do : its power of grappling with difficult conceptions and subtle reasonings, of bringing imagination and passion to animate and illuminate severe thought, of suiting itself to the immense variety of lights and moods and feelings which surround and accompany the work of the mind, and its power of attracting and charming like poetry.

Hooker combined the discordant elements of a deep thinker and a consummate literary artist. In structure and diction, Hooker's prose follows the Latin models with which the learned men of his time were familiar. He can be fluent, easy and straightforward at times, but is equally capable of rising to a majesty of eloquence or severity of diction according as the exigencies of the argument required. But, generally, the words seem to arrange themselves in a form which is clumsy, stiff or complicated. There is, no doubt, solidity, strength, richness and dignity and grandeur. But the antique fashion of Hooker's prose structure is compensated by two things, over and above the intrinsic value of the thought expressed : by his clear perception of the laws of argumentative sequence; and by his keen sensitiveness to the grace and fitness of words, and the musical charm of a well-ordered arrangement of them. The literary power of Hooker is admirably displayed in his eloquent treatment of the subject of angels in Book I. Here we have an excellent example of Hooker's literary style : language suitable to the subject, evidence of wide learning, and poetic feeling. It was not merely that Hooker was well read in the Scriptures and the fathers; it is the range of his learning that is remarkable. In the first book, which deals with the general principles of law, we have quotations from Acquinas, Theophrastus, Aristotle, Virgil, Plato, Augustine, Cicero and several other authors. Hooker was far more than a great prose writer; he was a ripe scholar, a pioneer in bringing Greek philosophy into English literature.

In the words of Leguois, *Of the Laws* is one of the first master-pieces of English prose. Though strictly ruled by logic, it is not without passages which impress the imagination. It is prose which is luminous and harmonious, at once free from pedantry and vulgarity. It is of a level which can be ranked with that of antiquity.

74

Hughes, Ted (Edward James Hughes)

Edward James Hughes (1930-1998) was a poet drawn towards the primitive. He was enchanted by the beauty of the natural world, frequently portraying its cruel and savage temperament in his work as a reflection of his own personal suffering and mystical beliefs — convinced that modern man had lost touch with the primordial side of his nature.

Born in Mytholmroyd, a remote mill town in West Yorkshire, Ted (as he was known to his friends and family) was enormously affected by the desolate moorland landscape of his childhood, and also by his father's vivid recollections of the brutality of trench warfare. Indeed, his father, who was then a carpenter, was one of only seventeen men from his regiment to have survived at Gallipoli during the First World War.

At the age of seven his family moved to Mexborough (also in Yorkshire), where his parents opened a stationery and tobacco shop. Here he attended the local grammar school, where he first began to write poetry — usually bloodcurdling verses about Zulus and cowboys — before doing two years' national service in the Royal Air Force. He later won a scholarship to Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he started reading English Literature but switched to archaeology and anthropology, subjects that were a major influence on the development of his poetic awareness. Here he immersed himself in the works of W.B. Yeats and read Robert Graves's *The White Goddess* (1948). Following his graduation in 1954, he moved to London, where he had a number of interesting jobs, including zoo keeping, gardening and script reading for J. Arthur Rank. He also had several of his poems published in university magazines.

In 1956 he and some Cambridge friends started up a literary journal called *St. Botolph's Review*. It lasted for only one issue but at the inaugural party Ted met his future wife, the then unknown American poet, Sylvia Plath. Much has been written about the Hughes/Plath relationship since that first portentous meeting, but few can doubt that these two brilliantly creative people were enormously attracted to one another, almost from the moment they were first introduced. Within just a few short months they were married and living in the USA, where Hughes taught English and creative writing at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. And before the year was out he had won an American poetry competition, judged by W.H. Auden, Sir Stephen Spender and Marianne Moore.

Hughes once said of this contented period :

> "*We would write poetry every day. It was all we were interested in, all we ever did.*"

Plath assisted him with the preparation of his first collection, *The Hawk in the Rain* (1957), a work that was quite extraordinary in its treatment of natural subjects. He continued to live in America for the next few years, being partly supported by a Guggenheim Foundation grant, before returning to England in 1959. He then went on to win the Somerset Maugham award and the Hawthornden prize for his second book, *Lupercal* (1960); confirming his reputation as one of the most important poets of the post-war period.

The next few years of Ted's life have since become the subject of much biographical speculation. However, the simple facts are that he and Plath had two children and moved to Devon in 1961. Their marriage began to disintegrate shortly after this and Hughes started an affair with Assia Wevill. He split from Plath and she committed suicide in her London flat in 1963. In 1969 Wevill also killed herself and their child. He married Carol Orchard in 1970 and spent the rest of his life trying to protect his and Plath's children from the media.

Hughes published only children's poetry and prose in the years following the death of his first wife. His next major work was *Wodwo* (1967), which took its title from a character in the medieval romance *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, and highlighted his increasing interest in mythology. He travelled to Iran in 1971, where he wrote the verse/drama *Orghast* in an invented language. Some of his other collections include *Crow* (1970), *Cave Birds* (1975), *Season Songs* (1976), *Gaudete* (a long poem on fertility rites, 1977), *Moortown* (1979), *Remains of Elmet* (1979) and *River* (1983). He was also one of the originators of the Arvon Foundation and was awarded an OBE in 1977.

In 1984 he was appointed Poet Laureate and went on to publish *Rain-Charm for the Duchy and other Laureate Poems* (1992). Then in 1995 he composed a poem about Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, for her 95th birthday, likening her to a six-rooted tree. He also wrote many reviews and essays, some of which were collected in *Shakespeare and the Goddess of Complete Being* (1992), *A Dancer to God : Tribute to T.S. Eliot* (1992) and *Winter Pollen : Occasional Prose* (1994). In addition to all this he also wrote many wonderful plays and books for children, including his remarkable fantasy *The Iron Man*. And when, just months before his death, Hughes released *Birthday Letters*, a collection of poems about his life with Sylvia Plath, it became an immediate bestseller throughout the English speaking world and was widely praised for its searing honesty.

Ted Hughes died of cancer on October 28th 1998, having just been appointed to the Order of Merit. Andrew Motion followed him as Britain's Poet Laureate.

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